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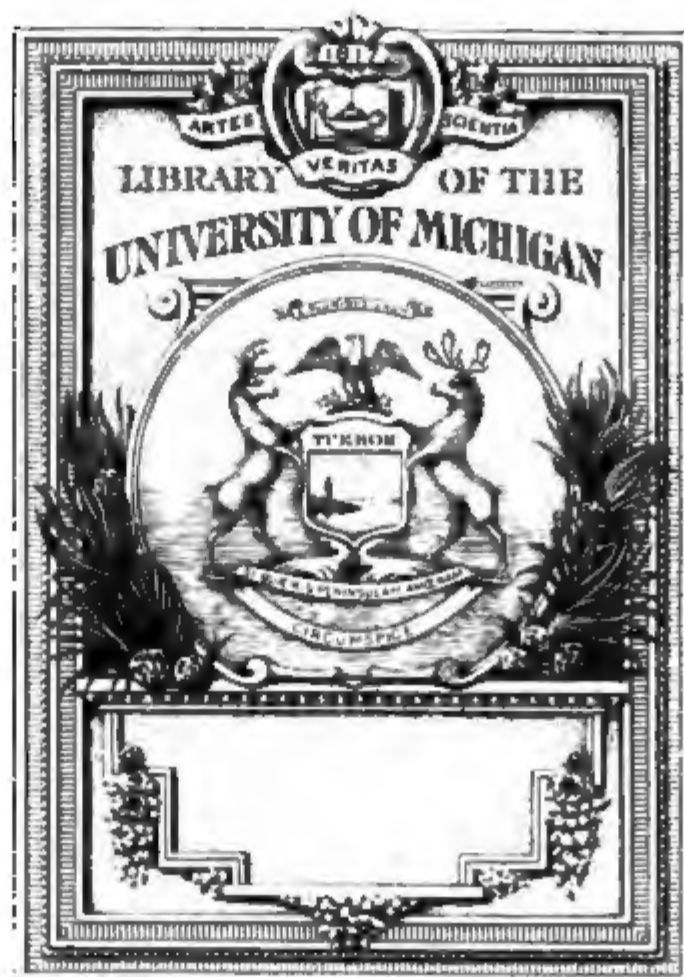
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AN ELECTRIC MAGAZINE  
Vol. 2.



Published by W. Thomas

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THE  
**ANALECTIC MAGAZINE,**  
CONTAINING  
SELECTIONS  
FROM  
FOREIGN REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES,  
OF SUCH  
ARTICLES

AS ARE MOST VALUABLE, CURIOUS, OR ENTERTAINING.

“ The wheat from these publications should, from time to time, be  
winnowed, and the chaff thrown away.”

---

EXTERNO ROBORE CRESCIT. CLAUD.

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VOLUME II.

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# ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR JULY, 1813:

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*Junius : including Letters of the same writer under other signatures, (now first collected.) To which are added, his confidential correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, and his Private Letters addressed to Mr. H. S. Woodfall. With a Preliminary Essay, Notes, Fac-similes, &c.*

[From the Eclectic Review, for February, 1813.]

ANY general observations, that might be not impertinently made on the writings of Junius, will more properly follow than precede a somewhat particular and extended notice of this edition, the announcement of which will have strongly excited the curiosity of many of our readers. And it is a signal testimony to the eminence of the powers displayed in these letters, that, at the distance of nearly half a century from their first coming forth ; that after a great number of subsequent political censors have had each

his share of attention, and perhaps admiration, and are now in a great measure forgotten; and that in times like the present, superabounding with strange events, and flagrant examples of political depravity of their own—they should still hold such a place in public estimation, that the appearance of an edition enlarged and illustrated from the store of materials left by the original publisher, will be regarded as an interesting event in the course of our literature. An interest that has thus continued to subsist in vigour after the loss of all temporary stimulants, and that is capable of so lively an excitement, at this distant period by a circumstance tending to make us a little better acquainted with the author's character, and to put us in more complete possession of his writings, gives assurance that this memorable work may maintain its fame to an indefinite period, and will go down with that portion of our literature, which, in the language of pride and poetry, we call immortal. All will now agree in opinion with the present editor, that it was not vanity in the writer himself to avow a confidence of being read by a remote generation, avoiding, however, to assign, as the strongest foundation of that confidence, his superlative execution; but assuredly this claim to perpetuity was not far from his thoughts, when he mentioned only the principles of his work as the ground of his expectation; "When kings and ministers," he said, "are forgotten, when the force and direction of personal satire is no longer understood, and when measures are felt only in their remotest consequences, this book will, I believe, be found to contain principles worthy to be transmitted to posterity."

The letters published with the signature of Junius constitute very considerably less than half of the present work. It begins with a Preliminary Essay of 160 pages; next are Private Letters to the late Mr. H. S. Woodfall, the publisher of the Public Advertiser, extending through nearly 100 pages; and these are followed by a private correspondence between Junius and Mr. Wilkes, occupying full 70 pages. Then come the well known Letters, reaching to within 60 or 70 pages of the end of the second volume. This last portion of the second volume, and the whole of the third, are occupied by "Miscellaneous Letters of Junius," which appeared under various signatures, chiefly in the Public Advertiser, before and during the appearance of those of Junius, and most of them verified by internal or circumstantial evidence to be by the same hand. Thus the publication assumes the merit of being, as far as there are any means or chance of accomplishing, a recovery and collection of the entire printed works of the author of Junius's Letters, and challenges the grateful favour of the public, for a service of so much more interesting a kind than it can often happen to a private individual to have the power of conferring.

Every reader will eagerly fall upon the Preliminary Essay. And doubtless it will afford much to gratify all its readers—but will not be quite satisfactory to any one of them. It is much more valuable than the endeavours of former writers on the same subject; and supplies information which probably no other person than the editor had the means of communicating; but it leaves us surmising and complaining that he has not communicated all he must possess. He tempts us to suspect that he is quite willing to keep the shrine of this mysterious object of idolatry in a measure of its darkness, that he may himself look the larger by standing a little way within the shade. In pursuing the inquiry, Who was Junius? there appears a sort of affectation of arguing the question on the ground only of public evidence, or general probabilities, in one or two instances where we cannot help flattering him (and he doubtless wishes to be so flattered) by something near a belief that, in consequence of information received from his father, he could have adduced, if he had pleased, the more direct evidence of authority.

The Essay begins with some notice of that state of political affairs in the time of Junius which required such a writer, and justified his severity. Those times are briefly contrasted, in a political view, with the present. And this contrast gives a curious example of the benefit derived from the study and admiration of Junius. For it represents that the English Constitution (meaning, as far as we can comprehend, *that* constitution of which it is of the very essence, according to all the old books, that there should be a real, uncorruptly elected representation of the people) was at that time in extreme peril, and is at this time in triumphant security! With a mighty burst of grand-sounding words, (which will remind no one, we hope, of the din and the clang made by the Brahmins round the pile of a perishing victim,) this constitution is put in rivalry “with the pyramids of Egypt.” How much it is to be deplored that Junius could not have lived and retained all his powers to this happy time, to show us what those powers, so sovereign in the exposure of wickedness, and the prophecy of calamity, could perform in the way of eulogy and congratulation.

Some pages are employed in observations on the prominent distinctions of the celebrated letters; in acknowledging and excusing the excessive acrimony, the appearance of personal enmity, too visible in some parts of them; in describing the alarm and dismay they created among public offenders, up to the very highest order; and in asserting their beneficial operation, even to the present times, by the effect they had in determining some important questions respecting popular rights, especially the right of juries to consider the question of law as well as of fact. Then comes the inquiry which, even at this distance of time, retains so much of its

interest, who was Junius? And it is curious to observe, how populous would be the national Pantheon if all those who fancy themselves to be acquainted with individuals of supereminent talents, might be allowed to place in the assembly their respective idols. For we have here a list of no less than fourteen cotemporaries, each of whom has been believed, by many persons or by few, to be no other and no less than Junius. And this list does not include either Horne Tooke or Lord Chatham, to each of whom, however absurdly in the case of the former at least, some slight degree of suspicion has transiently attached. In the editor's opinion, all question relative to Lord Chatham would inevitably be set aside by the severe hostility manifested against that statesman, about the time of his obtaining a pension and title, in several letters signed Poplicola and Anti-Sejanus, sent to the Public Advertiser more than a year before the commencement of the series signed Junius, and which letters the editor inserts with a confident affirmation of their being by the same writer, and of their being the first received from him—an affirmation made in such terms that we conclude Mr. W. is warranted by more direct evidence than that afforded by the style and spirit of the letters. He might, however, just as well have said so. Any surmise of Lord Chatham's being the writer, would be repressed also by the expressions of dislike to him in one of Junius's private communications to the printer, and by the slow and suspicious manner in which Junius suffered his lordship to grow considerably into his favour during the course of his letters.

The following are the names of the persons for whom pretensions have been made, and several of whom, it seems, would have been meanly gratified by their being admitted: Mr. Charles Lloyd, Mr. John Roberts, Mr. Samuel Dyer, Mr. Burke, Mr. W. G. Hamilton, commonly called Single Speech, Dr. Butler, Bishop of Hereford, Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, General Lee, Mr. Wilkes, Mr. Hugh Boyd, Mr. Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, Mr. Flood, and Lord George Sackville. And the whole of the list appears to be included without ceremony in this sweeping sentence of the editor. "While he does not undertake to communicate the real name of Junius, he pledges himself to prove, from incontrovertible evidence, afforded by the private letters of Junius himself during the period in question, in connexion with other documents, that not one of these pretenders has ever had the smallest right to the distinction which some of them have ardently coveted." But this is very carelessly expressed; for there is one of the persons enumerated whose claims he has by no means invalidated, and evidently does not think he has: indeed he himself says "the evidence is indecisive."

A numerous series of notices and hints which he justly de-



scribes as "desultory," and which he plainly affirms to contain "the whole that the writer has been able to collect concerning the author of the Letters," authorizes, he thinks, the rejection of every claimant that does not answer to the following description.

"From the observations contained in this essay, it should seem to follow unquestionably that the author of the Letters of Junius was an Englishman of highly cultivated education, deeply versed in the language, the laws, the constitution, and history of his native country: that he was a man of easy, if not affluent circumstances, of unsullied honour and generosity, who had it equally in his heart and in his power to contribute to the necessities of other persons, and especially of those who were exposed to troubles on his account: that he was in habits of confidential intercourse, if not with different members of the cabinet, with politicians who were most intimately familiar with the court, and intrusted with all its secrets: that he had attained an age which would allow him, without vanity, to boast of an ample knowledge and experience of the world: that during the years 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, and part of 1772, he resided almost constantly in London, or its vicinity, devoting a very large portion of his time to political concerns, and publishing his political lucubrations, under different signatures, in the Public Advertiser; that in his natural temper he was quick, irritable and impetuous; subject to political prejudices and strong personal animosities; but possessed of a high independent spirit; honestly attached to the principles of the constitution, and fearless and indefatigable in maintaining them; that he was strict in his moral conduct, and in his attention to public decorum; an avowed member of the established church, and, though acquainted with English judicature, not a lawyer by profession." Preliminary Essay, p. 97.

This descriptive and historical sketch presents, to be sure, but few very marked points: the greater portion of it is easily drawn from the letters already before the public: some of the personal qualities are assumed on very slight authority: but the almost constant residence in or near London during the specified period, the strangely intimate acquaintance with the court and cabinet, the independence of the author's situation in life, and his honourable and generous disposition, are clearly manifested in his private correspondence with Woodfall. The two latter particulars are evident by his steady refusal, in a cool and easy manner, of any share of the emolument arising from the publication of the letters collectively, of which he was urged by Woodfall to accept a moiety, and by his voluntary pledge to indemnify this courageous printer for any pecuniary injury he might sustain in case of a prosecution. It is true it may be said he was not put to the test on this point; but there is an unaffected air of dignity and sincerity in his assurances which leaves no room for doubt.

Having laid down the law of qualifications, the editor proceeds to the trial of claims; and he makes very short work with the majority of them.

“Of the first three of these reported authors of the letters, it will be sufficient to observe, without entering into any other fact whatever, that Lloyd (a clerk of the treasury, and afterwards a deputy teller of the exchequer) was on his death-bed at the date of the last of Junius’s private letters, an essay which has sufficient proof of having been written in the possession of full health and spirits. While as to Roberts and Dyer, they had both been dead for many months anterior to this period.”

A quick and final negative is put on any pretensions of Dr. Butler, Mr. Rosenhagen, and Wilkes. Indeed it was the idlest absurdity ever to mention the name of this last personage in this relation. The very positive declaration reported by an American friend of General Lee to have been made by that officer that he was the author of the Letters, leads the editor into some length and particularity of examination, the result of which perfectly falsifies the pretension. It is proved by a comparison of the dates of some of Lee’s letters, published in a memoir of him, with those of the letters of Junius, that Lee was precisely no further from Woodfall’s press than Poland, during the months in which some of the first of Junius’s letters, though under a different signature, were appearing in the Public Advertiser. And it appears that he was rambling, with a peculiarly restless haste, somewhere on the Continent, during the time that those with the signature of Junius were appearing, sometimes at very short intervals, and accompanied by the underplot of a private correspondence with the printer, of a kind which indicates the interchange of notices, sometimes within a few hours, by conveyances to and from the bar of this or the other coffee-house. It is proved besides, from letters of Lee, that he was of opinions directly opposite to those of Junius, relative to some of the leading political men and measures of the times.

Mr. Single-Speech Hamilton has not hitherto, we believe, been absolutely and totally dismissed from all surmise of relationship to Junius; though, it seems, he constantly and even warmly disclaimed it himself, and though some of his most partial friends have disclaimed it for him. But is it not mightily curious and amusing, to hear both him and them sincerely protesting that the letters of Junius are of inferior ability and elegance to what said Single-Speech would have written! Should there be any persons, since the decease of Mr. Malone, still surviving to resent, for Hamilton’s sake, a suspicion so disparaging to his talents, they may have the satisfaction of a full assurance that he was not Junius. In addition to arguments drawn by Mr. Malone from Hamilton’s

having never been a zealous censurer of any political party or individual statesman—from his not having Junius's "minute commissarial knowledge of petty military matters"—from the dissimilarity of his style and figures to those of the mysterious letter-writer, &c.—it is observed,

" ——— that Hamilton filled the office of chancellor of the exchequer in Ireland, from September, 1763, to April, 1787, during the very period in which all the letters of Junius appeared, and it will not very readily be credited by any one that this is likely to have been the exact quarter from which the writer of the letters in question fulminated his severe criminations against government. The subject moreover of parliamentary reform, for which Junius was so zealous an advocate, Mr. Malone expressly tells us was considered by Hamilton to be of 'so dangerous a tendency, that he once said to a friend, now living, that he would sooner suffer his right hand to be cut off than vote for it.' "

The only thing that fixed the suspicion on Hamilton, Mr. Woodfall observes, was his having "on a certain morning told the Duke of Richmond the substance of a letter of Junius, which he pretended to have just read in the Public Advertiser, but which, on consulting the Public Advertiser, was found not to appear there, an apology instead being offered for its postponement till the next day, when the letter thus previously adverted to by Hamilton did actually make its appearance." This fact, the editor informs us, was told him by the late Duke of Richmond himself; and he considers it as explained with a perfect probability by supposing that, as Hamilton was acquainted with the late Mr. Woodfall, and used to call sometimes at his office, the letter in question had been read to him, or its substance recited, by Mr. W. It is worth adding, that the fac-similes show not the slightest resemblance between the handwriting of Hamilton and of Junius.

What is humiliation to one man is matter of ambition to another. If the vanity of Mr. Single-Speech, and the folly of some of his friends, had so bubbled the estimate of his talents, as to make it almost a *condescension* as well as disingenuousness to have accepted the imputation of being Junius, it should seem that Mr. Hugh Boyd was, by the same imputation, flattered out of all power of maintaining an honest and firm disavowal. Though very few could be persuaded of his identity with Junius, and though scarcely one professed to perceive in his acknowledged writings the indications of any such measure of talent as that habitually displayed by Junius; yet this identity has been so confidently maintained by at least three writers, that Mr. Woodfall has been induced to employ as many as twenty pages in disposing of the claim; and he has disposed of it for ever. Indeed it proves to have rested on the

most trivial presumptive circumstances, and to be capable of being invalidated in a greater variety of ways than the pretensions of almost any other of the claimants. We think this examination, perhaps, the best written part of the preliminary essay. It is impossible, however, to abridge it; and we shall content ourselves with transcribing one page which recapitulates a considerable part of the argument, in the form of showing what answer could have been made by the late Mr. Woodfall if he had chosen, to an impertinent personal address of Almon, one of the assertors of Boyd's claims, assuming that Mr. Woodfall could produce no negative evidence. To a challenge made in so uncivil a manner no reply was made.

“Woodfall well knew the handwritings of both Junius and Boyd, and was in possession of many copies of both; and knowing them he well knew they were different. He well knew that Junius was a man directly implicated in the circle of the court, and immediately privy to its most secret intrigues: and that Boyd was very differently situated, and that whatever information he collected was by circuitous channels alone; Junius he knew to be a man of affluence considerably superior to his own wants, refusing remunerations to which he was entitled, and offering reimbursements to those who suffered on his account; Boyd to be labouring under great pecuniary difficulties, and ready to accept whatever was offered him;\* or, in the language of Mr. Almon, ‘a broken gentleman without a guinea in his pocket.’ Junius he knew to be a man of considerably more than his own age, who, from a long and matured experience of the world, was entitled to read him lessons in moral and prudential philosophy; Boyd to be at the same time a very young man, who had not even reached his majority, totally without plan, and almost without experience of any kind, who, in the prospect of divulging himself to Woodfall, could not possibly have written to him, ‘After a *long experience of the world*, I affirm before God, I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.’ Boyd he knew to be an imitator and copyist of Junius; Junius to be no copyist of any man, and least of all of himself. Junius he knew to be a decided mixt-monarchy man, who opposed the ministry upon constitutional principles; Boyd to be a wild, random republican, who opposed them upon revolutionary views; Junius to be a writer who could not have adopted the signature of Democrates or Democraticus; Boyd a writer who could, and, we are told, did so, in perfect uniformity with his political creed. Woodfall, it is true, did not pretend to know Junius personally; but from his handwriting, his style of composition, age, politics, rank in life, and pecuniary affluence, he was perfectly assured that *Junius could not be Boyd*.” Preliminary Essay, p. 152.

\* It appears that Boyd was in a kind of retreat in Ireland, in consequence of pecuniary distress and the fear of being arrested, at the very time that Junius refused to receive any share of the profits which had arisen from the sale of his collected letters.

The imputation of the letters to Mr. Dunning is very briefly discussed and dismissed. It is readily admitted there is a greater aggregate of presumptions in his favour. "His age, and rank in life, his talents and learning, his brilliant wit, and sarcastic habit, his common residence during the period in question, his political principles, attachments and antipathies," would concur to mark him as the man. But the editor is of opinion a few opposing facts are decisive. He thinks credit is due to the veracity of such a person as Junius must have been, when he almost gratuitously made the positive declaration, in his preface to the letters, "*I am no lawyer by profession.*" And this declaration is corroborated by several passages in his correspondence with Woodfall and Wilkes. To the latter he complains of the heavy disadvantage, imposed by the secret of his personality, of being debarred from "*consulting the learned,*" on legal or constitutional points. In another letter he says,

"The constitutional argument is obvious; I wish you to point out to me where you think the force of the *formal legal* argument lies. In pursuing such inquiries I lie under a singular disadvantage. Not venturing to consult those who are qualified to inform me, I am forced to collect every thing from books, or common conversation. The pains I took with that paper upon privilege, were greater than I can express to you. Yet, after I had blinded myself with poring over journals, debates, and parliamentary history, I was at last obliged to hazard a bold assertion, which I am now convinced is true, (as I really then thought it,) because it has not been disproved or disputed."

Toward the conclusion of the same long letter, there is a remarkable passage, which has the appearance of being prompted by truth and feeling; which at any rate seems, where it occurs, too little called for to be, with any sort of fairness, accounted falsehood and affectation. Having employed a particular word in the technical sense of law, he says, "Though I use the terms of art, do not injure me so much as to suspect I am a lawyer.—I had as lief be a Scotchman."

And then, too, when it is recollected that Dunning, who was solicitor-general at the time when these letters first appeared, had the character of "high unblemished honour, and high independent principles," the editor very reasonably pronounces that it "cannot be supposed he would have vilified the king while one of the king's confidential servants and counsellors." He might have added, that if the letters of Junius, both public and private, can be admitted to bear decisive evidence to any one quality in the moral temperament of the writer, it is an utter detestation of meanness and self-interested duplicity. We should think, besides, if it were allowable to hazard a judgment from the very slight specimens



lessened in proportion to the dissipation in any degree of the shade of mystery that surrounds him, or from a sort of coquettish disposition that wishes to be courted for further explanations, we pretend not to say. We may as well transcribe the little that is vouchsafed on the subject, at the same time professing ourselves ready to receive with all due sense of obligation any further information which he may be coaxed or provoked to communicate;—we say *provoked*, for undoubtedly his being flatly told that he *has* no more to communicate, would be the most likely expedient to make him disclose any thing he may have chosen yet to withhold.

“Let us proceed to the pretensions that have been offered on the part of Lord George Sackville. The evidence is somewhat indecisive even to the present hour. Sir W. Draper divided his suspicions between this nobleman and Mr. Burke, and upon the personal and unequivocal denial of the latter, he transferred them entirely to the former: and that Sir William was not the only person who suspected his lordship even from the first, is evident from the private letter of Junius, which asserts that Swinney had actually called on Lord Sackville, and taxed him with being Junius, to his face. This letter is, in fact, one of the most curious of the whole collection: if written by Lord G. Sackville, it settles the point at once; and, if not written by him, presupposes an acquaintance with his lordship’s family, his sentiments and his connexions, so intimate as to excite no small degree of astonishment. Junius was informed of Swinney’s having called upon Lord George a few hours after his call, and he knew that *before this time* he had never spoken to him in his life. It is certain, then, that Lord G. Sackville was early and generally suspected; that Junius knew him to be suspected, without denying (as in the case of the author of “The Whig,” &c.) that he was suspected *wrongfully*; [justly;] and that this nobleman, if not Junius himself, must have been in habits of close and intimate friendship with him. The talents of Lord George were well known and admitted, and his political principles led him to the same side of the question that was so warmly espoused by Junius. It is said, however, that on one occasion his lordship privately observed to a friend of his, ‘I should be proud to be capable of writing as Junius has done; but there are many passages in his letters I should be very sorry to have written.’ Such a declaration, however, is too general to be in any way conclusive: even Junius himself might, in a subsequent period, have regretted that he had written some of the passages that occur in his letters. In the case of his letter to Junia, we know he did, from his own avowal. It is nevertheless peculiarly hostile to the opinion in favour of Lord G. Sackville, that Junius should roundly have accused him of want of courage, as he has done in Vol. II. p. 491. The facts, however, are fairly before the reader, and he shall be left to the exercise of his own judgment.” P. 161.

In another part of the Essay, the subject is adverted to in these terms:

“The fact [Swinney’s calling on Lord G. S.] was true, and occurred but a day or two before the letter [private letter of Junius to Woodfall] was written: but how Junius, unless he had been Lord Sackville himself, should have been so acquainted with it, baffles all conjecture.” “In the Miscellaneous Letters, the reader will meet with a passage, pretty conclusively showing the little ground there ever was for any such opinion,” [as that Lord G. S. was Junius.]

The conclusive passage referred to, is in a paper which appeared in the Public Advertiser, October 22, 1767, and is attributed, by the editor, with sufficient probability, to Junius. It is a caustic satire, in the form of minutes of a grand council, on the subject of drawing up instructions to Lord Townsend on his being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The assembled statesmen know nothing at all about the matter; no instructions, nor even general basis of instructions, are determined on: and Lord T. is made to say at last, “I believe the best thing I can do will be to consult with my Lord George Sackville. His character is known and respected in Ireland as much as it is here; and I know he loves to be stationed in the *rear* as well as myself.” This is an allusion to the conduct of Lord George in the celebrated battle of Minden, in 1759, in which he commanded the right wing (consisting chiefly of the British, with some German cavalry) of Prince Ferdinand’s army. His lordship was accused of disobeying the prince’s orders for the quick advance of the cavalry, at a moment when a rapid charge would have ensured the almost entire capture or destruction of the French army, already in a state of complete rout. On his trial Lord Sackville produced very direct evidence that there was uncertainty and inconsistency in the orders, as announced to him by two aids-de-camp of the prince, and declared that the delay which constituted the alleged crime was purely an indispensable halt, till he could obtain a precise command from the general. On the other hand, there was equally positive evidence that the orders had been communicated to him in a manner sufficiently distinct; and on this evidence the military court dismissed his lordship from the service, in terms disqualifying him from ever being again admitted into it.—This affair is very significantly and bitingly alluded to in a letter signed ‘Titus,’ which appeared in the Public Advertiser, in defence of the Marquis of Granby against Junius, as early as the third or fourth of Junius’s letters.

In whatever manner the cause of Lord G. Sackville was managed before the court-martial, it will certainly be the opinion of the reader, who is so obligingly left to form his own unbiassed judgment, that in the second trial of his lordship, on an arraignment for writing Junius’s letters, the case could not well have been more meagerly and evasively stated. Why does not the editor plainly tell the public

what his father, who must unquestionably have had an opinion, thought on the question? Why does he not relate some of those numerous small particulars, of fact and surmise, which must have occurred to his father's vigilance in the course of so many years that he lived, and so much discussion that he heard? Certainly we can well believe that respectable printer felt himself, to a considerable extent, as the phrase is, on honour; and restrained his curiosity from any modes of inquisition which his haughty and confiding correspondent would have regarded and resented as prying and impertinent, after he had decisively signified his wish and will to be unknown. But nevertheless it is plainly impossible that his mind should not have been, both during and long after the period of the correspondence, habitually on the watch for any indicative glimpses of the important stranger:—unless, indeed, he early acquired so confident an opinion as to who was the man, that he had no longer doubt enough to be curious. And it was just as impossible that to a mind thus prepared and prompt to catch any casual lights, in a situation too and with acquaintance like those of Mr. Woodfall, no limits and significant incidents should ever have occurred to guide or confirm conjecture. Now are we to suppose that the present editor and essayist was not deemed worthy of so much of his father's confidence as to be admitted to look through any of the little chinks and crevices of the secret; that his father would never either voluntarily relate to him any of the particulars which must have been so interesting to himself, or give an explicit answer to any of the hundreds of minute questions which the son must have had less curiosity than other mortals, if he did not ask? If we are not to make a supposition so little flattering to our essayist, we may very fairly repeat, as many readers will, the question, why are not whatever were deemed the most illustrative of these particulars freely given to the public at once? Why may not the public be now put in possession of all the probabilities that Mr. Woodfall judged himself to possess? For instance, in stating the question relatively to Lord George Sackville, why did not the editor say whether his father did not, at some time or other, in so many years, meet with any specimen of that nobleman's handwriting, and, if he did, what were his observations on comparing it with that of Junius? If he did ever meet with such a specimen, under circumstances allowing opportunity for a careful comparison, we need not say how far his deliberately avowed opinion as to the identity or diversity of the hands, would go toward a decision on his lordship's claims. It is even fair to ask why, when a fac-simile is given in the book of the handwriting of every other person for whom a plausible, and of several for whom no plausible pretension is stated to have been advanced, no such aid is afforded to the question as affecting Lord George. Could it not be obtained, or is the omission a little artifice for preserving the desirable and stimulant quan-

tity of uncertainty round the last of the persons brought in discussion, after the interest of suspecting and doubting had been extinguished with respect to the whole preceding list of claimants?\*

In one of the letters sent to the Public Advertiser with a different signature, but given on very sufficient authority as from Junius, (V. II. p. 486.) the writer says, when speaking of Lord Townsend, Lord Lieutenant, and his brother the Hon. Charles Townsend, Chancellor of the Exchequer of Ireland, "I am not a stranger to this *par nobile fratrum*: I have served under the one, and have forty times been promised to be served by the other." It is not impossible that this might be a fictitious fact, pretended in order to give some weight to the opinions of an unknown correspondent; but it seems at least as probable it might be true. Now Mr. Woodfall would be very likely to make some little research into any existing public documents of Lord Townsend's military history, (we presume the "service" was military,) to ascertain whether at any time Lord G. Sackville was among his officers; and he would never fail to catch any references bearing on the subject that occurred in conversation. Did our editor never hear him say what was the result of such examination, or such listening?

Whether it be from intention, or through negligence, there is a want of uniformity in the expressions, occurring here and there, respecting the late Mr. Woodfall's ignorance of the real author. The language in some places would seem to attribute to him an unqualified ignorance; in others it seems intended to import that he *all but absolutely knew*—that he must have had at least what he deemed a very probable guess.

On the whole, we suppose the generality of readers, while pleased to see so many pretensions finally put out of question, and while disgusted much with the present editor's whiffling language, ostentatious reserve, and petty air of mystery, respecting his father's knowledge and opinions, and respecting the illustrative particulars bearing on the claim of Lord George Sackville, will be inclined, though with a perception that the evidence is very narrow and unsatisfactory, to confer on that nobleman "the vacant honours of Junius."

The affirmative appearances are indeed somewhat affected by the allusion to Minden, in terms coinciding with the popular opinion against Lord George, in a paper attributed, with strong probability, to Junius. • Would it be altogether out of character to suppose, that a proud spirit might please itself with the dignity of its own

\* The fac-similes here given of Junius's handwriting are a whole set of specimens, showing all its varieties, which indeed are, *radically*, very inconsiderable. We are disposed to hope their publication may have the effect of drawing from some quarter or other, into equal publicity, a sample or two of the writing of Lord George Sackville.

justice in thus choosing to make a condemnatory reflection on itself? It may be remarked, too, that the supposition of Lord George's being Junius, would supply one reason, in addition to all considerations of personal safety, for the unrelenting resolution of perpetual secrecy. We may imagine the writer chose to live down to future times, under the imperial name of Junius, in preference to his own, and that he was resolved no blemish, no mark of disgrace to be triumphed over by men that he despised, should be transferred from his real to that proud adopted name. We can really suppose him to feel a kind of sullen exultation in this transmigration, so to call it, out of a personality and a name that the world had gained some advantages against, into the impassable, commanding, avenging, and immortal form of Junius.



[The length of the following admirable article will prevent us from presenting our readers with that *variety* which may be a paramount recommendation with the million. But we will here observe, (if national hostilities will allow the confession,) that we prefer, at any time, to lay before them a substantial sirloin of real old English roast beef, to crowding our table with dishes of a more *piquant* but less nutritious nature.]

*Propositions for ameliorating the condition of the poor, and for improving the moral habits, and increasing the comforts of the labouring people, by regulations calculated to reduce the parochial rates of the kingdom, and generally to promote the happiness and security of the community at large, by the diminution of immoral and penal offences, and the future prevention of crimes, &c. &c.* By P. Colquhoun, L. L. D.

[From the Quarterly Review, for December, 1812.]

THE commencement of the present century was distinguished in this country by two measures of prime importance; the population of Great Britain was then for the first time ascertained, and this was followed by an official inquiry into the state of the poor. The population was found to be 10,942,646. The number of persons receiving parish relief, amounted to 734,817; those who received occasional relief from the poor rates, were 305,899; and the vagrants who obtained assistance, appeared to be 194,052:\* a frightful proportion of paupers. The first result taught us our strength, the second discovered our weakness. When we knew that there were in Great Britain alone, more than 2,700,000 men capable of defending their country, it became apparent that we

\* Here is an unavoidable ambiguity in the statement, which may best be explained in a note. Relief had thus often been given, but it by no means follows that it had been given to so many different persons. If one of these vagabonds cheats 19 parishes per annum, 10,000 of them would appear 190,000 in the enumeration.

might defy the world in arms; but the fact, that nearly one person in nine of the whole population was dependent upon parochial aid, made it but too evident, that there was something rotten in our internal policy.

Formidable, however, as this official and authentic statement must necessarily appear to every reflecting mind, it by no means represents the whole evil. The proportion of persons who are unable to maintain themselves, and therefore rely upon the contributions of the community for support, may, perhaps, be as great in some other countries, and yet in those countries there would not be the same degree of danger to the state. For in England, the great mass of the manufacturing populace, whatever be their wages, live, as the phrase is, from hand to mouth, and make no provision for the morrow—being utterly improvident, because their moral and religious education has been utterly neglected. The number of paupers, therefore, which elsewhere is stationary, or increases only in proportion to the increase of the other classes of society, is here at all times liable to a sudden and perilous augmentation, from the effects of an unfavourable season, in a climate where the seasons are peculiarly precarious; from the fluctuations of politics affecting a people, to whom foreign commerce has become of too much importance; and even from the caprice of fashion in a country where thousands of families are dependent for daily bread upon the taste for silks or stuffs, ribands, and buttons, and buckles. Formerly, indeed, these things seldom produced any farther evils than that of a few riots upon market days in times of scarcity. But the same accident, which to a healthy subject would occasion only a slight and temporary inconvenience, scarcely felt at the moment, and drawing no ill consequences after it, will produce gangrene or cancer in a system that is morbidly predisposed; and certain it is, that in these our days, a morbid change has been wrought in the great body of the populace.

How this state of things has been produced; what is the real condition of the poor, what means have been taken for ameliorating it, and what remains to be done, to counteract the danger with which social order otherwise is threatened, are the topics suggested to our most serious consideration by the publications which form the subject of this article.

Every one has his reason ready for the increase of the poor, from the youngest tyro in the art of talking, to the most celebrated proficient in political quackery. Mr. Whitbread, and the pamphleteers and essayists of Mr. Roscoe's shallow school, ascribe it to the war. Mr. Brougham imputes it more specifically to the orders in council, but joins in the sweeping cause, and agrees in prescribing peace. Sir Francis Burdett charges it upon the borough-mongers, and would purify the constitution from its



corruptions, with his *pilula salutaria* of reform. Some of his partisans believe it a desperate case of king's evil, and long to have the knife and the actual cautery called in. But all those politicians who make any pretensions to philosophy, however they may insist upon these alleged causes for party, or electioneering purposes, agree in their admiration of, what they are pleased to call, a discovery in political science; Mr. Malthus having made it appear to their satisfaction, that the primary source of the evil, the *causa causans*, lies in the system of nature, and that a great error has been committed in the physical constitution of the universe, inasmuch as men multiply too fast, and, therefore, the land is overstocked.

The cause of the increase of the poor, which this "eminent philosopher," as Mr. Whitbread denominates him, has assigned, and the remedy by which he proposes to counteract it, are both summary enough in themselves, though in their details they have been expanded into what, to borrow a transatlantic term, may truly be called a *lengthy* work. Mediocrity in literature has a better chance in later times, than it seems to have had in the age of Horace; whatever the gods may think of it, gentlemen and ladies now give it a willing welcome, and it meets with due encouragement from booksellers. There is even a sort of insipidity which seems suited to a weak intellect. But Mr. Malthus had other recommendations; his philosophy was upon a level with the feelings and morality of his admirers, as well as with their understandings; and by a happy combination of qualities, it equally suited the timid, who dreaded the effects of speculative reform; the bold spirits, who fancied that the world might have been much better constituted if their opinions had been asked concerning it; and the lady metaphysicians, who discuss the fitness of things at their *conversazioni*; the shallow, the selfish, and the sensual.

Worthless as Mr. Malthus's system is, it stands in the way of an inquiry into the state of the poor, and must be removed. The complaint that the land is overstocked, is, indeed, as old in this country as the Reformation. "Some," says Harrison, "do grudge at the great increase of people in these days, thinking a necessary brood of cattle far better than a superfluous augmentation of mankind. But I can liken such men best of all unto the pope and the devil, who practise the hindrance of the furniture of the number of the elect to their uttermost. But if it should come to pass, that any foreign invasion should be made, which the Lord God forbid, for his mercies sake! then should these men find, that a wall of men is far better than stacks of corn and bags of money, and complain of the want when it is too late to seek remedy." An opinion of this kind is too foolish, as well as too wicked, ever to become permanently prevalent; the temporary reputation which

Mr. Malthus obtained by renewing it is disgraceful to the age, and cannot be excused, though it may be accounted for by the circumstances of the times, and the occasion upon which his system was brought forward.

It has been the hope and consolation of good men, when they contemplated the miseries which man brings upon man, to think that many of the evils, moral as well as physical, which afflict society, are remediable, and will gradually disappear as the human race advances in improvement. But the French revolution, acting upon political enthusiasm, produced a set of speculators as wild as the old fifth-monarchy-men. They announced the advent of a political millennium—which was to be not the kingdom of the saints—saints and kingdoms being with them alike out of fashion—but the commonwealth of philosophers. Ploughs were to work of themselves, butter to grow upon trees, and man to live for ever in this world—a very necessary improvement this upon the former state of things; for, according to their belief, if he were unphilosophical enough to die, he could not expect to live in any other. These notions were connected with the deplorable doctrines of brute materialism, blind necessity, and blank atheism, and with a system of ethics, which, attempting an impossible union between stoicism and sensuality, succeeded just so far as to deprave the morals and harden the heart.

Against the Goliath of these *philosophists* Mr. Malthus stepped forth, at a time when the *mirage* in which the champion had made his appearance was pretty well dispersed, and had left him in his natural dimensions, an ordinary Philistine of about five feet six. Mr. Malthus attacked him with an argument which had been long before clearly and distinctly stated by Wallace and Townshend, and which, in fact, no person who ever speculated upon an improved state of society, could, by possibility, have overlooked. The sum of this argument is, that, supposing a country to be fully peopled, men must multiply faster than food can be multiplied for them. Mr. Malthus puts this proposition in a technical form, showing that population increases in a geometrical series, but food only in an arithmetical one; this is held up as a discovery in political economy, and this is in reality the first of his fallacies, the fundamental sophism of his book. That which would be true if the whole earth were fully peopled and fully cultivated, he assumes to be universally true at the present time. Admitting, then, the possibility of Mr. Godwin's scheme, he supposes a pure state of philosophical equality to be established, all causes of vice and misery having been removed; but in one generation, he contends, the principle of population would disturb this state of happiness, and in a second, destroy it. The absurdity of supposing that a community, which, according to the



hypothesis, had attained the highest state of attainable perfection, should yet be without the virtue of continence, is overlooked by Mr. Malthus; he reasons as if lust and hunger were alike passions of physical necessity, and the one equally with the other, independent of the reason and the will: and this is the pervading principle of a book written in the vulgar tongue, and sent into the world for the edification of all dabblers in metaphysics, male and female! Upon this his whole argument against Mr. Godwin rests! And, as if to show how happily these rival writers are matched against each other, the latter admitted it in reply, and proposed abortion and exposure as the remedies which, in his Utopia, must be adopted to counteract the power of population!

The direct object of Mr. Malthus's essay, in its original form, was to confute the opinions of Mr. Godwin in particular, and of all those persons in general, who believed that any material improvement in human society might be effected; and this object was thus accomplished by means of a technical sophism, and a physical assumption, as false in philosophy as pernicious in morals. The essay, however, in this state, was consistent with itself. But the author, being a man of decorous life and habits, began to suspect that, to deny the existence of such a virtue as chastity, was neither compatible with the well-being of the community in which he lived, nor with public decency—nor, setting these considerations aside, with facts which necessarily fall within the sphere of every man's knowledge. In his second edition, therefore, he recognises the existence of this virtue, admitting, in express terms, that "moral restraint," or, in other words, sexual continence, is "a virtue clearly dictated by the light of nature, and expressly enjoined by revealed religion:" and with an inconsistency which it would be difficult to parallel, retaining all his arguments against Mr. Godwin in the beginning of the book, he proposes a scheme at the end for abolishing the poor rates by means of this very virtue, upon the denial of which the whole of his preceding argument is founded!

It is this scheme, with its accompanying doctrine, which rendered it necessary to recur to Mr. Malthus on this occasion; for if the doctrines were true, it would be hopeless to seek for any alleviation of existing misery:—the certain and speedy consequence of his remedy will soon be pointed out. We are overstocked with people, he says, and not only are so at present, but always have been, and always must be so. "In every age, and in every state in which man has existed, or does now exist, the increase of population is necessarily limited by the means of subsistence." "The power of population is so superior to the power in the earth to produce subsistence for man, that unless arrested by preventive checks, premature death must in some shape or other visit the human race. The vices of mankind are active and able ministers

population. They are the precursors in the great army of destruction, and often finish the dreadful work themselves. But

they fail in their war of extermination, sickly seasons, wars, pestilence and plagues, advance in terrific array, and sweep off their thousands and ten thousands. Should success be complete, gigantic inevitable famine stalks in the rear, and with one mighty blow levels the population with the food of the

The checks which keep the population down to the level of the means of subsistence are moral restraint, vice and misery, but the truth is, that though human institutions appear to be the obvious and obtrusive causes of much mischief to mankind, they are, in reality, light and superficial in comparison with those deep-rooted causes of evil which result from the laws of nature." According, therefore, to Mr. Whitbread's "eminent philosopher," the existing plagues of the world, war, pestilence, misery, and all its forms, are necessary, as preventive checks, to counterbalance the principle of population! A new mode of proving the necessity and utility of evil, with the comfortable corollary that it is of a nature irremediable.

There are, indeed, some persons who may be disposed to demur at

Malthus's theory, remembering that it is written in the first chapter of Genesis, "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them: God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it." Such persons may be inclined to believe, that till the earth shall have been, in obedience to this command, replenished and subdued, if in any way it production is not made to keep pace with population, the excess of population is to be ascribed to the errors or defects of human institutions, and not to any inherent evil in the laws of nature. But the Unitarians observe, in reply to such objections, that the new theory is matter of science, and that the Mosaic account cannot be admitted to stand in the way of a demonstration. We may remember to have heard one of these reasoners affirm, in opposition to an assertion that this theory was inconsistent with the wisdom and goodness of Divine Providence, that if the two were incompatible the consequence could not be avoided; the argument of the geometrical and arithmetical series was a demonstration, and Divine Providence must go to the wall. But this is a moral *reductio ad absurdum* which the man of enlightened reason feels to be demonstrative wherever it applies: he knows in his heart that whatever opinion is wholly and flagrantly inconsistent with the goodness of creating and preserving wisdom, must necessarily be false; and in this knowledge he cannot be deceived, he hears the voice of God which tells him so.

In reality, what is true in Mr. Malthus's book is not applicable,

and what is applicable is not true. It is true that the whole earth may be fully peopled to its utmost power of production, so as to admit of no farther increase; but this truth is as worthless as a *jus merum* in law, and admits of no possible application. The argument that if the world were thus peopled, it could not continue so, because mankind, though in the highest conceivable state of perfection, would be incapable of restraining the sexual passion, an appetite of irresistible physical necessity, might be applicable a few millenniums hence, if it were true; but the position upon which it rests is false.

So much for the great discovery in political science! But these absurdities are far exceeded by the application which Mr. Malthus makes of moral restraint, after he has luckily recollected that such a virtue is in existence. He proposes, by means of this virtue, to put a salutary stop to the increase of the poor, and abolish the poor rates. The plan, to which he says he can see no material objection, is thus stated in his own words.

“ I should propose a regulation to be made, declaring that no child born from any marriage taking place after the expiration of a year from the date of the law, and no illegitimate child born two years from the same date, should ever be entitled to parish assistance. And to give a more general knowledge of the law, and to enforce it more strongly on the minds of the lower classes of people, the clergyman of each parish should, previously to the solemnization of a marriage, read a short address to the parties, stating the strong obligation on every man to support his own children; the impropriety and even immorality of marrying without a fair prospect of being able to do this; the evils which had resulted to the poor themselves from the attempt which had been made to assist, by public institutions, in a duty which ought to be exclusively appropriated to parents; and the absolute necessity which had at length appeared of abandoning all such institutions, on account of their producing effects opposite to those which were intended. After the public notice which I have proposed had been given, and the system of poor laws had ceased with regard to the rising generation, if any man chose to marry without a prospect of being able to support a family, he should have the most perfect liberty so to do. Though to marry in this case is, in my opinion, clearly an immoral act, yet it is not one which society can justly take upon itself to prevent or punish; because the punishment provided for it by the laws of nature falls directly and most severely upon the individual who commits the act, and, through him, only more remotely and feebly on the society. When nature will govern and punish for us, it is a very miserable ambition to wish to snatch the rod from her hands, and draw upon ourselves the odium of executioners. To the punishment of nature, therefore, he should be left—the punishment of severe want. He has erred in the face of a most clear and precise warning, and can have no just reason to complain of any person but himself,

when he feels the consequence of his error. All parish assistance should be most rigidly denied him; and if the hand of private charity be stretched forth in his relief, the interests of humanity imperiously require that it should be administered very sparingly. He should be taught to know that the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, had doomed him and his family to starve for disobeying their repeated admonitions; that he had no claim of right on society for the smallest portion of food beyond that which his labour would fairly purchase. With regard to illegitimate children, after the proper notice had been given, they should on no account whatever be allowed to have any claim to parish assistance. If the parents desert their child they ought to be made answerable for the crime. The infant is, comparatively speaking, of no value to society, as others will immediately supply its place. Its principal value is on account of its being the object of one of the most delightful passions in human nature—parental affection. But if this value be disregarded by those who are alone in a capacity to feel it, the society cannot be called upon to put itself in their place, and has no farther business in its protection, than in the case of its murder, or intentional ill treatment; to follow the general rules in punishing such crimes; which rules, for the interests of morality, it is bound to pursue, whether the object, in this particular instance, be of value to the state or not.”

Thus, then, this eminent philosopher, who, at the beginning of his book, argues that it is in vain to hope for an improved state of society, because men, in the highest imaginable state of wisdom and virtue, would continue to breed, regardless of all consequences, tells us, at the end of this very book, that the way to reduce our poor rates is to persuade the lower orders to continence while they are in their present state of deplorable ignorance; to discourage them, as much as possible, from marrying; to preach wedding sermons to them, if they will marry, upon the immorality of breeding, that being a luxury reserved only for those who can afford it; and if they will persist in so improper and immoral a practice, after so solemn and well timed a warning, to leave them to the punishment of severe want, and rigidly deny all parish assistance. No public relief is to be given to the starving infant; it is worth nothing to society, for its place will be presently supplied, and society, therefore, has no farther business than to hang the mother if she should shorten the sufferings of her babe rather than see it die of want. A plan for the abolition of the poor-rates as practicable as it is humane! The rich are to be called upon for no sacrifices; nothing more is required of them than that they should harden their hearts. They have found a place at the table of nature, and why should they be disturbed at their feast? It is Mr. Malthus's own metaphor; and that we may not be suspected of exaggerating the detestable hard-heartedness with

which his system is recommended, the illustration shall be presented in his own language.

“A man,” he says, “who is born into a world already possessed, if he cannot get subsistence from his parents, on whom he has a just demand, and if the society does not want his labour, has no claim of right to the smallest portion of food, and, in fact, has no business to be where he is. At nature’s mighty feast there is no cover for him. She tells him to be gone, and will quickly execute her own orders, if he do not work upon the compassion of some of her guests. If these guests get up and make room for him, other intruders immediately appear demanding the same favour. The report of a provision for all that come fills the hall with numerous claimants. The order and harmony of the feast is disturbed; the plenty that before reigned is changed into scarcity; and the happiness of the guests is destroyed by the spectacle of misery and dependence in every part of the hall, and by the clamorous importunity of those who are justly enraged at not finding the provision which they had been taught to expect. The guests learn too late their error, in counteracting those strict orders to all intruders issued by the great mistress of the feast, who, wishing that all her guests should have plenty, and knowing that she could not provide for unlimited numbers, humanely refused to admit fresh comers when her table was already full.”

A writer ought to possess a more logical mind than Mr. Malthus has been gifted with, before he ventures to reason in metaphors and similitudes. But it were idle to dwell upon flaws of reasoning in a passage where, at the first perusal, every reader, whose heart and understanding are in their natural state, will see nothing but naked deformity. There is, however, no accounting for tastes physical or metaphysical, and there are certain intellects which seem to have an appetite, like the Hottentots, for garbage. The late Sir William Pulteney is said to have been so smitten with Mr. Malthus’s theory, that he intended to bring a bill into parliament for abolishing the poor-rates upon the plan thus recommended and thus illustrated. While such a plan remains upon paper it is as harmless in the written letter as the receipt for Sir Humphry Davy’s new fulminating powder; but if either the one or the other be made the subject of experiment, wo be to all within reach of the explosion! The numerous claimants at Mr. Malthus’s feast of nature, who, as he tells us, have “no right to the smallest portion of food, and, in fact, no business to be there,” would very soon begin to ask the luckier guests what better title they themselves could produce, and resort to the right of the strongest, “You have had your turn at the table long enough, gentlemen,” they would say, “and if those who have no places are to strave, we will have a scramble for it at least.” Let any man in his senses ask himself whether this would not be the

natural and inevitable consequence; whether, in the present state of society in this country, such a plan as that of Mr. Malthus could, by any possibility, be carried into effect without producing all the horrors of a *bellum servile*; whether the legislators who should pass such an act would not be pulled in pieces by an infuriated and desperate populace, and whether such legislators would not deserve their fate! Here, then, we dismiss Mr. Malthus—to enjoy the applause of those (if such there be) who feel no contempt for his theory, and no abhorrence of its proposed practical application.

When Berkeley, in the *Querist*, asked “Whether the *number* and welfare of the subjects be not the true strength of the crown? whether a country inhabited by people well fed, clothed and lodged, would not become every day more populous? and whether a numerous stock of people, in such circumstances, would not constitute a flourishing nation?”—and “whether to provide plentifully for the poor be not feeding the root, the substance whereof will shoot upwards into the branches, and cause the top to flourish?” he did not propose these questions as points which he conceived would ever be disputed. That wise and excellent man believed, as all wise men had done before him, that the strength of kingdoms consisted mainly in the *number* of their inhabitants, and that the true policy of governments is not to prevent their subjects from multiplying, but to provide uses and employment for them as fast they multiply. If in any country they increase faster than means, not merely for their existence but for their well being, are provided, it is rational to infer that in that country there is a defect of policy; it is pious to infer that the error is in human institutions, not in the unerring laws of nature;—in man, not in his Maker.

That this is the case in England is manifest in the number of the poor, and the amount of the poor-rates.\* Certain it is that the poor have rapidly increased, and are increasing; and the chief causes of this increase render their physical and moral condition worse at present than it has been at any former time since the shock of the Reformation subsided.

In the political, as in the natural body, it seems as if those important transitions in the system, which are necessary to its development, could not be performed without some degree of suffering or of danger. Mendicity followed the abolition of vassalage in Europe. Feudal times afford tempting themes for the romancer and the poet. The high-minded and generous lord; the high-

\* The parish rates of 1803 were 5,318,000*l.* of which 4,267,000*l.* were expended on the poor. The rack-rental of England in that year was about forty millions; it is now nearly fifty-five, and the poor-rates will probably be found to have at least kept pace with this increase when the returns shall be made next year pursuant to an act passed in the last session.



born and gentle lady ; the servants who were, as in some countries is still expressed in their name long after the reality has ceased, *children of the house* ; the vassals seeming to be humble members of the same family rather than dependents ; the baronial hall ; the seasons of festival, and the every-day hospitality ; these are materials from which imagination may build up an ideal state of happiness not less delightful than fabled Arcadia, and of a loftier character. From a state of perfect vassalage, whether feudal or commercial, mendicity and want are of course excluded ; hence the advocates of the slave trade drew one of their favourite arguments ; and thus it is to be explained how good men, like Mr. Tobin and Bryan Edwards, should have written in defence of that abominable traffic, feeling as much indignation against the abolitionists as the abolitionists against all who protracted the consummation so devoutly to be wished for, to which they were pressing on. These writers knew that, in their hands, power over their slaves was but the means of beneficence. But Hodge and Huggins, and the black code of our own, as well as of the French islands, furnish the same proof against their opinions as the feudal laws of every country afford of the cruelty and oppression of the feudal system.

By abolishing that system in the countries which he has subjected, and by necessitating its abolishment in others, Buonaparte, incarnate fiend as he is, insatiable of blood, and delighting in the infliction of misery, is made to produce good amid the evil which will consign him to execration in this world, and perdition in the next. This country would not now have been great and happy if the yoke of bondage had not long ago been broken here : but, in the transition which the lower classes made from the state of villeins to that of free labourers, a mass of immediate evil was produced of which the unexaggerated report might almost startle our belief. The Reformation aggravated the evil, not only by depriving the poor of that eleemosynary support which the monasteries afforded when there was no other constant source of relief, but because men who shared the plunder of the church in the vile way in which it was lavished, became hard landlords, and the rents of the abbey tenants were heavily raised, in consequence of the same act which destroyed the chief market for their produce. Never was there a good work so wickedly effected as the Reformation in England. It is at once our chief blessing and our foulest reproach.

These circumstances aggravated the evil ; but the decrease of villenage was its cause. "Manufactures," says Sir Morton Eden, "by creating a necessity for free hands, and, consequently, enabling men to make use of the most valuable of all property, their own industry, subjected those who were any ways incapacitated from availing themselves of that fund, to the miserable alternative of starving independently ;" and he states it as an inevitable conclusion.

from his inquiries, that manufactures and commerce are the true parents of our national poor. Had the price of labour, when it first became a marketable commodity, found its proper standard, so that the labourer in youth and health might have been enabled to make provision for sickness and age, this consequence would not have followed; but we must not blame our ancestors for not discovering with prospective wisdom, as the means of prevention, what we ourselves, after so long and heavy an experience of the evil, have not yet adopted as the cure. It was mitigated at first by the spirit of adventure, then more prevalent among the lower classes than now. Harrison speaks of emigrants to "France, Germany, Barbary, India, Muscovia, and very Calicut;" and shortly afterwards our colonies in North America were established. And though, when labour is underpaid, and the labouring classes are kept poor, poverty must always be upon the increase, the increase was less rapid than in later times, because of the flourishing state of the country, whose progress seems scarcely to have sustained any interruption by the civil wars of Charles I. because the virtues of the feudal system survived that system awhile, and because the manners of the peasantry were not yet corrupted.

Harrison states the number of vagabonds in his time, upon a rude estimate, at above 10,000. This is, perhaps, short of the number—there is a document in Strype, which affirms that there were at least three or four hundred able bodied vagabonds in every county, who lived by theft and rapine, and who sometimes met in troops to the number of sixty, and committed spoil on the inhabitants. It adds that if all the felons of this kind were reduced to good subjection, they would form a strong army; and that the magistrates were awed, by their association and threats, from enforcing the laws against them. But in Scotland, a century later, the evil was ten or twenty fold greater—for, during that century, Scotland had been stationary, if not retrograde, and the people were in a more savage state than even the worst of the wild Irish at the present day. Fletcher, of Saltoun, gives a dreadful picture:

"There are, at this day," he says, (1698,) "in Scotland, besides a great many poor families, very meanly provided for by the church-boxes, (with others, who by living upon bad food fall into various diseases,) two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. And though the number of these be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature; fathers incestuously accompanying with their own daughters, the son with the mother, and the brother with the sister. No magistrate could ever discover, or be informed, which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, nor that ever



they were baptized. Many murders have been discovered among them, and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants, (if they give not bread, or some kind of provision to, perhaps, forty such villains on one day, are sure to be insulted by them,) but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighbourhood. In years of plenty many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country weddings, markets, burials, and other the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together."

Fletcher was a lover of liberty, and a sincere one; yet he seriously proposed, as a remedy for this evil, the re-establishment of domestic slavery, drawing arguments from the example of his favourite republics. A system of parochial education was shortly afterwards established in Scotland, and the result was, that Scotland, then one of the most barbarous countries in Christendom, became the most orderly. Provision had been intended for securing a like advantage to the people of England by Edward VI. whose life, short as it was, is honourable to human nature; and whose accession ought to have been made a red-letter day in the English calendar, and set apart for pious and grateful commemoration, as long as the blessings which we have derived from it shall endure. *Monstrificus puellus* Cardan calls him for his attainments; and a protestant, without superstition, may be allowed to call him "blessed King Edward," for his virtues. This spotless prince enumerates, among the remedies for the sores of the commonwealth, good education as the first in dignity and degree, and declared his purpose of "showing his device therein." "This," he said, "shall well ease and remedy the deceitful working of things, disobedience of the lower sort, casting of seditious bills, and will clearly take away the idleness of people."

Edward's early death was probably the greatest misfortune that England ever sustained: Elizabeth effected the work of reformation, rather in the spirit of a politician, than with that sincere, and conscientious, and enlightened piety which directed and sanctified his conduct. The provision which was made for the religious education of the people was less extensive and less complete than he would have made it; and such as it was, the greater part of the parochial clergy were not qualified to give it effect. This was one of the evils which arose from the Reformation: from the commencement of that great revolution, divinity became a perilous profession: those studies which formerly led to honourable ease, benefices and dignities, led then to exile, imprisonment, and martyrdom; and thus, while the issue of the struggle was doubtful, the supply of students was materially diminished. The robberies (for they deserve no better name) which were committed upon church property tended to the same effect.

“It would pity a man’s heart,” says Latimer, “to hear that I hear of the state of Cambridge. What it is in Oxford I cannot tell. There be few that study divinity, but so many as of necessity must furnish the colleges, for their livings be so small, and victuals so dear, that they tarry not there, but go everywhere to seek livings, and so they go about. It will come to pass, that we shall have nothing but a little English divinity, that will bring the realm into a very barbarousness, and utter decay of learning. It is not that, I wiss, that will keep out the supremacy of the Pope of Rome. There be none now but great men’s sons in colleges, and their fathers look not to have them preachers—so every way the office of preaching is pinched at.”

There are few books which throw so much light upon the manners and morals of the times, and the state of society, as Latimer’s Sermons; they may be ranked among the most curious and amusing specimens of our early literature.

“My lords and masters,” says he, “I say that all such proceedings, as far as I can perceive, do intend plainly to make the yeomanry *slavery*, and the clergy *shavery*. We of the clergy had too much, but this is taken away, and now we have too little. But for my own part, I have no cause to complain, for I thank God and the king I have sufficient, and God is my judge I come not to crave of any man any thing; but I know them that have too little. There lieth a great matter by these appropriations: great reformation is to be had in them. I know where there is a great market town, with divers hamlets and inhabitants, where do rise yearly of their labours to the value of 50 pound: and the vicar that serveth (being so great a cure) hath but 12 or 14 marks by year; so that of this pension he is not able to buy him books, nor give his neighbours drink; and all the great gain goeth another way.” “What an unreasonable devil is this!” exclaims the honest old bishop, on another occasion, making use of Satan in his\*

\* The reader will not, perhaps, be displeased to see a specimen of Latimer’s peculiar vein. It occurs in his Sermon of the Plough, preached in the shroudes at St. Pauls church, in London, the xvii day of January, 1548. He is touching upon the unfitness of giving secular employment to the bishops. “A prelate hath a charge and cure otherwyse, and therefore he cannot discharge his dutie, and be a lord president too. For a presidentship requireth a whole man, and a byshop cannot be two men. A byshop hath his office, a flocke to teach, to look unto; and, therefore, he cannot meddle with another office, which alone requireth a whole man. Let the priest preach, and the noble man handle the temporal matters. Moses was a marvellous man, a good man; Moses was a wonderful fellow, and did his dutie, being a married man: we lacke such as Moses was. Well, I would all men would look to their dutie, as God hath called them; and then we should have a flourishing christian common weale. And now I would aske a strange question. Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and harkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all Englande. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you. It is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his dyocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never finde him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will, he is ever at

favourite way. "What an unreasonable devil is this! He provides a great while beforehand for the time that is to come; he hath brought up now of late the most monstrous kind of covetousness that ever was heard of; he hath invented a fee-farming of benefices, and all to delay the office of preaching; insomuch that when any man hereafter shall have a benefice, he may go where he will for any house he shall have to dwell upon, or any glebe land to keep hospitality withall; but he must take up a chamber in an alehouse, and there sit and play at the tables all day." "The devil hath caused also there this monstrous kind of covetousness, patrons to sell their benefices; yea more, he gets himself to the university, and causeth great men and esquires to send their sons thither, and put out poor scholars, that should be divines; for their parents intend not that they should be preachers, but that they may have a shew of learning."

The consequence of this state of things was, that the parochial clergy, in the first ages of the Reformation, were scandalously

home, the diligentest preacher in all the realme; he is ever at his plough; no lord-ing or loytering can hynder him; he is ever applying his busyness; ye shall never fynd him idle I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to mayntaine supersticion, to set up idolatry, to teach all kynde of popery. He is ready as can be wished for to set forth his plough, to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devill is resident and hath his plough going, there away with books and up with candles! away with bibles and up with beads! away with the light of the gospel and up with the light of candles, yea, at noon dayes. Where the devill is resident that he may prevayle, up with all supersticion and idolatry, sensing, paynting of images, candles, palmes, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing, as though man could invent a better way to honour God with, than God himself hath appoynted. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pick-purse, up with him, the popish purgatory I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor and impotent; up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones. Up with man's traditions and his lawes, down with God's traditions and his most holy word. But here some man will say to me, 'What, sir, are ye so privy of the devill's counsell that ye know all this to be true?' Truly, I know him too well, and have obeyed him a little too much in condescending to some follyes. And I know him as other men do; yea, that he is ever occupied and ever busy in following his plough. I know by S. Peter, which sayth of him, *sicut leo rugiens circuit querens quem devoret*, he goeth about like a roaring lyon seeking whom he may devour. I would have this text well viewed and examined every word of it. *Circuit*, he goeth about in every corner of his dyocese. He goeth on visitation daily. He leaveth no place of his cure unvisited. He walketh round about from place to place, and ceaseth not. *Sicut leo*, as a lyon; that is, strongly, boldly and proudly, stately and fiercely, with haute looks, with his proude countenances, with his stately braggings. *Rugiens*, roaring; for he letteth not slip any occasion to speake, or to roare out when he seeth his tyme. *Querens*, he goeth about seeking, and not sleeping as our bishops doe, but he seeketh diligently, he searcheth diligently all corners, whereas he may have his prey. He rovet abroad in every place of his dyocese, he standeth not still, he is never at rest, but ever in hand with his plough that it may go forward. But there was never such a preacher in England as he is. Who is able to tell his diligent preaching? In the meane tyme the prelates take their pleasures. They are lords and no labourers, but the devill is diligent at his plough. He is no unpreaching prelate. He is no lordly loyterer from his cure, but a busy plough-man; so that among all the prelates and all the pack of them that have cure, the devill shall go for my money. For he still applyeth his busyness. Therefore, ye unpreaching prelates, learne of the devill to be diligent in doing of your office. Learne of the devill. An if you will not learne of God, nor good men, for shame learne of the devill. *Ad erubescendum vestram dico*. I speake it for your shame. If you will not learne of God, nor good men, to be diligent in your office, learne of the devill."

ignorant, and their lives but too often as little edifying as their doctrines. "Sad the times, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth," says Fuller,\* "when, by her majesty's injunctions, the clergy were commanded to read the chapters over once or twice by themselves, that so they might be the better enabled to read them distinctly in the congregation." Augustin Bernhers, the editor of Latimer's Sermons, draws a melancholy picture of their condition.

"I will not," he says, "speak now of them that being not content with lands and rents, do select into their hands spiritual livings, as parsonages and such like, and that under the pretence to make provision for their houses. What hurt and damage this realm of England doth sustain by that devilish kind of provision for gentlemen's houses, knights' and lords' houses, they can tell best that do travel in the countries, and see with their eyes great parishes and market towns, with innumerable others, to be utterly destitute of God's word; and that because that these greedy men have spoiled the livings, and gotten them into their hands, and instead of a faithful and painful teacher they have a Sir John, who hath better skill at playing at tables, or in keeping of a garden, than in God's word, and he for a trifle doth serve the cure, and so help to bring the people of God in danger of their souls."

Latimer himself dwells upon this theme.

"It is a great charge," he says, "a great burthen before God to be a patron; for every patron, when he doth not diligently endeavour himself to place a good and godly man in his benefice which is in his hands, but is slothful, and careth not what manner of man he taketh; or else is covetous and will have it himself, and hire a Sir John Lack Latin which shall say service, so that the people shall be nothing edified—no doubt that patron shall make answer before God for not doing of his duty."

This evil continued till the struggle between episcopacy and presbytery produced the same effect as the Reformation itself had done, of deterring men from a profession which was again become precarious and perilous. Baxter, in one of his works, where he very ably explains the causes of the increase of popery, in his days, observes that most of our ministers were "unable to deal with a cunning Jesuit or priest," which, he adds, "is not to be wondered at, considering how many of them are very young men, put in of late in the necessity of the churches." With the restoration this evil ended; but that was not an age in which any means were likely to be taken for the moral and religious instruction of the people. The subsequent danger of the protestant establishment under James produced nothing but good to the church as

\* Triple Reconciler, p. 82.

well as to the state ; it occasioned a demand among the clergy for learning and talent, which was abundantly supplied : being forced into the field of controversy, they learnt the use of their weapons, and remained masters of it. From that time to the present the character of the parochial clergy has continued to improve, and it has probably never been so respectable in any age, or in any country, as it is in England at this day.

But the want of a general system of parochial education has never been supplied. The funds with which it should have been established were scandalously dissipated at the beginning, when men were literally bribed to support the new establishment by the plunder of the old. A warfare of opinions, and a state of religious anarchy for a hundred and thirty years, was the price which we paid for a religious revolution ; the evil has been abundantly overbalanced, but its effects have not yet ceased : the attachment of the peasantry to their roods and puppetries was broken, but no wiser attachment was substituted for it. The Romanists impressed their imaginations ; the reformed clergy failed to impress their understandings. They plucked up the tares, but they were not equally diligent in sowing the good seed. There is a difference between the two churches which strikingly exemplifies the superior policy of the one and the truth of the other. In Catholic countries, the people are passionately attached to the faith of their fathers, while the higher classes, if they have any degree of knowledge, are either unbelievers, or at least indifferents. In England there is a great spirit of religion in the higher ranks, but the body of the people care little for the national church, and are easily won over from it.

The character of the lower orders underwent very little change from the Reformation till within the last forty years. In their religious feelings they had been weaned from popery—not won from it ;—the breasts at which they had sucked in superstition were withdrawn ; but no provision had been made, as in Scotland, for rearing them upon salubrious food. In other respects they remained much the same as they had been two centuries ago ; reading and writing were but little more common among them ; their habitations, their dress, their hours, their habits of life, were unaltered ; the only difference was what the cultivation of the potato occasioned, and the use of tea, about that time beginning to become general. But during the last forty years, a tremendous change has been going on ; it has affected all classes, few for the better, the lowest and most numerous much for the worse.

One chief cause of this great moral revolution, for such it may truly be called, is to be found in the improvement of machinery, and the consequent rapid increase of manufactures. The manufacturing system has been carried among us to an extent unheard of

in any former age or country; it has enabled us to raise a revenue which twenty years ago we ourselves should have thought it impossible to support, and it has added even more to the activity of the country than to its ostensible wealth; but in a far greater degree, perhaps, has it diminished its happiness and lessened its security. Adam Smith's book is the code, or confession of faith of this system; a tedious and hard-hearted book, greatly overvalued even on the score of ability, for fifty pages would have comprised its sum and substance as well as two Scotch quartos.

*Cent et cent fois penser un penser mesme,*

as Ronsard says, is very natural for a lover, but not very excusable for him if he writes verses, and altogether insufferable in an author of any other description. That book considers man as a manufacturing animal, a definition which escaped the ancients: it estimates his importance, not by the sum of goodness and of knowledge which he possesses, not by the virtues and charities which should flow towards him and emanate from him, not by the happiness of which he may be the source and centre, not by the duties to which he is called, not by the immortal destinies for which he is created; but by the gain which can be extracted from him, or of which he can be made the instrument. The more perfect the fabric in which he is employed, the less intellect is required; eyes and fingers are all that are needed. This philosophy, indeed, deals with him as Diogenes did with the cock, in derision of Plato's definition. Pluck the wings of his intellect, strip him of the down and plumage of his virtues, and behold in the brute, denuded, pitiable animal, the man of the manufacturing system!

Some of the sciences and many of the arts require large cities to foster them; they thrive there like exotics in a town-conservatory; but the virtues and the comforts of inferior life wither away in such atmospheres like flowers transplanted from the field to pine at a street window. The peasant, however much his religious education may be neglected, cannot grow up without receiving some of the natural and softening impressions of religion. Sunday is to him a day of rest, not of dissipation: the sabbath bells come to his ear with a sweet and tranquillizing sound; and though he may be inattentive to the services of the church, and uninstructed in its tenets, still the church and the churchyard are to him sacred things; there is the font in which he was baptized, the altar at which his parents became man and wife, the place where they and their fathers before them have listened to the word of God, the graves wherein they have been laid to rest in the Lord, and where he is one day to be laid beside them. Alas for him, who cannot comprehend how these things act upon the human heart! The



town manufacturer is removed from all these gentle and genial influences; he has no love for his birth-place, or his dwelling-place, and cares nothing for the soil in which he strikes no root. One source of patriotism is thus destroyed; for in the multitude, patriotism grows out of local attachments. *Omne solum forti patria* may be said by the exile and the cosmopolite philosopher, but *natale solum* is found among the periphrases for *patria*, and the same feeling will be found in the language of every people who are advanced one degree beyond the savage state.

The manufacturing poor are also removed from other causes which are instrumental to good conduct in the agricultural classes. They have necessarily less of that attachment to their employers which arises from long connexion, and the remembrance of kind offices received, and faithful services performed—an inheritance transmitted from parent to son: and being gathered together in herds from distant parts, they have no family character to support in the place to which they have been transplanted. Their employments, too, unlike those of the handicraft and the agriculturist, are usually so conducted as to be equally pernicious to mind and body. The consumption of life in some manufactories, even in those which might at first be thought most innocuous, though it may be a consolation to those philosophers who are afraid of being crowded at the table of nature, would make good men shudder if the account could be fully laid before them.

John Hunter predicted that our manufactories would engender new varieties of pestilence. New and specific diseases they have produced; but the only pestilence which has yet manifested itself is of a moral nature. Physical diseases are not more surely generated by crowding human beings together in a state of filth and wretchedness, than moral ones by herding them together in a state of ignorance. This is the case under the least unfavourable circumstances which can be imagined; but it is doubly so under the manufacturing system, where children are trained up in the way wherein that system destines them to go, as soon as their little fingers can twirl a thread, or feed a machine. When that system was at its height, the slave trade itself was scarcely more systematically remorseless. The London workhouses supplied children by wagon-loads to those manufactories which would take them off the hands of the parish; a new sort of trade was invented, a set of child-jobbers travelled the country, procuring children from parents whose poverty was such as to consent to the sacrifice, and undertaking to feed, clothe, and lodge them for the profits of their labour. In this manner were many of our great manufactories supplied! the machinery never stood still. One set of these poor children worked by day, another by night, and when one relay was relieved, they turned into the beds which had been vacated

by the other, warm as the others had left them! When this system had continued long enough for those who lived through so unnatural a childhood to reach the age of maturity, it was found that the girls, when they married, were utterly unable to perform the commonest and most indispensable domestic work: and the remedy which was devised, in future, was, that they should go to school to learn these things for an hour in the day after they had done work!

These evils have been mitigated: the hellish practice of night-work (it deserves no gentler qualification) is nearly, if not totally, disused; but enough which is evil remains to produce irreparable injury to the individuals, and the most serious mischief to the community. The existing race of the manufacturing poor have been trained up certainly without moral, and, it may be said, without religious instruction also; for if a pulpit lesson should now and then by accident reach their ears, there is little chance of its penetrating farther, utterly unprepared as they are to receive it. Among the philosophers-errant who mislead themselves as well as others in confounding the distinctions between right and wrong, there are some who, after wandering about the debatable ground between good and evil, recover the right path, and find grace to thank Providence for their escape. The bias inclines that way in the middle and higher ranks; for morals, as well as manners, follow the mode, and decorum, at least, is in fashion. But the class of which we have been speaking, have more to resist at the same time that they are less prepared for resistance. He who has ever seen the habitations of the city-poor in the cellars and garrets of courts and alleys, will easily believe that the fireside of the pot-house holds out a stronger temptation than even the physical effect of the liquor. Goldsmith has told us how such places

“ impart  
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;”

But they do more than this: they afford a stimulus of society which he cannot find elsewhere; strong humour and vulgar wit come with double fascination to those whose intellectual powers are stagnant at home; the coarseness of boisterous mirth acts upon them with double excitement; and if they give themselves up to the lowest vices, ought we to wonder at this, when their better faculties have never been brought into action? Scarce lower than the angels in the capacity of his nature, man is yet, when left to himself, scarcely above the brutes; and if he be depraved, as well as ignorant, he is then chiefly distinguished from them by the fatal prerogative of possessing a wicked will and greater powers of mischief. When his diviner part has never been called forth, the mere animal is all that remains, and mere animal gratification must be the natural end and aim of his blind desires.



These are not the mere imaginations of a speculative moralist. It is notorious that the manners of the people in manufacturing districts are peculiarly dissolute. Saint Monday is the only saint in the journeyman's calendar; and there are many places where one of the working-days of the week is regularly set apart for drunkenness, like a sabbath of irreligion. However high the wages may be, profligacy of every kind keeps pace, and draws after it its inevitable punishment of debility, disease, poverty, want, and early death. For the main cause of the increase of pauperism it is needless to go farther than the increase of manufactures—that very increase which has so often been triumphantly appealed to in proof of the prosperity of the country. Even in quiet times, and when, to all outward appearances, the country was flourishing beyond all example in former ages, the evil was felt, an evil in itself of sufficient magnitude, but of the most frightful nature when those circumstances are considered which give it a direct political bearing. This tendency was noticed some years ago in *Espriella's Letters*, a book in which, amid lighter matter, grave subjects are sometimes touched with a deeper spirit of thought than appears upon the surface.

“Two causes,” says the author of that book, “and only two, will rouse a peasantry to rebellion; intolerable oppression, or religious zeal either for the right faith or the wrong: no other motive is powerful enough. A manufacturing poor is more easily instigated to revolt. They have no local attachments; the persons to whom they look up for support, they regard more with envy than respect, as men who grow rich by their labour; they know enough of what is passing in the political world to think themselves politicians; they feel the whole burden of taxation, which is not the case with the peasant, because he raises a great part of his own food; they are aware of their own numbers; and the moral feelings which in the peasant are only blunted are in these men debauched. A manufacturing populace is always ripe for rioting: the direction which this fury may take is accidental. In 1780 it ran against the catholics; in 1790 against the dissenters. Governments who found their prosperity upon manufactures sleep upon gunpowder.

“Do I then think,” continues the writer, “that England is in danger of revolution? If the manufacturing system continues to be extended, increasing, as it necessarily does increase, the number, the misery, and the depravity of the poor, I believe that revolution inevitably must come, and in its most fearful shape. That system, if it continues to increase, will more effectually tend to ruin England than all the might and all the machinations of her enemies, were they ten times more formidable than they are. It communicates just knowledge enough to the populace to make them dangerous, and it poisons their morals. The temper of the mob has been manifested at the death of Despard, and there is no reason to suppose that it is not the same in all other great

towns as in London. It will be well for England when her cities shall decrease, and her villages multiply and grow; when there shall be fewer streets and more cottages. The tendency of the present system is to convert the peasantry into poor; her policy should be to reverse this, and to convert the poor into peasantry; to increase them and to enlighten them; for their numbers are the strength, and their knowledge is the security, of states."

Whether this writer be Spaniard or Englishman, the Luddites and the temper which the mob in London, as well as in Nottingham, manifested upon the murder of Mr. Perceval, have but too fully approved his foresight. How that temper has been produced deserves farther investigation. The state of parties and the press will go far towards explaining it. That there is any organized plan for effecting a revolution in this country we are far from asserting or believing, but it by no means follows that the preparatory work of revolution is not going on. There is no commissariat for supplying London, and yet London is supplied with a regularity and abundance which no commissariat, however perfect, could possibly accomplish. If one political writer vilifies every measure of the existing administration; if another reviles all parties in their turn with equal virulence; if a third systematically holds up the royal family to derision and abhorrence; and a fourth labours to bring the whole system of government into contempt and hatred; though the first should merely be the faithful adherent of a political faction; though mere malevolence should be the influencing motive of the second; the third be actuated by mere humour, or by neediness acting upon a profligate mind; and the fourth be led astray by juvenile presumption, or mistaken zeal; though these persons should be utterly unconnected, or even hostile to each other, they coöperate as effectually together to one direct end as if they were bound by oaths and sacraments, and that end is as directly the overthrow of their country as if all four were the salaried instruments of France.

He who finds a factious newspaper upon his breakfast table, and casting his eyes over its columns while he sips his coffee, smiles at its blunders, or at most vents a malediction more in wonder than in indignation at the impudent villany of its falsehoods, has but a faint conception of its effects upon the great body of its readers. Journals of this description are not designed for those whose place in society indisposes them to revolutionary tenets, or whom a sound understanding, and a mind well stored, have fortified, as with Mithridate, against such poison. But there are thousands, and tens of thousands, prepared for it by the manufacturing system as completely as soldiers, by want and cold, are prepared for camp contagion. It is upon men whom that system has depraved that the *diatribes* of the *anarchists* operate with full effect. Those

persons, if there be any such, who would keep the people ignorant because they rely upon their ignorance as a preservative, are not more lamentably erroneous in judgment than ignorant themselves of the state of the society in which they live. Where one who can read is to be found, all who have ears can hear. The weekly epistles of the apostles of sedition are read aloud in tap-rooms and pot-houses to believing auditors, listening greedily when they are told that their rulers fatten upon the gains extracted from their blood and sinews; that they are cheated, oppressed, and plundered; that their wives and children are wanting bread, because a corrupt majority in parliament persists in carrying on a war which there was no cause for beginning, and to which there can be no end in view; that there is neither common sense nor common honesty in the government; that the liberty of the press has been destroyed, and they are, in fact, living under military law; that they are a flogged nation, and flogging is only fit for beasts, and beasts they are, and like beasts they deserve to be treated, if they submit patiently to such wrongs and insults. These are the topics which are received in the pot-house, and discussed over the loom and the lathe: men already profligate and unprincipled, needy because they are dissolute, and discontented because they are needy, swallow these things when they are getting drunk, and chew the cud upon them when sober. The lessons are repeated day after day, and week after week. If madder be administered to a pig only for a few days his bones are reddened with its die; and can we believe that the bloody colouring of such "pig's-meat"\* as this will not find its way into the system of those who take it for their daily food?

They who are labouring to seduce the people, fail not to allure them (like the tempter of old) with promises of unattainable good, perverting to vile purposes the sacred names of laws, and liberty, and constitution, and dealing out vague generalities and inapplicable truisms, while their main appeal is to the vanity and the evil passions of an uninstructed multitude. Marat and Hebert were continually talking to the people of their rights, and representing themselves as the enlightened friends of humanity. Our sappers and miners tread faithfully in their steps as far as they have hitherto gone, and there are but too many circumstances which favour the machinations of such mischievous and wicked men.

Among these circumstances the manufacturing system again presents itself in the first rank. The extent to which it has been

\* "Pig's meat," "hog's wash," and "food for the swinish multitude," were titles of seditious *brochures* published by Daniel Isaac Eaton and Spence, the earlier and bonester but less dexterous apostles of anarchy in this country. Both these men were political fanatics. Pure profligacy, rather than mistaken principle, instigated some of their successors.

carried makes a large part of our population dependent for employ, which is, in fact, for subsistence, upon other countries; and when the tyranny of a frantic barbarian in Europe, and the servility or corruption of a ruling faction in America, shut us out from our accustomed market, distress and riots in the manufacturing districts are the consequence. Let it not be supposed that we are among the wholesale declaimers against foreign commerce; or that, because we perceive the fatal consequences which result from the manufacturing system, carried on as it has hitherto been, we would, in the spirit of radical reform, destroy it root and branch. Doubtless it has been productive of great and essential benefit. But as nations may be too warlike for their own happiness, or even their own security, so they may be too commercial. What one of the wisest of the heathens has told us, is applicable in policy as well as in ethics;—Τὰ δὲ ἐκ ἡμῶν, ἀσθενῆ, δῖλα, καλυτὰ, ἀλλότρια. When the evil is discovered, one great step is made towards the cure, and that it is an evil to have whole districts dependent for support upon the pleasure of a foreign cabinet is now proved by our own experience. Want will make even those persons turbulent who would be otherwise every way disposed to be industrious and peaceable: what facilities, then, must it afford to those who, by every imaginable means, are labouring to excite mutinous feelings, and set the people against the government? *Malesuada* is the epithet by which Virgil characterizes hunger; and the old rebels in Henry the Eighth's time felt themselves, beyond all doubt, fully justified in their insurrections when they told the Duke of Norfolk that "Poverty was their captain, the which, with his cousin Necessity, had brought them to that doing."

In other times we have had men thrown out of employ by the fluctuations of foreign politics, but their numbers have been comparatively trifling, and the effect partial; nor were there in those days public speakers and public writers ready to inflame their discontents and array them against their rulers. The rapid increase of manufactures, and the wider scale upon which hostility is carried on against us, have caused the effect now to be felt over every part of the country; and a cause which arises out of our real improvement, and the high civilization to which we have attained, has given consistency to the danger. Bodies of men, associating for unlawful purposes in England, are at no loss how to organize themselves; for nowhere in the world has the principle of political association ever been so well and so generally understood. We have not only the *imperium in imperio* of the quakers, and that of the Arminian methodists, (each of them perfect in its kind,) but every sectarian community, every joint company, every parish club, affords a model; and, as some or other of these institutions exist in every village throughout the kingdom, the peo-

ple are everywhere familiarly versed in such practical details of business as are applicable upon the widest scale. Our benefit societies, (in their origin as old as the Saxon gilds,) which, in their right application, are so excellent, and which have so properly been encouraged by the legislature, have been perverted to the most perilous purposes. The number of persons who belonged to these societies ten years ago, when the poor-returns were made, amounted to 704,350, of whom nearly half,\* at least, may be supposed to belong to the manufacturing class. When the Luddites began to organize themselves, the funds of the societies to which they belonged afforded them a ready supply, and when farther resources were needful, they knew how to raise a revenue as well as the skilfullest financiers of Downing-street. In this country, journeymen have long been accustomed to combine for the purpose of obtaining higher pay from their employers; each trade has its fund for such occasions, raised by weekly or monthly payments; the different trades assist each other in their combinations, and the business is managed by secret committees. In this manner the shoemakers, when they *struck work*, two or three years ago, were enabled to support a loss of wages to the amount of nearly half a million! Besides this resource, it has been ascertained that the Luddites, under pretext of defraying the expenses of a petition for parliamentary reform, levied a contribution of half-a-crown a man upon their fellow-workmen throughout an extensive part of the country where no disturbances were apparent.

Such, then, are the means which the disaffected part of the populace have in their hands. If at any former time the mob were inflamed with sedition, they were a headless multitude, bound together only by the momentary union of blind passion; they are now an organized association, with their sections, their secret committees, and their treasury. These are fearful facts, even if temporary distress were the only cause of the existing spirit of insubordination. But in addition to this, there is to be taken into the account of danger a circumstance which few have noticed, and of the importance which fewer still are aware, that jacobinism having almost totally disappeared from the educated classes, has sunk down into the mob; so that since the year 1793, our internal state has undergone as great a change as our foreign relations, and a far more perilous one. There was a wild cosmopolite character about the democracy of the last generation. Old men of warm hearts and sanguine spirits, sung their *nunc dimittis*; and young men of

\* This is inferred from the proportion which the manufacturing bears to the agricultural class. The late population returns state the number of families in Great Britain at 2,544,000, of which 896,000 are engaged in agriculture, 1,129,000 in trade, manufactures and handicraft occupations. All others, that is to say, the very poor, the very rich, and the professional, amount to 519,000.

ardent mind and generous inexperience became enthusiastic disciples of a political faith which ushered itself into the world with the lying annunciation of Peace on earth, Good will among men. Their talk was not merely of the rights of man, but of the hopes and destinies of the human race, of rapid improvement and indefinite progression. The populace were incapable of entering into such views; they beheld nothing in these visionaries but their direct political bearing; and finding them hostile to the war, regarded them as men who preferred France to England, and therefore as enemies to their country. That this was the feeling of the populace twenty years ago, is notorious to every one who remembers that stirring season; wherever any riots broke out, Church and King was the cry of the mob, and their fury was directed against those whom they considered as the enemies of both. Time passed on; the character of the French revolution developed itself: that which had been fondly worshipped at its uprise as "the day-star of liberty"—the star in the east guiding us to political redemption—proved to be a baleful comet shedding pestilence and destruction over the nations. Jacobinism died under the sword of military despotism in France, the fate which universally must terminate its success: of its partisans in England some sunk into contempt; some were cooled by years, others sobered by experience: their dreams were dissipated; their philosophy grew out of fashion; their irreligion was hooted out of sight: the great experiment to which they appealed had failed; and such is the deadening effect of disappointed hope upon those who have no strength of mind to reclaim them when they have gone wrong, or support them when they are right, that many of those persons who had been warmest in their admiration of the French revolution, looked now upon the struggle of the Spaniards with utter apathy, prophesied their failure, depreciated their exertions, exulted over their losses, and, learning to hate the people whom coldness of heart and error of intellect had made them injure, laboured to the utmost to assist in accomplishing their own predictions.

While the spirit of jacobinism had thus evaporated from the top of the vessel, its dregs were settling at the bottom. New demagogues appeared upon the stage, children of Mammon, and wiser in their generation. They understood the temper of the vulgar too well to preach to them of fine fabrics of society, the diffusion of general knowledge, and the millennium of wisdom and philosophy; and they understood the laws too well to recommend openly the destruction of monarchy, and the abolishment of all distinctions of rank. There is no danger in advertising journals, the professed object of which is, "*to exhibit to the people the hideous system by which they are at once cajoled and coerced, thereby to rouse them to an united call for reformation too general to be mistaken, and too*



*potent to be resisted."* Radical reform is a safer text than revolution—the same sermon will suit either; the same end is effectually furthered by both. The folly and stupidity of ministers, the profligacy of public men, the oppressiveness of government, and the waste of public money, are the anarchists' constant theme. Knowing also that

" Majesty  
Needs all the props of admiration  
————— to bear it up on high——"

they omit no opportunity of vilifying the royal family. In this manner have they for years been addressing themselves to the passions of the vulgar; flattering their vanity, by telling them that wisdom and virtue must proceed from them, and that the way to remedy all evils is to have all elections popular, and make the representative receive instructions from his constituents; exciting their indignation against their rulers, and provoking their selfishness and pride at the same time, by persuading them that they are plundered by government, and cheated by the public servants.—Their changes are rung upon corruption, speculation, inquiry, and justice; and reform, radical reform, is still the burden of the song.

It has been confidently asserted, that some of the anarchist writers are in the pay of France. We do not believe it; and whether it be so or not is altogether unimportant, for what occasion has the enemy to hire agents when there are so many who act for him gratuitously? To slander public and private characters has become a regular trade in England, and miscreants of one description take to it just as miscreants of another to the more dangerous, but not more nefarious, practices of thieving and robbing; they begin upon players and they end upon princes. There is another class less noxious to society, and in themselves less detestable, but enemies in like manner to public order. A forum orator some years ago published a tour, in which he described the gratification which he felt in the act of being overturned in a stage coach, because, never having experienced such an accident before, it gave him a new sensation. Gentlemen whose lives and limbs are matters of such trifling concern to themselves, may be equally well disposed to try what sort of sensation the overthrow of a government would produce. It is no new thing for wretches to set fire to a house, for the purpose of plundering during the confusion; ought we, then, to doubt that there may be those who would commit state-arson for motives of a like nature? But whether they commence their career thus without principle, or under the influence of erroneous notions and mistaken zeal, personal feeling brings them to the same state of mind: they get within reach of the law at some time or other, and then beginning in good earnest to abhor the government which has corrected them.

they labour in their vocation with hearty virulence, hoping one day to change places with the attorney-general.

Men of these various descriptions have been writing to the populace for years past: they are not without employment in the daily press; but the weekly press is almost exclusively their own, and this is of far more importance, for it is the weekly paper which finds its way to the pot-house in town, and the ale-house in the country, inflaming the turbulent temper of the manufacturer, and disturbing the quiet attachment of the peasant to those institutions under which he and his fathers have dwelt in peace. He receives no account of public affairs (and these are times in which the remotest peasant feels an anxiety concerning them which was never known before) but what comes through these polluted sources. The murderers of Overbury destroyed him by seasoning with poison whatever he took, his food, his drink, and his medicine: so every thing is drugged which passes through the hands of the anarchist journalists. Victory is depreciated, and represented as matter of regret, because it tends to lengthen a war which the anarchists and the despondents have pronounced hopeless; failure is exaggerated and made matter of consolation, or ill-concealed joy, because it brings us nearer to an abandonment of the contest. With whatever enemy we may be engaged, upon whatever cause, in whatever quarrel, it is England which is wrong, it is England which ought to yield. If Buonaparte be spoken of, his crimes are palliated or concealed, his success blazoned, his talents magnified, and held up for awe and admiration; his policy described as infallible; his means inexhaustible; his power not to be resisted. Thus do these men labour to destroy in their readers all sympathy with their country; all joy in her triumph; all natural pride in her glories; all generous exultation in her name; all interest in her cause. At home every thing is represented in the darkest colours; nothing but imbecility, venality, profligacy, profusion, waste and peculation on the part of the rulers; on the part of the people distress, misery, hunger: the populace are reminded of their numbers, they are told of their strength, and they are reproached for their patience,

“Pack-bearing patience, that base property  
And silly gift of the all-enduring ass.”

Every topic is made subservient to the same conclusion, that things are bad and must be changed; that corruption must be cut up by the roots; that the soil must be cleared by the plough and the harrow.

When corn has become damaged it is said to evolve a specific poison for the human system: poison of this kind being administered in the daily bread of the people, has been producing slowly,



but surely, the effect for which it was intended. It has now become "rank, and smells to heaven." But though the eruption did not show itself till a fit opportunity occurred last year, the infection had long been taken. The famous text\* in Ezekiel, which is the watchword of the Luddites, was current among the manufacturers of the north more than seven years before they made any public manifestation of a seditious spirit. There is another circumstance equally serious in itself, and which ought to operate as a warning upon those persons whom it concerns. The secret directors of these people, who have given sufficient proof of their ability for mischief, lose no opportunity of encouraging their confederates, by producing authorities in their favour, and they are at no loss where to look for them. Speeches which produce no other effect in parliament than that of exciting indignation at the effrontery of those who deliver them, or wonder at their insatiation, operate very differently when they are reported in a condensed shape, and all exposure of their futility and falsehood is withheld. For this, no doubt, they are designed, as far as is consistent with regular party policy; but the Luddite committees make a farther use of them, and the most inflammatory harangues of this description are printed like dying speeches, and sold through the manufacturing districts at a halfpenny or penny each. The effusions of the hot city orators, and the most incendiary paragraphs of the anarchist journals are circulated in the same manner.

"Give me the press," said Mr. Sheridan, "against venal lords, commons or princes—against despotism of any kind, or in any shape—let me but array a free press, and the liberties of England will stand unshaken." And what if the press in abuse of freedom, and to the eventual destruction of freedom, its own as well as all other, should be arrayed against king, lords and commons, and governments of every kind? What would remain unshaken then? The press, like all other powerful engines, is mighty for mischief as well as for good, and little must they be aware of the force of this artillery who imagine that any government can suffer itself to be battered in breach by it with impunity. Look to the facts, and see what the licentiousness of the press has already produced. The armed associations of Nottingham and Yorkshire adding to the secrecy and combination of the united Irishmen, the coolness and regularity of the English character, and disgracing that character by the principles which they hold, the end at which they aim, and the assassinations which they have committed; even these conspirators against life, property, and social order, are less alarming in their

\* And thou profane prince of Israel, whose day is come, whose iniquity shall have an end—Thus, saith the Lord God; remove the diadem and take off the crown: this shall not be the same: exalt him that is low, and abase him that is high.—I will overturn, overturn, overturn it.—xxi. 25, 6, 7.

acts and in their purposes, than are the symptoms which manifested themselves among the mob upon the death of Mr. Perceval. Who does not know that men, women, and children paraded the streets of a populous city in the heart of England, with flags in honour of that event—in honour of the murder of one who carried into public life the gentleness of his individual character, and in his private station was the model of every virtue? The victories of a Nelson or a Wellington would not have excited more overflowing joy in them when their natural feelings were uncorrupted, than was displayed upon this accursed occasion. Bonfires were kindled to celebrate a deed by which the peaceable part of the community were shocked as at some unwonted visitation of heaven, and for which, when they had recovered from the first stunning sensation, they grieved as for a private and peculiar calamity. The same un-english, unchristian, inhuman spirit, displayed itself in Cornwall; and in London the indication of the temper of the populace was yet worse.

These, then, are the feelings of the pot-house politicians who have for years past been sucking in the venom and virulence of the demagogue journalists with their daily potations. When Sir Francis Burdett heard how the wretches who would have rescued Bellingham huzzaed his name, we certainly believe that no man regretted it more than himself. At that hour, and in these rejoicings, their temper disclosed itself without disguise, the temper of that rabble who vociferate for purity of election, throw up their hats for him, and lackey the heels of his processions. They ratified the murder; they made it their own act and deed, and even contracted in it a degree of guilt which did not attach to the perpetrator. For that unhappy man, though never was the forfeiture of life more imperiously required for the sake of society, it was impossible not to feel something like compassion; but what shall be said of those writers who by their pestilent perseverance in preaching evil, prepared the people to rejoice in his deed, and who have been wicked enough to hold up the victim as a warning, instead of the murderer!

Mr. Sheridan has said that there are three ways of destroying the liberty of the press; "one is by oppressive acts of parliament, another by *ex officio* informations and the unconstitutional banishment of printers to distant gaols, and the third by raising the price of cheap publications." In this country, heaven be praised, the press is in no danger from either; but there is a fourth and far more effectual way, which Mr. Sheridan overlooked—by giving full play to its licentiousness. Among the truths of universal application which history teaches to those who are capable of receiving its lessons, there is none more certain than that the abuse of liberty is always followed by the loss of liberty; it is not more the

rightful punishment than it is the necessary consequence of the crime. Check the abuse of the press before the crisis is produced, and its inestimable blessings will be preserved ; but if the anarchists be suffered to carry on their sapping and mining, and to keep their batteries in full play, the liberty of the press would not indeed be destroyed by their triumph, but it would be perilously endangered after their destruction. The immediate horrors of the *Jacquerie* would be our portion ; the fatal consequences would be felt by our children and our children's children. As for those persons who, misunderstanding this, or misrepresenting it, would take shelter in the common-places of their orators, and tell us that the freedom of the press is like the reputation of a woman, not to be touched without injury ; that it furnishes always its own remedy, and conveys the antidote as well as the bane—such reasonings, if they were not likely to proceed sometimes from well meaning men, would be too silly to deserve refutation. A word suffices to refute them. What reason have you to suppose that they who swallow the bane will be persuaded to take the antidote ? and would you suffer books of obscenity to be distributed in your family, because you can give your boys and girls sermons and treatises of morality to counteract their effect ?

The incendiaries have succeeded in kindling a flame ; it is in the power of the laws to prevent them from extending it, and adding fuel to the conflagration. There are other causes which tend to shake the fabric of our prosperity, over which government indeed has no control. The wide-spreading defection from the national church is one ; another is to be found in those attempts to reform the English laws, which, if they were successful, would change the very principle upon which those admirable laws have been founded, and which even now loosen their hold upon the hearts of the people. More direct mischief is produced by the paltry proceedings of those save-all politicians, who boast of their economy in banishing newspapers from the public offices, and who calculate to the fraction of a pen what quantity of quill-barrel ought to be allowed for a clerk's daily consumption. This pitiful spirit courts popularity by addressing itself to the meanest feelings of the multitude, and the anarchists need wish for no better assistance than that which is given them by these mole-eyed and unintentional coadjutors. But the more these causes, which are not within reach of the executive government, aggravate the existing danger, the more necessary is it that speedy and vigorous measures should be taken for removing such as are under its control.

The first duty of government is to stop the contagion ; the next, as far as possible, to remove the causes which have predisposed so large a part of the populace for receiving it. We shall do little,

if we do not guard against a recurrence of the danger by wise and extensive measures of prospective policy. The anarchists may be silenced, and the associations of their disciples broken up; but while the poor continue what they are, continuing also, as they must, to gain in number upon the more prosperous classes, the materials for explosion will always be under our feet.

The first and most urgent business is to provide relief for those upon whom the pressure of the times bears hardest. Charity is nowhere so abundantly and munificently displayed as in England, not even in those countries where alms-giving is considered as a commutation for sin; but mere charity is not what is needed in this emergency. The various plans which have been devised, and the local and partial experiments which have been made, for bettering the condition of the poor, as reported by the society embodied for that purpose, are highly honourable to the members of that society, and to the land in which they exist. The society which has been formed under the auspices of the Duke of York, for the immediate purpose of affording assistance to the distressed counties, is doing much; and there is cause to hope that the benefit which must result from its encouragement of the fisheries will continue after the emergency is past. The food which is thus brought into the market is so much clear gain; it is nutritious; it is the cheapest which can possibly be procured; it is drawn from a source of supply which is inexhaustible, and the mode of procuring it adds to our best defence, by keeping up a nursery for our fleets.

There is another way by which employment might be provided for many of those whom want of work renders not only burdensome, but dangerous to society, and from which permanent good would ensue to the community. These ends might be attained, if our great landholders could be persuaded, instead of adding estate to estate, till they count whole districts, and almost whole counties within their domains, to apply the capital, that is thus directed, to the better purpose of doubling the value of the lands which they already possess, by bringing them into the highest state of cultivation of which they are capable. How many are the marshes which might thus be drained, the moors which might be reclaimed, the wild and lonely heaths which would be rendered productive, and where villages would grow round the first rude huts of the labourers! Great, indeed, is the present relief which might thus be afforded to those who need it, the permanent advantage to the country, and ultimately to the principal landholders themselves: but that they should thus see their true interest, and act upon it, is rather to be wished than expected. Of all the maxims of proverbial wisdom which experience has bequeathed to mankind, there is none which is so seldom practically applied.

and few which are so widely applicable, as that which is contained in the old Ascræan's exclamation,

Νήπιοι, εἰδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλείον ἡμῖν πεινᾷ

It may seem, perhaps, paradoxical at first to assert that a season of pressure, like the present, is a fit season for undertaking national works; yet nothing can be more certain than that the public must, in some form or other, support those who are deprived of their usual employments; and that it is better to administer this relief in the form of wages, than of poor-rates. The mouths cannot be idle, and as the great object is to prevent the hands from being so, a time when there are many hands out of employ is, of all others, the time for such labours. One way or other, be it remembered, the men must be maintained: it is, therefore, more wholesome for the community to have the advantage of their labour, and for themselves to feel that they earn their own maintenance, than that they should be fed gratuitously, and that we should have a race in England half Luddite, half Lazzaroni. No time, therefore, can be so proper for national works, for making new naval stations, and improving the old, for cutting roads, draining fens, and recovering tracts of country by embankments from the sea. Better is it to engage in works of ostentatious convenience—better would it be for the state to build pyramids in honour of our Nelsons and Wellingtons, than that men who have hands, and are willing to work, should hunger for want of employment.

Things of this kind (and many such might be devised) are palliatives, which, in this case, are all that are required; this part of the evil being but for a season. The radical evil can only be cured by a course of alteratives. Discussions and speculations upon first principles of government and abstract rights, with a view to the formation of some New Atlantis, or Utopia, have an effect upon men analogous to that which novel-reading produces upon girls: as long as the inebriation lasts, it unfits them to bear their parts in the realities of life, which appear "stale, flat and unprofitable" to their heated and high-fed fancies. They become dissatisfied with the society in which they are placed, and because they cannot remodel its institutions according to their own notions of perfection, instead of endeavouring to lessen the quantum of evil in the world, they increase it by their factious, or querulous discontent. The good which may be done in this country is immeasurably great, the disposition to it in our rulers cannot be doubted; the means are in our own hands; the invention of printing did not come more opportunely for the restoration of letters, and the blessed work of reformation, than Dr. Bell's discovery to vaccinate the next generation against the pestilence.

which has infected this. The greatest boon which could be conferred upon Britain (and this is of such paramount importance that we cannot enforce it too earnestly, or repeat it too often) is a system of national education, established by the legislature in every parish, as an outwork and bulwark of the national church; so that instruction should be given to all who cannot pay for it: that as none can die for want of food in England, (the poor-rates not having been commuted for wedding sermons against procreation,) so none should be suffered to perish for lack of knowledge. Reverting to immediate relief, as well as permanent good, why should not government extend its military and naval seminaries, so that every body who needed an asylum should know where to find one? Would it not be better that the workhouses should empty themselves into our fleets and armies, than that they should pack off children by wagon-loads to grow up in the stench and moral contagion of cotton mills while the trade flourishes, and to be thrown out of employ, and turned upon the public, when it meets with any sudden revulsion? Seminaries of this kind may be so conducted as to cost little more than well-regulated workhouses. Boys become useful at sea at a very early age. There is no danger of overstocking ourselves with seamen; in peace the merchant service will require all that the navy can dismiss, and in war we know what is suffered from the difficulty of procuring hands. Train up children for the land and sea service, instruct them, too, in their moral and religious duties, encourage them by honorary rewards, pension them off after they have served as many years as their country ought to require: they will love the service; and the arts of our enemies will be as unavailing as their arms. For the surplus of an army, when war shall be at an end, there is, indeed, no such immediate employment as would be offered for our seamen; but the same means which would, above all others, tend to promote the power and security of Great Britain, would provide an outlet for this redundancy also.

National education is the first thing necessary. Lay but this foundation, and the superstructure of prosperity and happiness which may be erected will rest upon a rock; the rains may descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon it, and it will not fall. Lay but this foundation, poverty will be diminished, and want will disappear in proportion as the lower classes are instructed in their duties, for then only will they understand their true interests; they will become provident, and the wages of labour may be greatly advanced to the unequivocal benefit of all persons; thus will the poor-rates be diminished, and thus only may they be ultimately abolished. Thus also should we render ourselves less dependent upon the foreign consumer; the labourer, being better taught and better paid, would acquire a



taste for the new comforts which would then be placed within reach; and by raising this class of the community a step in civilization, we create a new and numerous class of customers at

Is it not easy, then, to conceive ourselves in that state which wishes of Henry IV. and of our own king should be fulfilled when every family should have its wholesome and abundant food and every child be able to read its bible? To that state we are advancing; and if the anarchists and their infatuated coach do not succeed in exploding the mine which they are preparing under our feet, at that state we may arrive. Neither Mr. Cobden's checks of war, famine, pestilence and vice, nor his comfortable wedding sermons, would be required to render it permanent. Unquestionably we should increase and multiply. There would be more Englishmen in the world, more of the count of the Blakes and the Nelsons, the Wolfes and the Wellings, the Drakes and the Dampiers, and the Cookes, the Harveys, the Hunters, the Bacons and the Newtons and the Davy Hookers and the Burkes, the Shakspeares and the Miltons; more of that flesh and blood which has carried our name to every part of the habitable globe; more of that intellect which has penetrated into the depths of nature; more of that spirit which has passed earth and heaven!

The labouring classes have a natural tendency to increase more than the higher ranks. Celibacy is much less frequent among them; they are more prolific, and, except among the miserably poor in cities, a larger proportion of their children is\* reared. The natural and necessary increase of the working part of the community is in its effects just what we make it. If the duty of providing for this increase, and of instructing the people, be neglected, danger and ultimate destruction; but if these duties be performed, population then becomes security, power, glory and dominion. All that is required to render it so is, that we should go to the ant and the bee, consider their ways and be wise: that we should learn from wise antiquity, on this point indeed truly deserving to be styled so; that we should do our part in obedience to the great commandment, which bids us "Replenish the earth and subdue it."

Let the reader cast a thought over the map, and see what room there is for England. We have Canada with all its territory, we have Surinam, the Cape Colony, Austral-Asia, countries which are collectively more than fifty-fold the area of the British Isles, and which a thousand years of uninterrupted prosperity would scarcely suffice to people. It is time that Britain should be

\* See this subject treated in Dr. Jarrold's *Dissertations on Man*, a book where the question of population is discussed with real originality, and where true philosophy and true piety enlighten and support each other.

the hive of nations, and cast her swarms; and here are lands to receive them. What is required of government is to encourage emigration by founding settlements, and facilitating the means of transport. Imagine these countries as they would be a few centuries hence, and must be, if some strange mispolicy does not avert this proper and natural course of things; the people enjoying that happiness and those domestic morals, which seem to proceed from no other root than the laws and institutions with which Providence has favoured us above all others: imagine these wide regions in the yet uncultivated parts of the earth flourishing like our own, and possessed by people enjoying our institutions and speaking our language. Whether they should be held in colonial dependence, or become separate states, or when they may have ceased to depend upon the parent country, connected with her by the union of reverential attachment on one side, and common interests on both, is of little import upon this wide view of things. In America, at this day, hostile America, unhappily alienated from her dependence upon England by our misconduct and the artifices of our common enemy, and now the wanton aggressor in a war undertaken in obsequiousness to that enemy; still in America, whatever is civilized, whatever is intellectual, whatever is ennobling, whatever is good or great, is, and must ever be, of English origin.

“Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it.” This was the first great commandment given for collective society, and what country has ever been so richly empowered to act in obedience to it as England at this day? The seas are ours, and to every part of the uninhabited or uncivilized world our laws, our language, our institutions, and our Bible, may be communicated. Fear not if these seeds be sown, but that God will give the increase! Earthquakes may shake this island from its foundation, or volcanic eruptions lay it waste, or it may sink into the abyss, and leave only rocks and shoals to mark its place; (this earth bears upon it the monuments of wider physical ruins;) but earth itself must be destroyed before that from which Britain derives her pre-eminence can perish, if she do but enlarge herself, and send forth her blessings to the remotest parts of the globe.



## ORIGINAL REVIEW.

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*The Emerald Isle, a Poem.* By Charles Phillips, Esq.

THE beneficial influence of criticism has been acknowledged at all times, and by all enlightened persons, except certain authors whose writings have occasionally been made an example of, for the benefit of the public taste, in like manner as offenders against the laws are executed for the benefit of the public morals. Among the many causes which have operated to produce that admirable perfection in literature, which is unquestionably the distinguishing characteristic of the present age, the establishment of courts of criticism has undoubtedly been one of the most efficient. To their salutary influence it is principally owing that there are so many excellent writers now living, who, without the aid of either genius or learning, but merely by the precepts of the sublime critical art, have attained such astonishing excellence, and bore away the palm from those who arrogantly presumed to depend on their own resources for support.

It cannot be denied, we think, that it is in a great measure owing to the wholesome control exercised by these courts of criticism, that the authors of the present age have attained such wonderful proficiency in the art of being dull with the most scrupulous regard to critical rules. The early writers were a set of illustrious outlaws, who, like the Border chiefs, did not scruple, if they became enamoured of a certain grace or beauty, to seize it without any regard to the laws, and appropriate it to their own use. Thus did they indeed enrich their productions with a variety of brilliant ornaments, but it was at the expense of violating those established regulations, by the observance of which Miss Joanna Baillie has so far exceeded Shakspeare, and Mr. Scott's modern Epics are so superior to Homer and Virgil. In fact, to what but to the establishment of these high tribunals, to which the honest public repair to see justice done upon offending authors, as the mob go to see the execution of a malefactor, can we ascribe the wonderful supe-

riority of the modern over the ancient literature? A superiority which none will contest, except some droning bookworm, who, by dozing away his time among the musty classics, has acquired a sort of superstitious veneration for their mouldering remains.

Such, therefore, being the vast dignity as well as usefulness of the art of criticism, it is no wonder that men should greatly covet a seat in one of its courts, any more than that they should aspire to the office of criminal judge, or public executioner. The reader will perceive that we have taken occasion to hint at certain resemblances which do exist between courts of criticism and courts of justice. There is, however, one radical difference in their organization, which is, that the officers of the latter are appointed by the authority of the government to administer justice to the people, whereas those of the former are appointed by no authority but that of the bookseller who employs them. Accordingly we find in Great Britain, and elsewhere, divers of these illustrious tribunals springing up in different obscure places, where the judges, like those of the secret tribunal of Germany, administer justice unseen, and condemn those offending authors, who, though notorious delinquents, do not come under the jurisdiction of either the common, or statute, or civil law. One great advantage arising from the multitude of these courts is, that as their decisions are for the most part diametrically opposite to each other, the mind is by this means kept in a most happy dilemma, and remains in that salutary state of doubt, which grave philosophers assure us is the most favourable of all others to the discovery of truth. For as order rose out of chaos, so the glorious luminary of truth springs from the confused mass of doubt and irresolution, in like manner as the most perfect specimens of art are dug from the rubbish of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

Another great advantage attending the establishment of these numerous tribunals is, that if the author is not satisfied with the decision of one, he can, by appealing to some other, generally get the obnoxious judgment reversed. Thus, in a suit at law, we appeal from one court to another, until we arrive at that pure fountain of justice called the court of errors, (because it is generally in the wrong,) where all former decisions, whether just or otherwise, are tolerably sure of being overturned. Thus the con-

demned author may, by a regular rotation of appeal, and with much expense, generally, among the multiplicity of judges, one with good nature or good taste sufficient to admire and praise his work, and to acquit him of his adjudged offences.

As criticism is undoubtedly the noblest species of literature its professors occupy the highest stations in what has been commonly called the republic of letters, and appear among the inferior herd of poets, play-wrights, historians and philosophers as a sort of nobility, who, though they contribute nothing to the wealth of the community, revel in all the spoils of industry and labour. The critic, in fact, stands in relation to the author, the same as a rider does to his horse. He is the true cavalier, getting as it were upon the back of some miserable hack and ambles along with marvellous ease to himself, and by a little occasional kicking and spurring, irritates the poor animal until he vents pretty handsomely. This affords great amusement to the good natured mob, who, considering an author, like a man in the pillory, a fair game, take great delight in seeing him worried. There is something naturally very delightful in beholding an author cut up by the mischievous waggery of the critic. The true epicurean literature enjoys it with the same satisfaction that a surgeon enjoys a dissection, and the mob, to wit, the great majority of mankind with all the eagerness with which they flock to see a bull worried by dogs, or a malefactor hung in chains. From this singular good natured propensity it arises, that the critical works of the present day are sought after with such avidity, and have in a measure superseded all other productions of literature, except newspapers.

The critic, independently of his high rank, enjoys a variety of immunities by the courtesy of custom, such as hunting in other men's grounds without being stigmatized as a poacher, and killing other men's game without the formality of a license. Thus enjoying all the delights of a great estate, without an acre of freehold and luxuriating in all the splendours of genius, without possessing a spark that is exclusively his own. Indeed, the profession of criticism affords a man wonderful advantages in the attainment of reputation at the expense of others. Thus, suppose the critic were to figure on a certain question, or to forward the views of a

ticular party ; but has neither information or invention to construct a regular system of reasoning. In this dilemma betwixt inclination and impotency, he has only to seize, *vi et armis*, the weakest and most miserable advocate of the other side and bring him into court. There, by selecting his worst arguments, praising them for their ingenuity, and knocking them on the head ; by having nobody to oppose him, and by the pitiful contrast afforded by his adversary, the critic absolutely appears with considerable splendour, and obtains the reputation of great talents. Thus imitating the famous Manchegan Knight, who metamorphosed sheep into stout armies, and puppets into immeasurable giants, demolishing them at the same time in a twinkling ; or, perhaps more appropriately, the invincible Thumb, who, according to the testimony of the Grizzly Grizzle, “ *made the giants first, and then killed them.*” By this admirable system of choosing one’s enemy, the critic in time acquires great fame, and gains as much glory by demolishing a man of straw, as if he were a real Jack the Giant Killer.

A great critic of the present age pronounced that books were made for no other purpose but to be reviewed. This decision has relieved our minds from a great doubt, which has long perplexed us with regard to the uses of certain books which are exceedingly plenty, and which it would puzzle a very ingenious person to appropriate to any other purpose than that of criticism. This opinion of the learned critic, that the author’s work is written merely to be devoured, is justified by many striking analogies in the natural world, where there are millions of animals and insects, which seem to have been created for no other purpose but to be eaten. Thus the hawk pounces upon the pigeon ; the shark upon the smaller fry, and even the demure lethargic oyster is awfully suspected of now and then betraying the unsuspecting innocence of the shrimp, and devouring it without remorse. The critic may, therefore, by analogy, be allowed to make a meal of the author, who seems to belong to that unhappy race of animals whose destiny it is to be eaten much oftener than they eat.

Some, perhaps, who have not considered this matter curiously, may doubt this claim of the critic to the exclusive privilege of serving up the author at his table, inasmuch as if it were not for the author, the critic could have no existence, the latter standing in

the same relation to the former that the maggot does to the cheese in which he is generated. It may also be urged that genius, which creates the materials on which taste is to be exercised, is a much nobler attribute than mere taste itself. But these arguments are altogether inconclusive, because nothing is more obvious than that it requires much more ingenuity to detect a fault than to commit it, and more genius to recognise a beauty than to conceive it in our minds. To establish this principle we will merely adduce an instance, which, not having been quoted more than a thousand times, may claim the merit of novelty at least. What would have been the fate of *Paradise Lost*, and *Chevy Chase*, had not Addison discerned their beauties, and raked them from that oblivion which would have been the fate of many other works, without the timely assistance of the critic, who, like the pious nurse, fondles the infant bantling, and by dint of chuckling and crowing makes people take notice of the beautiful child. Without the aid of Addison, the world would never have had taste to admire the beauties of Milton, or judgment to appreciate his faults; and as by law the finder of a hidden treasure is entitled to a large portion of his discovery, so, on the purest principles of justice, the critic who points out an obscure fault, or latent beauty, is clearly entitled to, at least, a moiety of the proceeds. On the score even of a fellow labourer, these claims may be established, for there are a prodigious number of books which are infinitely more troublesome to read than to write. Admitting the critic reads one half of the work he reviews, which, we are told, some of them do, he has a fair title to supersede the author in a claim to superior mental labour.

The right, therefore, of the critic to devour the author wherever he can catch him is clearly established on the foregoing premises; and it is, therefore, no subject of surprise that authors who, for the most part, are a set of hungry rogues, should anxiously aspire to a seat in some court of criticism, where they are sure of getting plenty of food. The highest ambition of a modern author is to eat, and where we see young literary adventurers singling out so noble an object of pursuit as criticism, we may safely pronounce them possessing that great characteristic of genius—a mighty appetite.

“*Ingenii largitor venter.*”

We, in the hope of coming in for a share of the spoils of those authors, who, for their manifold transgressions of the rules of that great lawgiver, Aristotle, have suffered sentence of outlawry, and may be knocked on the head by any body—we, too, will essay to establish a claim to a seat in the great court of criticism, that stern inexorable Areopagus, where no author was ever yet acquitted entirely to his own satisfaction. For this purpose we propose to exhibit to our readers an Irishman, and not only an Irishman, but a Wild-Irishman! We entreat the ladies not to be frightened at our introducing such a strange animal, for we assure them that, though a Wild-Irishman, he is as tame a poet as any of the present school of fashionable bards. It is a matter of infinite regret to us, that, in our zeal to establish the dignity of our profession, we have left ourselves hardly sufficient room to make a few preliminary observations which are necessary, before we treat our readers to this royal hunt. We have selected an Irishman for the subject of our strictures, though, doubtless, in the course of our progress, the intelligent reader will perceive that our object is higher game. An Irishman is at all times a fair subject of criticism, because, according to the most authentic accounts of their neighbours the English, who ought to know, and who *doubtless* have no motive to disguise the truth, he is an animal entitled to none of the privileges of social life, except the privilege of living in his own country, without the protection of the laws. Such a man may, therefore, lawfully be offered up as the scape-goat of other notorious offenders, who could not be attacked without manifest danger of rousing a whole nation upon our backs. This would not do for us young beginners.

But before we proceed to hunt the Irishman, we will turn aside to make a few general remarks, the application of which will be perceived by and by.

And first, we will notice the vast superiority which that fashionable mode of writing pursued by our hero, and the school to which he belongs, possesses over every other extant. In the first place, all former writers of poems which affected to have any subject at all, were most preposterously sedulous that it should be one of sufficient notoriety to be interesting to the generality of their readers, without the aid of a multiplicity of notes. They, simple

souls! thought, that as they professed writing a *poem*, the principal part of it ought, at least, to be in verse of some kind or other. So, too, actuated by the same erroneous idea, and unacquainted with the real *art* of poetry, they supposed that the characters who figured in their works, ought to be persons, either altogether imaginary, or, if traditional or historical, persons of respectable character, and not highwaymen, freebooters and pick-pockets, who would be likely to plunder the reader in the first page.

But the school to which our author belongs, and which may be called the school of modern chivalry, with a singular species of invention, which, though allied to poetic genius, is not quite genuine, has found out an entire new system, that bids fair, we think, to supersede every other. It is neither more nor less than choosing a subject from out of the lumber of forgotten provincial antiquity, and for their actors your *alias* follows with half a dozen names. Notorious freebooters, who, if their fame had not been preserved in the traditionary Newgate calendar of the times, would have descended to Hades, without any memorial but the mouldering remains of some moss-grown castle, ruined by their nightly depredations.

The advantages arising from this new system are so obvious that we should be surprised it had not been adopted long since, did we not know that the greatest discoveries in science and in art appear so simple after their discovery, that every body believes he could have made them with perfect ease. By this simple improvement in the epic art, the reader is introduced into the society of an entire set of new acquaintance, who, though, perhaps, not of the most reputable characters, cannot fail to delight him by their novel stories of conflagrations, robberies, ravishments, and other brilliant exploits of modern chivalry. The poet also has thus the great advantage of acting as master of ceremonies, performing the polite modern manœuvre of introduction with due grace, and giving what character he chooses to each individual, whose fortunate obscurity enables him to indulge in the greatest latitude of excursive genius. This introduction is made by *notes*, which answer the double purpose of making us much better acquainted with our company, than would easily be



done in verse, and at the same time increasing the size of the book; which last is a great matter with the bookseller, who pays according to bulk. We would, however, venture to suggest an improvement in this plan, which is, that as these notes are intended for the purpose of introducing those distinguished characters, they ought, in conscience, as well as propriety, to precede the poem, as the trumpeter does the army, and the herald did the knight of yore. By this happy arrangement we should become acquainted with the hero before we entered on his exploits, and accompany him in his maraudings with an additional degree of interest. Thus, also, we should be enabled to recognise every actor in his heroic dress, which, when put on by one of our modern poetical men-milliners, so alters his appearance, that none but an old acquaintance can possibly recognise him. Great trouble is also saved in delineating characters in verse, which is a task none but a pains-taking genius, like old Homer, would think of doing now a days.

The reader will gather from the foregoing remarks, that with regard to fable and character the modern epic is decidedly superior to the ancient in novelty, which, after all, is undoubtedly the principal source of all genuine pleasure. How much superior in point of novelty and interest, are the sublime and obscure heroes of the great modern school, whom none but some plodding provincial antiquary ever before heard of, to the hackneyed names of Greece and Rome; nations whose fame is so provokingly illustrious, that it is scarcely possible to extract any thing new from their tradition or history?

Another reason for preferring this new epic school to every other, is the great superiority observable in the characters of its heroes. How far more picturesque and poetical is their courage and enterprise; and how much they exceed those of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, or even Milton's Devils. Homer has indeed given to the actors of his immortal poem many characteristics of the simplicity of their æra, making them rather boasting and abusive, as well as wanting in that chivalric deference to the fair sex which is a sure indication of refinement. But though we find that they cooked their own dinners, it does not appear they were in the habit of stealing them, except in one instance, where the pious



the cross of his sword, awaiting, with heroic resignation, the approach of that death which he received in defence of his sovereign?

Having endeavoured as far as our leisure and limits would permit, to establish the superiority, in poetical effect, of the modern school of chivalry, it naturally follows that we go on to inquire into the influence which the relation of such actions as we have alluded to, is likely to have on the taste and manners of the present age; in other words, what will be their moral tendency. If books have any influence in this respect, as some very wise men doubt, the moral tendency of a work of fancy ought to be one test of its excellence. But this subject would lead us into too great a field of discussion. Leaving it therefore to some future occasion, we will now uncage the terrible Wild-Irishman, according to our promise, the fulfilment of which doubtless is anxiously expected by the reader, who has been accustomed to consider an Irishman as *feræ naturæ* whom any man may hunt down without a license.

Those who are in the least enlightened, that is to say, those who are in the habit of reading the English newspapers, will long since have discovered that all Irishmen are wild, except a few who have become tame by a residence in England, and those who submit without murmuring to that mild, gentle, and considerate system of government under which they have the happiness to live. These Wild-Irishmen are principally catholics, the ancient possessors of that land, which, under the auspices of Queen Elizabeth, became the property of certain disinterested English, who came over to civilize them. Ever since this change of property, the ancient Irish have cherished a most unreasonable antipathy to these pious missionaries of civilization; and are in their turn heartily abominated by the English ministry, who, while they are most zealously upholding the catholic religion in Spain, are as zealously treading it under foot in Ireland.

That the unlucky poet whom we have turned out for the chase is a Wild-Irishman is evident, because, in the first place, he praises his country, loves his countrymen, and believes Ossian to have been born in Ireland. Nay, in one of his notes, he goes even farther than Sir Callaghan O'Brallagan himself, maintaining stoutly, that Ireland was anciently called *Scotia*, and that the

Scots, who we all know are not a whit too good for such  
s, not only cheated their country out of Ossian, but out of  
ume. Whether Ossian was an Irishman, a Scot, or nobody,  
any learned men believe, is left to the decision of those who  
an interest in the subject.

The author acknowledges that he wrote the present poem  
r the influence of irritated feelings, on perceiving that illiberal  
idice which exists in England, not only against the Irish, but  
other nations, except the Indians and Algerines. That it  
ld, therefore, exhibit a warmth of commendation which occa-  
lly approaches to extravagance is scarcely to be wondered  
If ever boasting is allowable, it is when the person is called  
to repel unmerited aspersion. But we have already in-  
ed in a great latitude of general remark, and will, therefore,  
eed to cite some particular passages, accompanied by such  
rvations as occur to our minds.

he opening of the poem is an animated address to Ireland,  
h exhibits a warmth of feeling that cannot fail of pleasing  
: whose want of experience has prevented them from learning  
mportant secret, that all poets are expected to praise the  
try in which they were born, and in which they have enjoyed  
uxuries of starvation.

“ Erin, dear by every tie,  
That binds us to our infancy ;  
By weeping memory’s fondest claims,  
By Nature’s highest, holiest names,  
By the sweet potent spell that twines  
The exile’s secret heart around,  
By wo and distance faster bound,  
When for his native soil he pines  
As wasted o’er the clouded deep,  
And shuddering at the tempest’s roar,  
He thinks how sweet its waters sleep  
Upon thy lone and lovely shore ;  
By thy indignant patriot’s tear,  
Oh ! even by misfortune dear !  
Erin, from thy living tomb  
Arise—the hour of hope is come.

Think on what thou once hast been,  
 Think on many a glorious scene  
 Which graced thy hills and valleys green;  
 Think on Malachi the brave;  
 Look on Brian's verdant grave;  
 Brian, the glory and grace of our age,  
 Brian, the shield of the Emerald Isle,  
 The lion incens'd was a lamb to his rage,  
 The dove was an eagle, compar'd to his smile."

As a sober traveller mounted on what he supposes to be a steady-paced nag, finds, ere he reaches the first milestone, that the hostler has imposed upon him a whimsical bedevilled animal, that one moment ambles gently along, the next breaks into a villanous hobbling canter, and anon, without the least preliminary "resolution of the intervening discords," bounces off in a long trot—straight the honest rider begins to feel himself exceedingly uneasy in the saddle, becomes tired of the soul-worrying caprices of his Rosinante, and wishes him fairly in a horse-pond—even so, gentle reader, it fared with us. Gently and smoothly ambling down the passage we have just quoted, where no discord grates upon the ear, and scarce an intruding thought occurs to ripple the smooth surface of the printless mirror, we were suddenly, and without the least notice, almost unhorsed by the change of pace in which the poet's Pegasus indulges himself in the four lines beginning with

" Brian, the glory and grace of our age."

Before, however, we had time to accommodate ourselves to this new gait, this whimsical Wild-Irishman scampered off in a most appalling long trot.

" The sun has *grown old* since Clontarf's bloody wave  
 Saw thee sleep the sweet sleep of the patriot brave;  
 But thy glory still *infantine* beams from on high,  
 The light of our soil, and the sun of our sky."

There is something singularly odd in the antithesis contained in these four lines. That the sun should "grow old," while the

lame of Brian grows young, is a singularity that approaches nearer to the figure of rhetoric called *Taurus*, than any thing in the whole poem.

Immediately after this, the poet "breaks up" into the following limping strain, which resembles marvellously the pace of a man who labours under the misfortune of wearing one leg longer than the other.

"Where now the passing stranger sees  
Some orphan tree  
Sighing in the desert breeze  
So piteously—"

Alas! poor "orphan tree!" Anon, the capricious poney ambles off at the following rate.

"Clive and Comedy<sup>!</sup> came together,  
Waving wild their wand of feather,  
Round and round the antic throng,  
Led along  
By their airy song."

Again,

"How the holy sound  
Would call around  
The vision of former years:  
The virgins bright,  
In their mantles of light,  
Would forget the virgin's fears."

The Pegasus of the present day is assuredly not the horse with which the earlier English poets so bravely attained the height of "crack skulled" Parnassus, or he has been terribly spoiled by unskilful jockeys. When Dryden rode him he was a majestic war-horse, his "neck clothed with thunder," prancing along with a grand and steady pace, and bearing his rider and himself unjaded to the end of the journey. Now, under the direction of the mighty masters of the modern epic school, he appears a little, stumbling, capricious, ungovernable Narragansett poney, sham-

bling along as we occasionally see a pug dog, sometimes on three legs, sometimes on four, and relieving himself from the intolerable fatigues of his way, by practising every variety of motion. There are in the present poem, we imagine, at least, thirty different metres, jumbled together with the most unaccountable whimsicality, so that we advise the reader to keep a good look out before him, else he will be continually in danger of being unhorsed by the stumbling varieties of this clumsy Pegasus.

“*Our author*”—this is a phrase used by us critics to show that the author is exclusively *our* property—has availed himself of the poetic license established by the *Great Master* of the modern school of epic, to change his rhyme and his measure just as suits him. By this unrestrained liberty, the poet is, in a great measure, released from the shackles of rhyme, and can indulge in rigmarole story-telling as much as he pleases.

Having formerly premised that our object was to set forth some of the most prominent features of the present fashionable school of poetry, we will not spend much time in stating the peculiar beauties and faults of the poem before us. It is principally devoted to the praise of Ireland, which is poetically known as the “*Emerald Isle*,” and to the distinguished characters it has produced. In the pursuit of this last object we think he has selected many individuals that do little honour to his country, and injudiciously blended real with fictitious personages, at least, personages whose existence and exploits seem to belong to the region of fable. He has celebrated the late Miss Owenson,\* and not only celebrated, but imitated her in that mawkish sentiment, well as that imposing and obscure style, which dazzles without enlightening; and where the reader is continually tantalized with some shadowy spectre of an idea, which can never be reduced to any specific form or dimensions.

He has dwelt, too, we think, with a most unlucky partiality upon the name of Dermody, whose talents as a poet by no means keep pace with his improvements in vice and immorality. To the eccentricities and irregularities of genius, we are at all times willing to afford a liberal toleration; but ingratitude, vice and debauchery must not hope to find a sanction from their connexion with super-

\* Now Lady Morgan.

rior mental endowments. At this late period, when men of genius are brought under the canons of criticism, it appears high time that they should also be obliged to submit to the laws of decency and morality, and that as they can no longer claim exemption from the rules of the first, so they are bound, like all other men, to conform to the precepts of the last. If the world has any thing to blame itself for in its conduct towards men of genius, it is in making too liberal an allowance for their fantastical departures from the ordinary rules of conduct adopted by common men. The calm acquiescence in these breaches of the salutary ordinances prescribed for the government of all, has, we believe, brought on the ruin of many a chosen spirit, who, had he been arrested in time by the saving disapprobation of the world, would have checked his downhill career, and regained his lost elevation. The world indeed has spoiled many a man of genius, as well by its indiscreet praises, as by its too liberal allowances for that imprudence which is supposed to be a sure indication of promising talents. The praise has operated to check the progress of farther improvement, and to bring on a premature confidence, which is the forerunner of carelessness, idleness, and decay ; while the too liberal toleration held out to their imprudence or dissipation, has seldom failed to produce in the end those lamentable catastrophes which are so thick set in the literary annals of the world. But this is not the worst ; the evil extends much farther than to the few men who are gifted with extraordinary powers of fancy. From this supposed intimate connexion betwixt genius and imprudence, thousands of young men who had no one attribute of the former, but the possession of the latter, have been led to mistake themselves for persons of extraordinary genius, when, in fact, they could advance no other claim to such a distinction, than that which was founded on a general defiance of those hallowed rules which *men of genius* themselves originally devised for the benefit of human happiness. That imprudence is often the concomitant of a brilliant and ardent fancy, is clearly demonstrable, because that judgment which is necessary to the direction of our conduct, is often blinded and impaired by the dazzling glow created around us by the workings of the imagination. He, however, who can produce no other voucher to his superior genius than wild and ungovernable imprudence, or

“On the whole,” as “my masters,” the English Reviewers, say, when they have lost sight of the book they are reviewing for at least two good hours—on the whole, we think Mr. Phillips occupies a pretty respectable rank in the list of those poets who have been most successful in imitating the multifarious rigmarole style, and the matchless dexterity in note-making of the Great Master, both which combined undoubtedly constitute the perfection of the school of modern chivalry. We recommend him to the hospitality of our country, which seems not only the political, but the literary asylum of Europe, where all sorts of distressed poets, as well as patriots, find a welcome and a home. And we make this recommendation with the more confidence, as, notwithstanding its faults, we consider the present poem as one of the most remarkable ever written, for, though the writer is a Wild-Irishman, and the book all about Ireland, we have not been able, with all our industry, to detect a single substantial, incontestable bull! P.

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## BIOGRAPHY

OF

### CAPTAIN JACOB JONES.

[We must apologize to the writer of the following article, for having omitted several passages of a political nature. We expressed our determination, on taking charge of this work, to conduct it without party bias; and that whatever political strictures it might contain, they should be merely of a national nature. However, therefore, we may coincide with the author in his opinions, he will perceive that we cannot, with any consistency, give them insertion. Besides, we consider the victories of our navy as so many subjects for national feeling, in the discussion of which the sordid animosities of party should give way to the nobler sentiment of patriotic exultation.]

JACOB JONES, Esq. of the United States navy, was born about the year 1770, near the village of Smyrna, in the county of Kent, state of Delaware. His father was an independent and respectable farmer, of excellent moral and religious character. His mother was of a good family of the name of Jones; an amiable and interesting woman; she died when the subject of this memoir was yet an in-



fant. Between two and three years afterwards his father married again, with a Miss Holt, granddaughter of the honourable Ryves Holt, formerly chief justice of the supreme court of Delaware; or, as it was then denominated, "The lower counties on Delaware." Shortly after this second marriage his father died, when this his only child was scarcely four years of age. It was the good fortune of our hero to be left under the care of a stepmother, who had all the kind feelings of a natural parent. The affection which this excellent woman had borne towards the father, was, on his death, transferred to the child. By her he was nurtured from infancy to manhood, with a truly maternal care and tenderness. At an early age he was placed at school, and his proficiency in learning was equal to her most anxious wishes. After becoming well acquainted with the general branches of an English education, he was transferred to a grammar school at Lewes in Sussex county, conducted by the learned and pious Dr. Matthew Wilson. Under his direction he read the classics with much assiduity, and became well acquainted with the Latin and Greek languages. The writer of this memoir distinctly remembers also, that in the geographical lessons he continually bore off the palm, and received, beyond all others, repeated proofs of approbation from his preceptor. At the age of eighteen he left Lewes Academy, and entered on the study of physic and surgery, under Dr. Sykes, an eminent physician and surgeon of Dover, in the county of Kent. With him he diligently prosecuted his studies for four years, after which he attended the usual courses of medical lectures of the University of Pennsylvania, and then returned to Dover to commence the exercise of his profession.

He did not, however, continue long in the practice. He found the field already engrossed by a number of able and experienced gentlemen of the faculty, among whom was the late lamented Dr. Miller of New-York. Discouraged by the scanty employment that is commonly the lot of the young physician, and impatient of an inactive life, he determined to abandon the profession for the present, and seek some more productive occupation. This resolution was a matter of much regret among the elder physicians. They entertained a high opinion of his medical acquirements, and considered him as promising to become a distinguished and skilful mem-

ber of their body. Governor Clayton (who was himself an eminent physician) seeing that he was fixed in his determination, conferred upon him the clerkship of the supreme court of the state of Delaware, for the county of Kent.

In this office he continued for some time, but the sedentary nature of its duties was uncongenial with his health and habits; he longed to mingle in more active scenes, and possessed that ardent spirit of enterprise that can never rest contented with the tranquility of common life. With a certain bravery of resolution, therefore, or rather a noble unconcern, he turned his back upon the comforts and emoluments of office; and resolved upon a measure as indicative of the force of his character, as it was decisive of his future fortunes. This was to enter as a midshipman into the service of his country, in the year 1799, when menaced with a war with France.

He was at this time almost twenty-nine years of age, highly respected for the solidity of his understanding and his varied acquirements; it may readily be imagined, therefore, how greatly his friends were dissatisfied at seeing him in a manner taking a retrograde step in life, entering upon that tedious probation which the naval service peculiarly requires, and accepting a grade which is generally allotted to boys and striplings. It was in vain, however, to remonstrate against a resolution, which, once formed, never vibrated. Jones had determined on embracing the profession; he had weighed all the peculiar inconveniences and sacrifices incident to his determination, and had made up his mind to encounter and surmount them all. His friends could only console themselves with the reflection, that, if courage, activity and hardihood could ensure naval success, Jones was peculiarly fitted for the life he had adopted; and it is probable they felt some degree of admiration for that decision of character, which, in the pursuit of what he conceived a laudable object, could enable him to make such large sacrifices of personal pride and convenience.

The first cruises which he made in his new capacity were under the father of our infant navy, the late Commodore Barry, from whom he derived great instruction in the theory and practice of his profession, and experienced the utmost kindness and civility. He was a midshipman on board the frigate *United States*, when

she bore to France Chief Justice Ellsworth and General Davis, as envoys extraordinary to the French Republic. He was next on board of the *Ganges*, as midshipman, and during the whole intervening period between his appointment and the war with Tripoli, he was sedulously employed in obtaining that nautical skill for which he at present is celebrated.

On the breaking out of the war with Tripoli, he was stationed on board of the frigate *Philadelphia*, under the command of the gallant Bainbridge. The disaster which befel that ship and her crew before Tripoli, forms a solemn page in our naval history; atoned for, however, by the brilliant achievements to which it gave rise. Twenty months of severe captivity among a barbarous people, and in a noxious climate, neither broke the spirit nor impaired the constitution of our hero. Blest by nature with vigorous health and an invincible resolution, when relieved from bondage by the bravery of his countrymen, he returned home full of life and ardour. He was soon after promoted to a lieutenancy. This grade he had merited before his confinement in Tripoli, but older warrant officers had stood in the way of his preferment.

He was now for some time employed on the Orleans station, where he conducted himself with his usual judgment and propriety, and was a favourite in the polite circles of the Orleans and Mississippi Territories. He was shortly after appointed to the command of the brig *Argus*, stationed for the protection of our commerce on the southern maritime frontier. In this situation he acted with vigilance and fidelity, and though there were at one time insidious suggestions to the contrary, it has appeared that he conformed to his instructions, promoted the public interest, and gave entire satisfaction to the government.

In 1811, Capt. Jones was transferred by the secretary of the navy to the command of the sloop of war the *Wasp*, mounting eighteen twenty-four pound carronades, and was despatched, in the spring of 1812, with communications from our government to its functionaries at the courts of St. Cloud and St. James. Before he returned from this voyage, war had been declared by the United States against Great Britain. Capt. Jones refitted his ship with all possible despatch, and repaired to sea on a cruise, in which he met with no other luck than the capture of an inconsiderable prize.—

He again put to sea on the 13th of October last, and on the 18th of the month, after a long and heavy gale, he fell in with a number of strongly armed merchantmen under convoy of his Britannic Majesty's sloop of war the *Frolic*, Capt. Whinyates.

As this engagement has been one of the most decidedly honourable to the American flag, from the superior force of the enemy; and as the British writers, in endeavouring to account for our successes, and to undervalue our victories, have studiously passed this battle over in silence, and seemed anxious to elbow it into oblivion, we shall take this occasion to republish a full and particular account of it, which has already appeared in the *Port Folio*, and which we have reason to believe is scrupulously correct.

“ There was a heavy swell in the sea, and the weather was boisterous. The topgallant yards of the *Wasp* were taken down, her topsails were close reefed, and she was prepared for action. About 11 o'clock the *Frolic* showed Spanish colours, and the *Wasp*, immediately, displayed the American ensign and pendant. At thirty-two minutes past eleven, the *Wasp* came down to windward on her larboard side, within about sixty yards, and hailed, The enemy haled down the Spanish colours, hoisted the British ensign, and opened a fire of cannon and musketry. This the *Wasp* instantly returned; and coming nearer to the enemy, the action became close, and without intermission. In four or five minutes the maintopmast of the *Wasp* was shot away, and, falling down with the maintopsail yard across the larboard fore and foretop-sail braces, rendered her head yards unmanageable during the rest of the action. In two or three minutes more her gaff and mizen-topgallantsail were shot away. Still she continued a close and constant fire. The sea was so rough that the muzzles of the *Wasp's* guns were frequently in the water. The Americans, therefore, fired as the ship's side was going down, so that their shot went either on the enemy's deck or below it, while the English fired as the vessel rose, and thus her balls chiefly touched the rigging or were thrown away. The *Wasp* now shot ahead of the *Frolic*, raked her, and then resumed her position on her larboard bow. Her fire was now obviously attended with such success, and that of the *Frolic* so slackened, that Capt. Jones did not wish to board her, lest the roughness of the sea might endanger

both vessels; but in the course of a few minutes more every brace of the Wasp was shot away, and her rigging so much torn to pieces, that he was afraid that his masts, being unsupported, would go by the board, and the Frolic be able to escape. He thought, therefore, the best chance of securing her was to board, and decide the contest at once. With this view he wore ship, and running down upon the enemy, the vessels struck each other, the Wasp's side rubbing along the Frolic's bow so that her jib-boom came in between the main and mizen rigging of the Wasp, directly over the heads of Capt. Jones and the first lieutenant, Mr. Biddle, who were at that moment standing together near the capstan. The Frolic lay so fair for raking, that they decided not to board until they had given a closing broadside. Whilst they were loading for this, so near were the two vessels, that the rammers of the Wasp were pushed against the Frolic's sides, and two of her guns went through the bow ports of the Frolic, and swept the whole length of her deck. At this moment, Jack Lang,\* a seaman of the Wasp, a gallant fellow who had been once impressed by a British man of war, jumped on a gun with his cutlass, and was springing on board the Frolic: Capt. Jones, wishing to fire again before boarding, called him down, but his impetuosity could not be restrained, and he was already on the bowsprit of the Frolic; when, seeing the ardour and enthusiasm of the Wasp's crew, Lieutenant Biddle mounted on the hammock cloth to board. At this signal the crew followed, but Lieutenant Biddle's feet got entangled in the rigging of the enemy's bowsprit, and Midshipman Baker, in his ardour to get on board, laying hold of his coat, he fell back on the Wasp's deck. He sprang up, and as the next swell of the sea brought the Frolic nearer, he got on her bowsprit, where Lang and another seaman were already. He passed them on the forecastle and was surprised at seeing not a single man alive on the Frolic's deck, except the seaman at the wheel, and three officers. The deck was slippery with blood, and strewed with the bodies of the dead. As he went forward, the captain of the Frolic,

\* John Lang is a native of New-Brunswick, in New-Jersey. We mention, with great pleasure, the name of this brave American seaman, as a proof that conspicuous valour is confined to no rank in the naval service.

vigilance and fatigue. Naturally and habitually temperate himself, he is a great promoter of temperance among his crew; and has been successful in reclaiming many a valuable seaman from the pernicious habits of intoxication.

He is now in what may be considered the most critical command in our service; having charge of a ship, the recovery of which will be one of the most anxious objects of the British navy, and which will call forth the most implacable contest on either side. But in the courage, judgment and skill of Capt. Jones, we place the most implicit confidence, and are satisfied, that whatever fortune may befall him, he will always sustain his own high reputation and the honour of the American flag.

# SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.



## RETREAT OF THE FRENCH.

[From a pamphlet originally published in Russia.]

ABOUT November 1, the severity of the cold weather began, and brought additional misery upon the French army ; to *bivouack* upon ice and snow, without other food than frozen horse-flesh, without any kind of strengthening beverage, and without proper clothing, was more than human strength could endure. Many hundreds were every night frozen to death, and an equal number died of complete exhaustion by day ; a line of dead bodies marked the road which the army was pursuing. Whole detachments now threw down their arms together ; order and discipline had altogether ceased ; the soldier cared no longer for the officer, nor the officer for the soldier ; each was so completely engaged with his own wants and sufferings, that he disregarded those of others, and would neither command nor obey. The different regiments were intermixed, and, as they moved, had the appearance of a motley mass, in which the different corps could only be distinguished by the difference of the columns appropriated to the baggage and baggage-wagons ; and these were at every instant attacked on either side by predatory parties of Cossacks. Want of precaution had been so great at the very beginning of the retreat, that the horses had not even been rough shod at Moscow to secure them in case of frost ;\* so that being already reduced in point of strength, they were wholly unequal to the exertion of drawing upon slippery roads ; twelve or fourteen were harnessed to a single cannon, and yet the smallest rise of ground was an almost insurmountable obstacle. The cavalry had no longer any horses to spare, being itself dismounted, with the exception of a few regiments of the guards ; and it therefore soon became utterly impossible to bring on the artillery. At Dorogobush the fourth corps left the whole of its artillery behind, consisting of upwards of one hundred pieces of ordnance ; and the same was done by the first and third corps ; so that the army, upon reaching Smolensko, had already lost about four hundred pieces of cannon. The French force, which, on leaving Moscow, was more than one hundred

\* A neglect, equally criminal and fatal, cost the British army its horses in the retreat to Corunna.



thousand strong, had at Smolensko hardly sixty thousand men left, of which number scarcely half were under arms.

Never, surely, was the apothegm of the sagacious Franklin on the neglect of small matters more completely verified, than in the omission of properly shoeing the horses at Moscow. "For want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse was lost; for want of a horse, the rider was lost;—being overtaken, and slain by the enemy."

The army remained in Smolensko two days, which were on continued scene of confusion, plunder and conflagration. The magazines that were found there were of no great resource: for the share that was distributed to each man as a supply for several days, was at once devoured by the famished wretches, although the rations were not given in bread, but in meal. Many thousand indeed went away altogether unsupplied, each in the general struggle being obliged to obtain by force the portion that was allotted to him. A day had also been fixed for distributing ammunition; but few soldiers appeared at the appointed time to receive it.

We advance now to the crossing of the Beresina, which is thus described:

This crossing of the Beresina will long remain in the recollection of the soldiers, on account of the terror with which it was attended. The troops, from the first moment, crowded upon each other in the most disorderly manner, and many, even then met with a watery grave: but when the corps of Victor and Dombrowsky, being repulsed by the Russian armies, directed their flight to the bridge, confusion and terror increased, and were soon at their highest pitch. Cavalry, infantry, baggage and artillery struggled respectively to pass over the first. The weaker were forced into the river by the stronger, whose progress they impeded, or were trampled under foot: officers and privates met with the same fate: hundreds were crushed under the wheels of the artillery-train: many attempted to swim but were benumbed in the attempt; and others again trusting to the broken sheet of ice that covered the stream were drowned: the cry of distress was heard on all sides, but relief was nowhere given. At length, when the Russian batteries began to cannonade the bridge and both banks of the river, the crossing necessarily ceased, and a whole division of Victor's corps, consisting of seven thousand five hundred men, together with five generals, capitulated. Many thousands were drowned, and an equal number killed; besides which, much baggage and cannon remained on the left bank.

About 40,000 men, together with a body of artillery, still tolerably considerable, had crossed the Beresina; but to what a miserable state was this force reduced!

Another severe frost completed the measure of their sufferings: arms were now thrown down in all directions: the greater number of soldiers had neither boots nor shoes; but were compelled to make use of old hats and knapsacks, or any other kind of covering to fasten round their feet. Round their heads and shoulders they wrapped whatever first offered itself, and might serve as an additional protection against the cold, old sacks, straw mats half torn, and hides of animals recently skinned; [dresses of the women peasants, priests' dresses, &c.] fortunate were the few who succeeded in providing themselves with a bit of fur. With downcast looks, and every other mark of dejection, both officers and soldiers moved slowly on together in mute dismay; and even the guards were in no way superior to, or distinguishable from, the rest: they were equally tattered, famished and unarmed. All spirit of resistance and defence had ceased. At the mere cry of *Cossacks!* whole columns surrendered, and a few of these were often sufficient to take many hundred prisoners. The road which the army followed was covered with dead bodies, and every bivouack appeared next morning like a field of battle. No sooner was a man fallen to the ground, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, than those who stood next to him, stripped him while yet alive to cover themselves with his rags. Every house and barn was set on fire: and wherever a conflagration had taken place, there also was found a pile of dead bodies, those who had approached the fire to warm themselves, having afterwards, from extreme weakness, been unable to escape from the flames. The highroad swarmed with prisoners, who almost ceased to be taken notice of, and scenes of distress occurred, such as had never before been witnessed. Wretches black with smoke and filth of every kind, crawled like ghosts among the dead bodies of their fellow soldiers, till they themselves dropped and expired. Many hobbled on with bare and gangrened feet, almost deprived of reason; and others again had lost the use of speech, or, from the extreme severity of cold and famine, were driven to a kind of delirium which made them roast and devour corpses, or even gnaw their own hands and arms. Some were so helpless as not to be able to gather fuel, but collected round any little fire that might remain, sitting upon piles of the bodies of their comrades, and died as the last spark went out. Reduced to a state of complete senselessness, many were seen crawling into the fire and burnt to death in endeavouring to warm themselves, while others, notwithstanding the example, crawled in after them and met with a similar fate.

## SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

[By J. N. Brewer.]

I LATELY inspected the genuine will of Shakspeare, which is preserved in Doctors' Commons. A fervent admirer of the bard must needs behold the last stroke of his inspired pen with a feeling of respect approaching to awe! His name is signed in three places; and it was with reverential grief that I observed his weakness and extremity of distress to have evidently increased in the short time required for these three signatures. His hand trembled at the first; when he came to the second, the pauses occasioned by lassitude or anguish would appear to be perceptible, from the tremulous breaks in the writing. When his name was to be signed for the last time; when the pen, gifted with powers to instruct and delight all succeeding ages, was to make its last, lingering mark; the spirit of Shakspeare, and all his incalculable energies, appear to have been subdued! The name is almost indistinct, and the eye which guided the hand in its melancholy office seems to have been filmed.

The orthography used by Shakspeare in this instance, of course, prescribes the mode in which his name is to be spelt; yet many learned commentators have erroneously used the *e* final in regard to the first syllable of the word. The way in which his name was pronounced during his life may be learned from an inspection of his will. The notary (who had been called hastily to the performance of his duty) had no opportunity of correction, and he spelt the name of his immortal client from the recollection of accustomed *orthoëpy* alone, Shackspeare.

I presume that I am correct in asserting the signature of the will to be the only specimen extant of Shakspeare's handwriting.



## CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT OF POPE.

[From the Universal Magazine.]

SIR,

LOOKING over some loose numbers of the Daily Post, I found the following singular advertisement, and copied it off for the perusal and amusement of your readers.

“*Daily Post*, June 14, 1723.

“Whereas there has been a scandalous paper cried about the streets, under the title of a ‘Popp upon Pope,’ insinuating that I

was whipped in Ham Walks on Thursday last; this is to give notice that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham, and that the same is a malicious and ill grounded report.

“ALEXANDER POPE.”

Who the person was that was insinuated to have whipped the poet, I have never heard; but the fact of such an advertisement appearing is another proof, if another were wanting, of the morbid irritability of his character. Would any other man have thought it necessary to repel a charge of being whipped. The only excuse is, that his diminutive and feeble person rendered such a transaction not impossible.

Sir, your obedient servant,  
X.

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#### ARMED SKELETON.

SOME workmen, while digging lately in an old castle in the Canton of Argovia, (Switzerland,) came to a vault in which was deposited a coffin, containing the skeleton of a knight in full armour—in one hand he held a dagger, and in the other a sword. At his feet was placed a cross and a Turkish sabre. From the inscription, it appears that he had commanded in the crusade led by Peter the Hermit.

# POETRY.

## TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.

*By Lord Byron.*

SWEET girl! though only once we met,  
That meeting I shall ne'er forget;  
And though we ne'er may meet again,  
Remembrance will thy form retain:  
I would not say "I love," but still  
My senses struggle with my will;  
In vain to drive thee from my breast,  
My thoughts are more and more repress:  
In vain I check the rising sighs,  
Another to the last replies;  
Perhaps this is not love, but yet  
Our meeting I can ne'er forget:  
What though we never silence broke,  
Our eyes in sweeter language spoke;  
The tongue in flattering language deals,  
And tells a tale it never feels;  
Deceit the guilty lips impart,  
And hush the mandates of the heart;  
But souls' interpreters, the eyes,  
Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise;  
As thus our glances oft converted,  
And all our bosoms felt rehearsed,  
No spirit from within reproved us,  
Say rather 'twas the spirit moved us.  
Though what they uttered I repress,  
Yet I conceive thou'lt partly guess;  
For as on thee my memory ponders,  
Perchance to me thine also wanders.  
Thus for myself at least I'll say,  
Thy form appears through night, through day;  
Awake, with it my fancy teems,  
In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams;  
The vision charms the hours away,  
And bids me curse Aurora's ray  
For breaking slumbers of delight,  
Which makes me wish for endless night.  
Since, oh! whate'er my future fate,  
Shall joy or wo my steps await,  
Tempted by love, by storms beset,  
Thine image I can ne'er forget.  
Alas, again no more we meet,  
No more our former looks repeat;  
Then let me breathe this parting prayer,  
The dictates of my bosom's care:  
"May Heaven so guard my lovely Quaker,  
That anguish ne'er may overtake her,  
But blessed be aye her heart's partaker."  
Oh, may the happy mortal fated  
To be by dearest ties related,  
For her each hour new joys discover,  
And lose the husband in the lover!  
May that fair bosom never know,  
What 'tis to feel the restless wo,  
Which stings the soul with vain regret,  
Of him who never can forget.

THIS IS NOT LOVE.

I.

" YOU ask me why unseen I stray,  
And waste the solitary day ;  
Why far my wandering path extends,  
From mirth, and books, and home, and friends ;  
You tell me Love alone can bind  
Such fetters round the yielding mind :  
Ah ! no ; this heart doth know  
No joys like Love.

II.

" Far from the vulgar ken I fly,  
To muse on Her averted eye ;  
I turn from friends to think how She  
Has turned her altered cheek from me ;  
Mirth, books, and home—ah ! how can these  
The bosom's secret pang appease !  
Go, go ; I do not show  
One sign of Love.

III.

" It is not Love to chill and glow  
Like wintry suns on beds of snow ;  
To chase the stifled sigh with fear ;  
To dry before it fall the tear ;  
And, last sad victory of Pride,  
In smiles this inward strife to hide.  
Ah ! no ; this cannot flow  
From any Love.

IV.

" 'Tis Love to loosen Rapture's rein,  
And dream of all that might have been ;  
Give Fancy's eye unbounded scope,  
Outstrip the fleetest wings of hope ;  
Still fail, and still the course pursue,  
And deem each wish of Passion true.  
If so, this heart would know  
A genuine Love.

V.

" Mine is not Love ; this breast has bled  
Till every finer sense is dead ;  
Mine is the craving bosom's void,  
The joyless heart, and unenjoyed,  
Engrossed by selfishness alone,  
As weeds o'ershad the desert stone.  
Ah ! no ; full well I know  
I cannot Love."

## ADDRESS TO THE SPIRIT OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

*By J. Connor.*

BLEST spirit of my sainted friend,  
 Which, in this vale of misery,  
 So oft with mine was wont to blend,  
 With all an angel's sympathy;  
 Bending from Heaven's exalted sphere,  
 Ah deign again my voice to hear.

When gloomy Sorrow gives her tear,  
 Deep o'er my darkened eye to roll,  
 O then, as thou didst oft, appear  
 To tranquillize my troubled soul;  
 For soon as I perceive thee nigh  
 I know the shades of grief will fly.

When, as calm evening o'er the bowers,  
 From golden clouds her dew doth shed,  
 I cull the loveliest, sweetest flowers,  
 And, weeping, wreath them round thy bed;  
 O then, light hovering o'er the soil,  
 With smiles of love reward my toil.

And, when my voice and lyre combine  
 To swell the vesper hymn of praise,  
 O let me hear thy harp divine,  
 That sounds on high to Zion's lays;  
 And through the silent air, my song  
 In strains of sweeter tone prolong.

When on thy monumental stone  
 I lean, and mourn in accents low,  
 Whilst o'er the church-yard still and lone,  
 The watchful stars of midnight glow;  
 O then on Pity's wing descend,  
 To whisper comfort to thy friend.

And let me hear thee softly say,  
 "Repress those tears, and hush that sigh,  
 "Soon will arrive the happy day,  
 "When here by mine thy dust will lie;  
 "Then in the beams of endless light,  
 "Our blissful spirits will unite."



## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Europe is about to be presented with all the science of the Arabians, in grammar, rhetoric, and logic, in some translations from the elementary books of the east, by Lieutenant Lockett, assistant secretary in the college at Fort William. The three sciences will fill a quarto of five hundred pages.

Thomas Myers, A. M. of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, author of a Compendious System of Modern Geography, historical, physical, political, and descriptive, intends soon to publish, elegantly printed on a large sheet, a Statistical Table of Europe, uniting all that is most interesting in the geography of that distinguished quarter of the globe, and showing at one view the territorial extent, the military strength, and the commercial importance of each state.

Dr. Brewster, of Edinburgh, is about to publish a Treatise on New Philosophical Instruments for various purposes in the arts and sciences, with Experiments on light and colours, in one volume 8vo. with twelve plates.

Mr. Thomas Forster has now in press Meteorological Researches and Journals, with engravings, 8vo.

Dr. Wollaston has read to the Royal Society of London, a description of his newly invented single lens micrometer. This instrument is made like a common telescope, but the focus of the lens is only  $\frac{1}{12}$ th of an inch: this glass is placed behind a brass plate, through the centre of which an eye-hole is drilled; the subjects to be viewed are placed between glasses serving as object glasses, and the measure of the magnifying powers and of the subjects examined is taken by means of a certain number of wires fixed near the object glasses. The measure and number of the wires being determined, the objects may be extended to such distances as to give their dimensions by making a wire the two hundredth part of an inch to cover them. The description was illustrated by designs of the micrometer, which the author adopted in consequence of his experiments on drawing very fine wires, some of which did not exceed the thirty thousandth part of an inch; but they were incapable of supporting themselves at this fineness, and were broken in very short pieces. He found wires, 18,000 of which covered an inch, to be the finest and strongest for any useful purpose.

A paper by Dr. Pearson, on the tinging matter of the bronchial glands of the lungs, and on the black, or tinging matter of the lungs themselves, was read. From his researches it appears that this black matter is principally charcoal in an uncombined state, or, at least, that it is only intimately mixed with a small portion of animal matter. He conceives that it is derived from the atmosphere in breathing; that it is first conveyed into the air-tubes, and from them, by means of the numerous lymphatics, into the bronchial glands, and, therefore, that it is not a secreted substance. This subject being so novel, Dr. Pearson declined entering into much reasoning, or drawing many conclusions until more facts are brought to light.

Mr. Carmichael of Dublin has made several ingenious experiments, and conclusions respecting the electric fluids, considered as different compounds of the solar rays.

Professor Berzelius continues his experiments upon the combinations of metals with sulphur and oxygen, with a view of ascertaining the truth of Sir H. Davy's theory of definite proportions.

The dispute between Mr. Murray, Lecturer on Chymistry, in Edinburgh, and Sir H. Davy, on the subject of the existence of water in muriatic acid gas, still remains undecided.

The claims of Zerah Colburn, the American boy, to extraordinary talents, and originality of discovery, have been denied by several English mathematicians, but successfully defended by others; they both agree in the discovery that his mode of extracting the square and cube root depends merely on the two first and two last figures of the number.

Madame Perpentti has succeeded in the manufacture of incombustible cloth and paper, from Asbestos, in the manner of the ancients.

Mr. Fournay has shown by experiment that the clay pyrometers of Wedgewood, however accurately made, and uniform as to the composition and mode of mixture of the ingredients, cannot be trusted to as a faithful standard of measurement of every degree of heat.

Dr. Brewster has been for some time employed in experiments on the properties of light, more particularly on the effects produced upon it by such bodies as possess a double refractive power.

Mr. Clarke's dissertations on the foot of the living horse promises to be of use to the world in leading the way to some inquiries into some new mode of guarding the hoof of that noble animal, whose life is now shortened one half by the pernicious and cruel practice of shoeing with iron at an early period. The horse, by the law which all the irrational animals appear to observe, should live from 40 to 50 years.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A valuable discovery has been made by some German travellers in the Isle of Egina, under the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius. They have found 18 marble statues, nearly as large as life, and in the most antique Greek style. They had been placed on the pediment of the temple, and may be easily restored. Several interesting fragments have also been found, by digging in the same place; and on clearing away the rubbish, the pavement of the temple was discovered in perfect preservation. The French consul at Athens, M. Fauvel, having been informed of this discovery, immediately repaired to the place. He is in possession of a truly valuable collection of antiques, which is every day augmented by new researches. Among these are a great number of cinerary urns, in each of which was found an obolus. One of them is the boat of Charon. The statues above mentioned represent different heroes of the Trojan war.

The Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds are preparing for publication by James Northcote, R. A. and will contain a number of original anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, and other distinguished characters with whom he had intercourse and connexion.

A third volume of Dr. Clarke's Travels is in preparation, forming the Second Section of the Travels in Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land; and completing the Second Part of the whole work, according to the plan originally proposed by the author. It will contain his Voyage up the Nile to Grand Cairo; his Observations upon the Pyramids of Djiza and Saccara; a Description of the Remains of the City of Sais, in the Delta; an account of the Antiquities of Alexandria, particularly of Pompey's Pillar and the Cryptæ of Necropolis; and his subsequent voyage and travels in Greece, Macedonia, Thrace, &c.

Letters from the Mediterranean, by Edward Blaquiere, Esq. will shortly be published, comprising a particular account of Sicily, Tripoly, Tunis, and Malta, with biographical sketches of various public characters.

The Memoirs of Margaret de Valois, Queen of Navarre, the first wife of Henry IV. of France, containing the secret history of the court of France, from 1565 to 1582, during the reigns of Charles IX. and Henry III. including a full account of the massacre of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day; written by herself in a series of letters, and translated from the French, with a preface and notes by the translator, will appear in the ensuing month.

Speedily will be published,

Translations from the Anthologies, by the Rev. Mr. Bland, 8vo.

Don Quixotte, splendidly embellished from pictures by Mr. Smirke.

Mr. Playfair's Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory of the Earth.

Account of the Russian Embassy to Japan.

A new edition of Mr. Turnbull's Voyage round the World, forming a supplemental volume to the Voyages of Cook, King, and Vancouver. To which will be added, from a manuscript never before made public, some account of the Voyage of the Geographe and Naturaliste, the two French ships lately sent out on discovery by Buonaparte.

# ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR AUGUST, 1813.

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With an engraving of the late Capt. James Lawrence.

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*Travels through Denmark and Sweden. To which is prefixed a Journal of a voyage down the Elbe from Dresden to Hamburg, including a compendious historical account of the Hanseatic League. By Louis de Boisgelin, Knight of Malta. With views from drawings taken on the spot by Dr. Charles Parry. 4to. 2 vols.*

[From the Monthly Review.]

M. DE BOISGELIN prefaces his narrative by ample acknowledgments to various literary and political characters, to whom he is indebted for information. We have heard it whispered that these declarations are sometimes inserted as much for the sake of giving consequence to a book, as to gratify the persons thanked; and our readers may be disposed to apply this suspicion to the present work, when they find M. de Boisgelin ranking

so conspicuous a person as the late Gustavus III. among the contributors of private anecdotes. Complaints, he says, are sometimes made against the English *literati* for not being sufficiently communicative to foreigners: but, for his part, he has found it much otherwise; and he forthwith inserts a flattering list of persons, with Earl Spencer at their head, from whom he has received the most polite attentions. He occupies the remainder of his introduction with a *catalogue raisonné* of the different publications on the history of Hamburgh and the Hanseatic League; which, though drawn out to the length of twenty pages, is one of the least exceptionable parts of the volume. Next comes the journal of a voyage by M. de Boisgelin and two companions down the Elbe from Dresden. Their expedition was commenced rather suddenly, on the news of the approach of the French against the Russians, in October, 1806, and was conducted with too much haste and anxiety to admit of a deliberate observation of the various scenes through which they passed. Their vessel was a covered boat, containing room for their carriage and baggage, as well as for cooking victuals; with accommodation for the rowers, who were four in number, exclusive of the master. The hire of the vessel to Hamburgh was 40*l.* sterling; a stock of provisions was sent on board by the travellers; and, to avoid the inconvenience of bad inns, they took beds with them, and regularly passed the night in the boat. Impatient as they were to get out of the reach of the French, they were much mortified on being exposed to almost innumerable detentions at the tolls. The houses at which payment must be made are often at a distance from the water-side; and the sovereigns of the different districts traversed by the river insist on the discharge of the tolls in their own respective coins. The best plan by far is to bargain with the boat-owner to take on himself, for a specific sum, the payment of these troublesome dues. At each halting-place, the travellers eagerly inquired the news from the armies, but could learn nothing with certainty except the death of Prince Louis of Prussia. So difficult is it to acquire intelligence by rumour, even of neighbouring events, that four days elapsed after the fatal battle of Jena, before the inhabitants of the banks of the Elbe were apprized of the result.

“ On arriving at Magdeburgh, what a melancholy spectacle presented itself to view! The whole country was covered by a line of wagons, which extended beyond our sight, and were filled with the sick and wounded, and their baggage. The ramparts were lined with soldiers, as if besieged by the enemy. The dry ditches were full of carriage-horses and their drivers, both worn out by fatigue and fasting, the greater part having neither eaten nor drank for more than twenty-four hours. The cannon, and the ammunition and other wagons came

on so fast, that the town, large as it is, was presently entirely filled. In vain it was represented at the gates, that it was impossible to admit more; that the squares, courts, and streets, were already crowded with carriages; still those who arrived continued rushing in, till at last they were forced to open a passage into the large enclosure of the advanced fortifications. This some of our party witnessed; and words cannot do justice to the distress of the inhabitants, who appeared terror-struck. Those from the suburbs hastened to bring their most valuable effects into the city; and on my inquiring at the custom-house for the principal clerk, they pointed out a boat in which he also was going to the town with his beds and families."

" Soon afterwards, a hussar arrived full gallop, and stopping, whispered the officer who commanded the nearest post to the bridge; he then immediately rode into Magdeburgh. This officer was in the artillery, and never quitted the cannon planted in that place, for the purpose of destroying the bridge: it was ready pointed, and the cannoneers, with lighted matches, only waited for the signal to fire. Having observed a decent dressed citizen talking with this officer, who appeared much alarmed on quitting him, I ventured to ask him what news was brought by the hussar? I was answered, "That the French would be in sight in an hour." This most disagreeable intelligence I kept to myself, not wishing to alarm my fellow-travellers, but my impatience to proceed can easier be imagined than expressed."

The travellers were so fortunate as to steer clear of the French, and to arrive in safety at Hamburg. The beautiful appearance of this city from a distance is productive of considerable disappointment on entering its narrow and dirty streets. The houses, built both of brick and wood, project forwards into the streets; and the windows, as in other towns of Germany, are so narrow and so near to each other as to make the dwellings of the lower orders look like manufactories. The population is computed at 110,000, of whom near 12,000 are Jews. The police is remarkably good, especially in cases of fire; which attention indeed is indispensable in a town that is built principally of wood. So admirable are the precautions, and so accurately do the engine-workers and others know the parts which they have to act, that no instance has occurred, for many years, of two houses being burned in succession. The society in this city is chiefly mercantile, scarcely half a dozen noble families being resident in it. Here, as in the other great trading cities of Europe, the merchants live with a splendour not inferior to that of aristocratic families. Literature was formerly at a very low ebb in Hamburg: but, in late years, a great improvement has taken place, and the public libraries are now much extended. One of the best establishments of the place is a public pawn-brokerage, at which money is lent to the poor at the annual interest of six per cent. and the articles, though often sold in consequence of the inability of the parties to re-

deem them, are so managed as to obtain their real value. Though the poor are very numerous, no one is allowed to beg; they are kept within doors, and made to work for their subsistence. The most prevalent complaints at Hamburg are consumptions and other affections of the lungs; owing, probably, to the damp produced by the quantity of water which always adjoins, and not unfrequently inundates, the city. Few places, however, can boast more beautiful environs. The mixture of wood and water, joined to extensive prospects, makes the neighbouring scenery delightful in summer. The Elbe is supposed, by many who have not seen Hamburg, to be the only river near it: but, in addition to that capacious stream which flows on the south, it possesses the Alster to the north, and the Bille to the east. Though the surrounding country is fertile, the concourse of inhabitants makes living, and, consequently, wages, so high, that few manufactures are carried on at Hamburg. Sugar-refining ranks among the most considerable; and there are, or rather were, in this city, nearly three hundred bake-houses of that description, great and small. [It deserves to be mentioned that the sugar-houses in our own country are worked almost exclusively by Germans.] In former years the chief importations of sugar, as well as of other colonial produce, were received from St. Domingo, which made the commerce of Hamburg with France much greater than with other countries: but, since the French Revolution, the principal trade of Hamburg has been with England. The chief articles of export from the Elbe are corn, timber, hemp, lead, and wool; all of which are brought by water-carriage from a distance. Vessels of 300 tons and upwards are obliged by their depth of draught to complete their loading at some distance below Hamburg.

M. de Boisselin communicates several observations on a topic which was lately discussed in the Report of the Bullion Committee, viz. the rules of the Hamburg Bank. This establishment is of much older date than the Bank of England, having originated in 1619. Our bank was an institution of convenience; theirs, of self defence, the neighbouring states debasing their coin in such a manner as to constitute a kind of premium on the export of the unadulterated currency of Hamburg. It was therefore determined by the merchants to pay their coin into the bank, and to make most of their transactions by checks or transfers. Such was the commencement of the Bank of Hamburg; and its constitution still retains its original character, with this difference, that bank money now represents no particular coin, but any silver of a given fineness. A proprietor of a balance of bank money is entitled to receive it in this silver whenever he chooses: but the merchants rarely think of drawing



it out, finding it more convenient to make their transactions by an exchange of checks.—When treating of so important a topic as the Bank of Hamburg, we have no objection to M. de Boisgelin's minuteness: but he unluckily follows it up with an enumeration of other matters, of which we are under the necessity of saying that they would be less misplaced in a "Hamburg Guide" than in a book of travels. The history of the Hanseatic League, into which the author next enters, is given with equal prolixity, and is of course equally tedious. Of the contents of thirty pages, the only points which we deem worth offering to the attention of our readers are, that the league, when in its plenitude, consisted of sixty-four towns; that its dissolution took place about the year 1630; and that, since that time, the title of Hanse towns has been confined to Lubeck, Bremen and Hamburg. The name of Arnemunda in the old list of Hanse towns having puzzled some authors, we believe that we can solve the difficulty, and may safely pronounce it to have been Arnemuyden, in the Island of Walcheren, which was formerly a sea-port of some consequence, though it is now an inconsiderable village.

After his minute account of the Hanseatic League, M. de Boisgelin proceeds to a description of Denmark; which, as we have already stated to our readers, is nothing else than a translation of the part of the *Voyage des deux Français* which related to that kingdom, accompanied by a notice of the alterations produced in the course of the last twenty years. For the latter, the author is indebted, as he acknowledges, (Introduction, p. 4.) to M. Catteau's valuable work, *Tableau des Etats Dannois*.—We extract several passages of the description of Copenhagen:

"Some parts of this city are magnificent. The Goth-Street is a mile in length, and built in a straight line. It is, in general, well paved with flag-stones for foot-passengers in almost all the streets; but these are too narrow to be of any use; added to which, they are crossed by kennels between each house; and though these are usually covered with planks, it is not always the case; which makes it inconvenient, and indeed dangerous, to walk in the dark. The city is pretty well lighted.—Since the great fire, which destroyed nearly a third of Copenhagen, in 1795, and which consumed the worst part of the town, the whole has been greatly embellished, and handsome houses, regularly built, have replaced the ancient ones."—

"Copenhagen is very interesting to a traveller, and contains many fine establishments, which ought to be accurately examined. This city unites to the advantages of a capital all those arising from a commercial town. The port is safe and very handsome; and there are a great many canals, which are extremely convenient for transporting merchandise, and carrying it to the different store-houses appointed to receive it. The number of inhabitants in Copenhagen amounted, in the year 1798, to 85,470; and in 1799, to 83,618. If, as we have reason to believe, this calculation be just, it appears that the population of this



city has been nearly the same for some time, and even in some degree diminished. It is probable that, owing to the dearness of Copenhagen, several persons may have retired either into the country, or into provincial towns.”—

“ There are very few assemblies in Copenhagen. Ombre is the favourite game, even at court. The *corps diplomatique* is the great resource of foreigners; and the ministers almost constantly live amongst themselves. They have established a private theatre, where they perform once a fortnight, and the royal family constantly attends. There are also different clubs, the members of which frequently give balls and concerts in the winter, where foreigners find no difficulty in being admitted.”—

“ If we compare Copenhagen, with respect to science, to the other cities of Europe, the advantage will undoubtedly not be on her side. The northern countries are in general very much behind-hand in every thing relating to arts and sciences; which we attribute to two principal causes. In the first place, the climate can have no great attractions for those born in a milder atmosphere; it indeed must, in a great degree, prevent learned and ingenious foreigners from settling in the country. The northern people are therefore left very much to themselves; which must have a great influence upon the state of the sciences, and still more upon that of the arts, which, in our opinion, require foreign assistance to bring them to perfection. A second obstacle is the poverty of the country, which cannot be remedied. Affluence is necessary for encouraging the arts; and it is impossible they can flourish where the fortunes of individuals are so moderate as they generally are in Denmark, though in Sweden they are still more so. It must not, however, be thought that there are no men of letters, libraries, nor cabinets of curiosities, in Copenhagen.”—

“ Holberg, a native of Norway, though in very confined circumstances, travelled over the greatest part of Europe, and fixed his residence at last at Copenhagen. Possessed of very superior talents, and expressing his ideas with peculiar facility, he published a variety of works on different subjects. He wrote upon history, geography and philosophy; he also tried his genius in the satirical and burlesque style, but he owes his reputation principally to his comedies; though it is very apparent, on reading the theatrical works of this fruitful author, that he had been introduced at too late a period into the kind of society capable of refining his taste, and forming his judgment.”—

“ From the middle of the eighteenth century to the present moment, many circumstances have combined to invigorate talents, and to extend the field of letters and science. Several men of distinguished merit have been enabled by government to undertake travels and voyages to increase knowledge, and to make useful discoveries. Learned and literary societies have been formed; public libraries have been considerably augmented; money being in general less scarce, a taste for reading and information of different kinds has spread through all ranks of people.”

The library of the king of Denmark is a large collection; amounting, since the purchase of the late Mr. Suhm's books, to

260,000 volumes. The university-library is said to consist of 60,000 volumes.—If we turn from literature to trade, and compute the number of ships which annually navigate the Baltic, we find those of our own country greatly surpassing those of any other. A list is given (p. 52.) of the number of vessels which paid toll-dues at the Sound during a period of fourteen years, from 1777 to 1790, in which we find the.

Aggregate of Danish shipping to be	20,454
Dutch	20,861
Swedish	24,529
English	36,165

Many of the Danish and Swedish vessels being coasters, the Dutch was, no doubt, the flag which, in extent of tonnage, approached nearest to ours: but it deserves to be remarked that not only was the total of their shipping greatly inferior, but the progressive variation was altogether in our favour, their number being annually on the decrease, while ours proceeded in an augmenting ratio.—The military force of Denmark in infantry, cavalry, and artillery, may be computed at 60,000 men, of whom about the half are constantly under arms. Enlisting, we understand, is no longer the mode of raising troops; but all young men, except the sons of citizens, are accounted liable to enter on service at the age of twenty-one. These individuals draw lots, and all those who are thus selected are obliged to serve during six years; by which means an addition of 6 or 7,000 men is annually made to the army in Denmark, Holstein, and Sleswick. As a third only of the army is embodied at a time, two years of actual duty are all that is required, attendance in the months of May and June being accounted sufficient during the rest of the period. At the end of the six years the soldier becomes a militia-man, in which capacity he attends muster a few days only in the year. In eight years more he is exempted from this duty, and his name is inscribed in the reserve-militia, a corps which is scarcely ever assembled.

M. de Boisgelin's second volume is appropriated to an account of Sweden; in which, as in that of Denmark, we have a translation of the old work, with certain appendages arising out of events subsequent to the publication of the latter. Sköne, or Scania, the first province entered by the traveller arriving from the south, has a milder climate than any other part of Sweden; and the horses, oxen, and animals of every kind, are larger than elsewhere. The population here is not so thinly scattered as in the rest of Sweden, being computed to amount to 250,000 souls. In addition to other towns, Scania contains Malmoe, a flourishing place with 9,000 inhabitants; and Lund, the seat of the second Swedish University. Carlsrona, the chief naval harbour and

arsenal of Sweden, is situated in the adjoining province of Blekingen. It is well built, and takes rank in the list of Swedish cities after Stockholm and Gottenburgh. The port is excellent, and strongly defended both by nature and art. Gottenburgh has thriven greatly during the war which for the last twenty years has agitated the chief part of Europe. From the circumstance of having canals cut through the principal streets, and rows of trees planted along their banks, it bears resemblance to a Dutch town: but of foreign merchants the British are here both the most numerous and the most in favour. It will require in Bonaparte more dexterity than his denunciations against trade have as yet discovered, to accomplish a change in the mercantile predilections of the Swedes.

The author expatiates largely on the integrity of the Swedish peasantry; whom he declares to be, in that respect, equal, if not superior, to the lower class in any other country of Europe. He regrets, however, to add that this high reputation is on the decline in the towns, and in the portions of the kingdom which are most frequented by travellers. The inhabitants of the northern provinces, and of the retired parts of the rest of the country, still maintain that purity of character which caused it to be said that a trunk might be sent unlocked, in perfect safety, from one end of Sweden to the other; but Stockholm has lost all claim to a participation in this high honour. Morals are there nearly on a par with those of other capitals; and adventurers are as numerous as in most cities which are inhabited by a mixed population.

“The predominant religion is the Augsburg Confession of Faith, which has not undergone the smallest change: but liberty of conscience is everywhere allowed, and no mode of worship prohibited. The Catholics have a church at Stockholm; there are near two thousand in that city, and at least six thousand more in different parts of the kingdom. Many families of that persuasion are established in Finland, who come to Stockholm once a year, or at least once in two years, to perform the acts of devotion prescribed by their religion.”—

“The Swedes are infinitely better informed than other nations; and all the peasantry, without any exception, know how to read. Gustavus III. who never neglected any thing, had reason, from this circumstance, to dread the effects of news from France, and the influence it might have upon the minds of his people: he therefore forbade mention being made of the French Revolution in the Swedish Gazette, not wishing to have any thing appear in the public prints either for or against it; thinking, with reason, that ignorance upon this subject was the best method of insuring the happiness of his people.”—

“The peasants form the fourth order of the state: and Sweden is the only place in Europe (at least the only considerable nation) where the husbandman is regarded as any thing.”\*

\* “The case is the same in the Tyrol.”

The encomium on the knowledge of the Swedes is, however, to be taken with qualification, since, in another passage, we find M. de Boisgelin holding a very different language :

“ Learning has been very little cultivated for some years past in Sweden ; reading is not the taste ; and the generality of people are not desirous of improvement ; the nobles, especially, when taken in a mass, are reputed ignorant : the clergy, indeed, are better informed, which is usually the case everywhere ; but even amongst that body there are very few particularly distinguished by their superior knowledge. Gustavus III. however, contributed greatly to the progress of science ; and the academies, gymnasiums, and public schools, are striking proofs of the enlightened genius of that excellent prince.”

The contradiction between these passages is to be reconciled by the distinction that, while the commonalty in Sweden are better informed than in the other countries of Europe, particularly the Roman Catholic states, the higher ranks have no pretensions to any such superiority : but, which is worse, a part of the aristocracy, and a most essential part too, we mean the senate, must be said to be greatly behind their poorer countrymen in the national virtue, integrity. The election of Bernadotte afforded to all Europe a memorable example of the power of foreign gold ; and the following anecdote (p. 368.) will show that, by thus acting, the senators of the present day have only copied the example of their fathers and grandfathers :

“ A senator agreed with the French ambassador to sell him his vote in an affair of consequence, for four thousand plottes ; (somewhat above three hundred pounds.) The secretary of the embassy, who was sent to pay him, met the senator in his carriage, and acquainted him with the business he was going upon. The senator said he need not proceed any further, but give him the four thousand plottes, which were in bank notes. The young man gave him the money, as any one else would have done in the same situation ; but how great was his surprise and indignation, when his ambassador informed him the next morning, that the senator demanded the sum, which he absolutely denied having received. The affair in question was very important, and this man's opinion of great weight ; consequently, it was thought more prudent to give eight thousand plottes, than to sacrifice four thousand for nothing. The ambassador and his secretary (who is now likewise an ambassador) were both alive in 1793.”

We turn our eyes with impatience from such gross rascality to contemplate the rude honesty of the Dalecarlians, and the literary tranquillity of Upsal :

“ Dalecarlia is more than eighty leagues in length, and sixty broad,  
VOL. II. *New Series.* 13

There is very little arable land, and the population is not proportionate to such an extent of country, the number of inhabitants only amounting to about a hundred and twenty thousand. The principal, and indeed the only riches consist in mines and forges; but this country, interspersed as it is with lakes, forests, and torrents, may at least boast of giving birth to a brave, loyal people, ever attached to their sovereigns, though jealous of their liberties. These people, nearly as wild as their native mountains, still preserve their original harsh, rigid manners, and style of character. Enjoying the same degree of freedom, they cannot bend their necks to the yoke of slavery; and though truly attached to their king, they look up to him more as a chief than a sovereign master. They are, however, always ready to defend his cause; and the Dalecarlians of the present times have given proofs to Gustavus III. that they have not degenerated from their ancestors. Whenever they meet the king, they preserve their former custom of taking him by the hand. The Dalecarlians are distinguished by the name of Gray and Black, from their habits being always one or other of these colours."

"Upsala, formerly the capital of Sweden, is now that of Upland. The city is very small, containing scarcely four thousand inhabitants, exclusive of the students, the number of whom vary, as in every other university, though they seldom are fewer than five hundred. Upsala, though small, is well inhabited. Several Swedish noblemen live here, either from the wish of superintending their estates in the neighbourhood, or to avoid the expense and bustle of the capital. Three days at least are requisite to see Upsala properly: for this city contains many objects of curiosity, and is doubly interesting from having been the residence of Linnæus and Bergmann."

"The University was founded in 1476. Gustavus Adolphus, in 1624, made it a grant of some lands, which remain under the inspection of the consistory of professors. The revenue at that time, twenty-five thousand crowns, of three dollars each, is now nearly tripled, but the amount greatly depends upon a good or bad season. There are four faculties; four divinity professors (formerly there were five) who compose the ecclesiastical consistory; two professors of civil law; thirteen of philosophy; and four of physic. The new professors consist of one of divinity, one of private economy, and one of oratory and politics. The professors have a salary of fourteen hundred silver dollars, with a hundred ton of wheat, which may be estimated at sixteen hundred. There are two vacations annually, one from the 14th of December to the 28th of January, and the other from Midsummer to Michaelmas. The professors give lessons gratis, four times a week; but those who receive private ones pay one, two, or three rix-dollars a month, according to their circumstances, which payments are made at the two terms. There are particular foundations called *stipendia* (*exhibitions*) enjoyed by above a hundred students at Upsala. These are worth from 5*l.* to 30*l.* sterling, and are principally in the gift of the consistory. The library of this University is much celebrated throughout Europe, but it scarcely deserves so very high a reputation, though it undoubtedly contains many

curious articles; many of which, however, are misplaced in a library. The first room is dedicated to the *belles lettres*, history, and natural history. The contents of the second were a present of Gustavus III. when prince royal; which donation is inscribed on the door; and the third contains jurisprudence, divinity, and physic. The manuscripts in this collection are placed on the first floor: the most curious is the Gothic MS. in 4to. entitled *Codex Argentus*; containing the four evangelists in gold and silver letters: the whole of the library consists in about fifty thousand volumes.' ”

Gustavus III. succeeded in accomplishing a revolution in the form of government, but found it a much more difficult task to new-model the habits of his people. The use of ardent spirits, the great curse of Sweden, is too deeply rooted in the people to admit of control at the hand of the sovereign; and the most shocking tumults took place when the king attempted to forbid the continuance of private distillation. The scattered nature of the population scarcely admits of levying a productive tax on this the fittest of all objects for a heavy impost.

“ In the towns,” says M. de Boisgelin, “ the taxes are numerous, and indeed heavy. All places under government are taxed; but those who hold different employments pay only for one, which is always the most considerable amongst them. Those who have the title without discharging the duties of the place, pay the double of what they would do if they exercised their employment. The taxes consist—1st. in the poll-tax; 2d, upon all appointments, revenues, and landed property; 3d, upon windows, all articles of luxury, such as horses, carriages, superfluous servants, silk furniture, gilding, and watches; 4th, upon silk clothes, snuff, and tobacco.”

“ *Army.* Every province is obliged to furnish either a regiment of infantry or of cavalry, according to its extent and population; and each individual, whether officer or soldier, has a portion of ground allotted him, with a house so situated that the colonel may be nearly in the centre of his regiment, and the captain in the midst of his company: at least, they endeavour this should be the case as much as possible.” “ Each district must provide one or more men, in proportion to its population; and the moment a soldier joins the army, another must be immediately named, that the first may be replaced, in case of death, without loss of time. Whenever a soldier is at liberty to quit the regiment, which is generally the case the greatest part of the year, he works at his trade, or tills the ground.”

“ The Swedish troops are spirited and well principled; the officers are brave, and the soldiers very like the French soldiers. They are not famous for supporting a continued fire, which they cannot stand for more than a few minutes if they have not the power of returning it; in that case it becomes absolutely necessary to make them charge the enemy. They understand the use of the bayonet and like to employ it; indeed, the Russians have frequently experienced the formidable



power of that weapon. An officer must always head his troop, and advance a few steps before it, otherwise it is very probable they may refuse to march; but, that ceremony performed, a Swede will follow his commander whithersoever he pleases. The Swedish soldiers are religious; and prayers are constantly read every day in all the regiments. They are honest men, incapable of mean actions, and free from all those vices which reflect dishonour on the name of a soldier throughout the greatest part of Europe. We now only speak of the national troops; for the recruited regiments and the garrisons are much the same as in other places."

Though a warm admirer of the character of Gustavus III. M. de Boisgelin is ready to acknowledge the imprudence of his proceedings, particularly in his manner of going to war with Russia in 1788. The prerogative of peace or war rested at that time with the states of Sweden; but the king, wishing to act with secrecy and expedition, had taken no steps to obtain their assent. On the part of his Swedish followers, who were of tried fidelity, this omission caused no relaxation of zeal: but with the Finlanders, whose language and feelings are different, it unfortunately supplied a pretext for the acceptance of Russian gold. Sprengporten, a Swedish subject by birth, acting the part of a traitor to his country, contrived to bribe a number of the Finland officers, and thus obliged the king to retreat at the moment at which he expected to march to the Russian capital, and lay it under contribution. Gustavus's subsequent conduct, in procuring to himself from the senate (p. 363.) the right of making peace and war, was as little entitled to commendation as his measures on occasion of the usurpation in 1772. All these faults, however, are palliated, we had almost said excused, by the singular clemency of this remarkable man; a clemency strikingly exemplified in the last days of his unfortunate life. The pistol used by his assassin, Ankerstroem, was loaded with two balls, and a great many nails; and the surgeons being unable to extract any thing more than a slight part of the charge, the king expired after having lingered twelve days in torment. Yet, during this long continuance of suffering, he preserved his characteristic calmness and fortitude. His feeling towards the conspirators who had planned his assassination will be best described by an extract from the state-paper published after his death by his brother, the present Duke of Sudermania:

"Being with his late majesty, who was then upon his death-bed, and who expired in a very few days, we talked to him of the cruel misfortune that had befallen him, and the fatal consequence that would ensue. The king condescended to tell us, that the idea of the deserved



tortures which awaited his murderers pained him more than his own sufferings; and he added, that it weighed so much upon his spirits as to prevent his enjoying a moment's peace, till we had promised and sworn to him, upon the faith of a brother and a prince, that in case he died, we would, in consideration of his entreaties, save the lives of those unhappy wretches who had thus forgotten the fidelity they owed him. Melting into tears at the noble interest he took in their fate, we however ventured to represent that no laws, either human or divine, could suffer so horrible a crime to escape the punishment of death; and that the honour of the Swedish name, together with the public safety, expressly demanded this justice. His majesty was sensibly touched at these sincere representations, and said with much sorrow, that if the law of reprisal necessarily required blood for blood, and if his intercessions, as the party concerned, were not sufficient to save the criminal who was so unfortunate as to strike the blow, he reserved to himself the power of pronouncing that the assassin alone should be punished with death, and that he granted their lives to all who were concerned in the plot."

In consequence of this humane bequest, the sentence of death pronounced on four of the conspirators was commuted to that of perpetual banishment, and Ankerstroem was the only sufferer by capital punishment.



*A series of Plays: in which it is attempted to delineate the stronger Passions of the Mind. By Joanna Baillic. Vol. III. Pp. 314.*

[From the British Critic.]

WE have, on several occasions, so fully expressed our opinion that the author of these plays excels in dramatic genius, that we must not be considered as in any degree retracting that opinion, when we confess that the present volume has not gratified us equally with the former. The task which Miss B. has imposed upon her muse is indeed so arduous, that no reasonable person will be surprised to find the execution of it not always equally successful. Some passions are more dramatic than others; and though the poetess has proved that fear may in some cases become tragical, it is assuredly rather a comic than a tragic passion, contempt being so very apt to follow upon the striking appearance of it. Nevertheless, she has attempted to found two tragedies upon it, one in verse and one in prose. These, with a comedy on the same passion, and a serious musical drama on Hope, make up the present volume.

Of the two tragedies, it is certain that both contain striking situations, well conceived, and forcibly written. Yet all the

art and genius of the writer fail to convince us that the scenes are well chosen for dramas. A sensible, elegant and interesting woman, irrecoverably, as it should seem, frightened out of her senses, by a supposed apparition, with every possible allusion to female weakness, is a spectacle, in the first instance, comical, and in the second horrible. No cordial sympathy can justly be expected for an excess of apprehension, morbid in the first; and when worked up into fixed insanity, painful rather than affecting. Such is the outline of the tragedy of *Othello*, which we cannot but think that very high powers of poetic imagination have been unfortunately employed.

The *Dream* follows, a tragedy in three acts, and in the first place we object, and strongly object, to a tragedy written in prose. But much more material is our objection to the subject employed. It is true, that stories are in circulation, and some of them, perhaps, not ill authenticated, of such an effect as is there represented, that of causing death. But that an event should happen to a brave and tried general, to one who even under the influence of this apprehension, is ready to die on the issue of the most unequal conflict, is *perhaps* possible; but if it be, it must always carry with it so striking an *apparent* improbability, not to say impossibility, that the mind cannot assent to it. We may grant it in argument to be possible, because attested than understood; but to form a conception of it, or to contemplate a picture of it, as a reasonable subject, requires the power of acquiescence. If Osterloo be driven to this state of apprehension by conscience, what becomes of his courage when he is to fight with desperation?—but the truth is, when we see him so cowed we disbelieve his courage, and when we see him so brave we cannot conceive his cowardice. The two qualities destroy each other.

Of the comedy called *The Siege*, intended to illustrate the same passion, we shall say but little. The comic muse does not smile upon this author. The passion of fear has been supremely ridiculous by almost every dramatist, and the imitation of it here is certainly much less ridiculous than many of the former instances. The timid Count Valdemere is more pitiable than laughable; and even they who have exposed him are obliged to own, in the last scene, that they have used him unfairly. But exclusive of this principal fault, there is still a want of the *ris comica* throughout, that unless the author has more courage than the boldest personage in her drama, she will hardly venture again into the path of comedy. Her former comedies, if we recollect them rightly, had not much power of exhilaration, and after this further trial, it will be most wise to retrench this part of the plan, and to write tragedies.

When we say this, however, we by no means wish to exclude such dramas as that which concludes the volume. It is not indeed a tragedy, but it is serious, and in blank verse. It is also musical, forming thereby a new variety in the forms of the drama. But it is beautiful. Every thing is pleasing in it. The songs, the situations, the composition, every part, in short, is elegant and interesting. Such a musical drama, properly managed, would, we are convinced, have great attractions. It avoids the heaviness of the serious opera, by not throwing the dialogue into recitative; and the songs being introduced with propriety, would assist, instead of encumbering the dialogue. Such are the general characteristics of these dramas, from some of which we shall now proceed to give specimens.

Orra, the heroine of the tragedy which bears that name, is represented as being habitually subject to the impressions of superstitious fear. With these dispositions strong upon her, she is sent for a time to reside in a lonely castle reputed to be haunted, and really occupied by a secret gang of outlaws, who contrive to keep up the reputation of the place by tremendous noises, which they produce at night. Her apprehensions, on being left alone in this place, are thus depicted. It should be premised that Rudigere is a villain, who has deep designs upon her.

*Rud.* "All still within.—I'm tired and heavy grown :  
I'll lay me down to rest. She is secure :  
No one can pass me here to gain her chamber.  
If she hold parley now with any thing,  
It must in truth be ghost or sprite.—Heigh ho !  
I'm tired, and will to bed.

*(Lays himself on the couch and falls asleep. The cry of hounds is then heard without at a distance, with the sound of a horn ; and presently Orra enters, bursting from the door of an adjoining chamber in great alarm.)*

*Or.* Cathrina ! sleepest thou ? Awake ! Awake !

*(Running up to the couch and starting back on seeing Rudigere.)*

That hateful viper here !

Is this my nightly guard ? Detested wretch !

I will steal back again.

*(Walks softly on tiptoe to the door of her chamber, when the cry of hounds, &c. is again heard without, nearer than before.)*

O no ! I dare not.

Tho' sleeping, and most hateful when awake,

Still he is natural life and may be 'waked.

*(Listening again.)*

'Tis nearer now : that dismal thrilling blast !

I must awake him.

*(Approaching the couch and shrinking back again.)*

O no! no no!

Upon his face he wears a horrid smile  
That speaks bad thoughts.

*(Rud. speaks in /*

*He mutters too my name.—*

I dare not do it. *(Listening again.)*

The dreadful sound is now upon the wind,  
Sullen and low, as if it wound its way  
Into the cavern'd earth that swallow'd it.

I will abide in patient silence here;  
Tho' hateful and asleep, I feel me still  
Near something of my kind.

*(Crosses her arms, and leans in a covering posture over  
of a chair at a distance from the couch; when pre:  
horn is heard without, louder than before, and she si*

O it returns! as tho' the yawning earth  
Had given it up again, near to the walls.  
The horribly mingled din! 'tis nearer still:  
'Tis close at hand: 'tis at the very gate!

*(Running up to the couch.)*

Were he a murderer, cluching in his hands  
The bloody knife, I must awake him.—No!  
That face of dark and subtle wickedness!  
I dare not do it. *(Listening again.)* Aye; 'tis at the gate—  
Within the gate.—

What rushing blast is that  
Shaking the doors? Some awful visitation  
Dread entrance makes! O mighty God of Heaven!  
A sound ascends the stairs.

Ho, Rudigere!

Awake, awake! Ho! Wake thee, Rudigere!

*Rud. (waking)* What cry is that so terribly strong?—Ha  
What is the matter?

*Or.* It is within the walls. Didst thou not hear it?

*Rud.* What? The loud voice that call'd me?

*Or.* No, it was mine.

*Rud.* It sounded in my ears  
With more than human strength.

*Or.* Did it so sound?

There is around us, in this midnight air,  
A power surpassing nature. List, I pray:  
Altho' more distant now, dost thou not hear  
The yell of hounds; the spectre-huntsman's horn?

*Rud.* I hear, indeed, a strangely mingled sound:  
The wind is howling round the battlements.

But rest secure where safety is, sweet Orta!

Within these arms, nor man nor fiend shall harm thee." P. 5

This is conceived and written with great force, and  
easily be imagined that when, after this, she is assailed b

she has been worked up to believe a real spectre, though it is indeed her lover in disguise, she falls the victim of her disordered imagination, and loses her senses beyond all hope of recovery. Such is the catastrophe of this piece. Horrible enough certainly, if the previous apprehension be supposed, but not, to our feeling, a judicious subject for a tragedy. The character of Glottenbal, in this drama, bears very strong resemblance to that of Cloten in *Cymbeline*, as, indeed, even the name intimates.

From the prosaic tragedy called *The Dream*, we do not see that we could take any specimen satisfactory to our readers, though we do not deny that the whole may be read with interest, notwithstanding the improbabilities it involves. Nor will the comedy supply us better with matter for detached consideration. We come then to the musical drama on *Hope*, called *The Beacon*, and here beauties are numerous. It opens with this choral air :

“Up ! quit thy bower, late wears the hour ;  
Long have the rooks caw'd round thy tower ;  
On flower and tree loud hums the bee ;  
The wilding kid sports merrily :  
A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,  
Shineth when good fortune's near.

Up ! lady fair, and braid thy hair,  
And rouse thee in the breezy air ;  
The lulling stream, that sooth'd thy dream,  
Is dancing in the sunny beam ;  
And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,  
Will waft good fortune on its way.

“Up ! time will tell ; the friar's bell  
Its service-sound hath chimed well ;  
The aged crone keeps house alone,  
And reapers to the fields are gone ;  
The active day so boon and bright,  
May bring good fortune ere the night.” P. 269.

The other songs are also finely written. The eclairsissement in the second act is striking. The heroine, Aurora, thus addresses the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem :

“Renowned men ye are ; holy and brave ;  
In every field of honour and of arms  
Some of your noble brotherhood are found :  
Perhaps the valiant knights I now behold,  
Did on that luckless day against the Souldain  
With brave De Villeneuve for the cross contend.

If this be so, you can, perhaps, inform me  
Of one who in the battle fought, whose fate  
Is still unknown.

*1st Knight.* None of us all, fair dame, so honour'd were  
As in that field to be, save this young knight.  
Sir Bertram, wherefore, in thy mantle lapt,  
Standst thou so far behind? Speak to him, Lady:  
For in that battle he right nobly fought,  
And may, belike, wot of the friend you mention'd.

*Aur.* (*going up eagerly to the young Knight.*) Didst thou there  
fight?—then surely thou didst know  
The noble Ermingard, who from this isle  
With valiant Conrad went:—

What fate had he upon that dismal day?

*Young Kt.* Whate'er his fate in that fell fight might be.  
He now is as the dead.

*Aur.* Is as the dead! ha! then he is not dead:  
He's living still. O tell me—tell me this!  
Say he is still alive; and tho' he breathe  
In the foul pest-house; tho' a wretched wanderer,  
Wounded and maim'd; yea, though his noble form  
With chains and stripes and slavery be disgrac'd,  
Say he is living still, and I will bless thee.  
'Thou know'st—full well thou know'st, but wilt not speak.  
What means that heavy groan? For love of God,  
Speak to me!

(*Tears the mantle from his face, with which he had concealed it*  
My Ermingard! My blessed Ermingard!  
Thy very living self restored again!  
Why turn from me?

*Er.* Ah! call'st thou this restored?

*Aur.* Do I not grasp thy real living hand?  
Dear, dear!—so dear! most dear!—my lost, my found!  
Thou turn'st and weep'st; art thou not so to me?

*Er.* Ah! would I were! alas, alas! I'm lost:  
Sever'd from thee for ever.

*Aur.* How so? What mean such words?

*Er.* (*shaking his head and pointing to the cross on his mantle.*)  
Look on this emblem of a holy vow  
Which binds and weds me to a heavenly love:  
We are, my sweet Aurora, far divided;  
Our bliss is wreck'd for ever." P. 301.

Our readers will easily anticipate the conclusion which we  
are about to make; which is, that though this volume is on the  
whole inferior to those that have preceded it, there are no  
wanting in it marks of poetic skill and genius, sufficient to main-  
tain the well-earned fame of the writer.

***The Beauties of Christianity ; by F. A. de Chateaubriand. Author of Travels in Greece and Palestine, Atala, &c. Translated from the French, by Frederic Shoberl. With a Preface and Notes, by the Rev. Henry Kett, B. D. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. In three volumes, 8vo.***

[From the Literary Panorama, for April, 1813.]

THE objects of criticism are numerous and combined, though distinct. Sometimes the principal object is by exposure of bad writers to guard the public taste, and by timely warning to prevent its debasement. Sometimes the object is by reproof of immorality to defend the manners of the times, and those of the rising generation especially. Much harm has been done by the heavy, tasteless, somnolent style in which divines have treated religious truths. The evils of the opposite extreme have not yet been equally felt in Britain ; but the work before us, with some others, of foreign origin, sufficiently demonstrate the necessity of vigilance, to guard our language, sentiment and manners from perversion and deterioration.

Never was a more unequal writer than M. Chateaubriand. His thoughts and expressions not infrequently glow with truly poetic fire : and not infrequently his reasoning is weak, his phraseology affected, and the writer exposes both himself and his subject to contempt. There is scarcely a more dangerous gift to an active and vigorous mind than a fervid imagination, uncontrolled by judgment ; unacquainted with the power and practice of selection. It was well said by an able poet,

Poets lose half the praise they would have got ;  
Were it but known what they discreetly blot.

In the art of discreetly blotting, M. C. is no proficient. He has embodied his own ideas, and described his own feelings, heedless whether his reader would comprehend them ; and he has vitiated many an excellent thought by denying himself sufficient time for selecting the most appropriate expressions, and establishing by investigation the correctness of his assertions.

While, therefore, we admire some passages in his volumes, the love of truth compels us to censure others in unqualified terms ; and while we feel the force of some sentiments on our hearts, and honour their author for his noble conceptions and vigour of language, others are so injudicious, and their dress so fantastical, that a part of them we pity, while other parts we condemn.



Most extravagant, surely, is M. C.'s superstitious notion of miraculous efficacy attendant on baptismal affusion. He tells us, that on one occasion "a father Jesuit dipped a napkin in water, and with it sprinkled the kneeling crowd, thus *procuring everlasting life* for those whom he was unable to rescue from temporal death." No sound theologian will refer his pupils to that action for *everlasting life*.

It is well known that the Panoramists pique themselves on their gallantry to the ladies; but they cannot officially contemplate the sex as "angelic beings," or as other than "mortal mortals." They consider the *soul* of man as complete in itself, whether he be husband or bachelor; and they deem not it better than to rant the assertion, that "his *soul* as well as his *body* is *imperfect* without his wife." But while they condemn the poetic furor, because misplaced and misapplied, they can do justice to the animated paragraph, as a whole, in which the extravagancies occur; and can forgive the wildness of its being proceeding from sympathy with the beauties of its close.

"*The wife of a christian is not a mere mortal; she is an extraordinary, a mysterious, an angelic being; she is flesh of her husband's flesh, and bone of his bone. By his union with her man only takes back a portion of his substance. His soul as well as his body is imperfect without his wife; he possesses strength where she has beauty. He opposes the enemy in arms, he cultivates the soil of his country; but he enters not into the domestic details; he has need of a wife to prepare his repast and his bed. He encounters afflictions, and the partner of his nights is there to soothe them; his days are clouded by adversity, but on his couch he meets with a chaste embrace, and forgets all his sorrows. Without woman he would be rude, unpolished, solitary; he would be a stranger to grace, which is no other than the smile of love. Woman suspends around him the flowers of life, the honeysuckles of the forests which adorn the trunks of oaks with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the christian husband and his wife live and die together; together they are the issue of their union; together they return to dust, together they again meet beyond the confines of the tomb to part no more.*"

The title of these volumes, "The Beauties of Christianity," is likely to excite different ideas in the minds of readers. Some a few will expect to find the beauties of their divine religion displayed in its moral effects. When reformation of man evinces a renovation of mind, when the man who was formerly a lion becomes gentle as a lamb, when he controls those passions which he formerly indulged, and malice is banished from his heart as blasphemy from his lips, when insolence is exchanged

for meekness, and inebriety for temperance, when lewdness gives place to chastity, and avarice to liberality, when from being a curse to society, the convert becomes a blessing to all around him, *these* they will say, and justly, are the beauties of christianity. Others will discover these beauties in that principle which accompanies the christian everywhere, and governs his inmost soul, which renders solitude and publicity the same to him, in regard to the presiding sentiments of his heart, which confirms the dictates of his internal monitor, and forms his character to an elevation, never perhaps expected, and not so sensible to himself as visible to others. Right reason now reigns, where mere sensuality lately tyrannised; and the liberated individual well improves that freedom which forms at once an occasion of his gratitude and a source of his delight.

These sentiments M. C. we doubt not feels as a man; but in this work he writes as a poet. His object is to prove that christianity is the most favourable of religious dispensations to the finer feelings of the mind, to taste, to genius, to the elegant arts, to the belles lettres, to the liberal sciences. Genius, in whatever form it appears, whatever branch of study it pursues, may yet be christian. Neither diagrams nor logarithms are proscribed by true religion; neither astronomy, nor mathematics; neither history nor chronology, neither painting nor poesy; neither music nor oratory. M. C. finds christianity in the pompous solemnities of a funeral in honour of the dead, and in the reclusive retirements of those who bury themselves while living. The din of arms and feats of valour contribute to his arguments no less than those highly laudable institutions, which in the form of hospitals for the sick, and refuges for the destitute, speak home to the soul itself, in favour of that religion from which they have usually emanated, and by which they are usually supported and directed. He extends his ideas to the improvements made in a country, to the industry of its inhabitants, to the state of their towns, villages and roads, to all that can interest the eye, or affect the heart. Whatever of indiscriminate and even inconsistent this assemblage may present, great allowances must be made for its author, when we reflect that he wrote for his own country; for France still sunk in that abyss into which the absence of christianity from all and every of these particulars, and a thousand others, had plunged her. When the whole soul was benumbed, it was wise to endeavour to restore feeling in any part. *Forsan scintilla latet*, was as proper a motto for a French apologist for christianity, as for the Humane Society. Certainly nothing could possibly be worse in point of composition, of taste, of the decent sensibilities of humanity, than those public papers, addresses, &c. which the press vomit

ed forth on astonished Europe, dinned with the jargon of the all promising *Republi, ue une et indivisible*. Such were the *improvements* of philosophers; from all such improvers may heave defend us! In pursuit of his object, M. C. institutes comparison between the Deities of Paganism and the God of the Bible; with the inferior agents, the Genii, and the furies of the former, the Angels, Saints and Devils of the latter. He traces the uses made of each system by its poets and moralists; he examines their views of nature and Providence; the characters they respectively present, their effect on the passions, on the intellect, on taste style, &c. &c. and proves that in every view infidelity has blasted talent, has been the corroding principle, by which whatever was of especial promise was definitively ruined.

Such a work could scarcely fail of exciting considerable sensation in the country to which it was addressed; and, indeed such a work, judiciously conducted, might correct prevailing errors among ourselves. The protestant and British writer would be unembarrassed by the devices of popery to captivate the senses: the glitter of lights, the refulgence of gems and gold are nowhere enjoined in scripture; the severities of monachism add nothing to the "beauties" of our holy religion; for certain it is, that he who shuts himself up in a convent has different, and even contradictory, notions of duty from him who "went about doing good." A fair comparison of the endeavours among christians to alleviate the unavoidable ills of life would prove greatly to the honour of their profession. Many are the temples and palaces shown as ruins of pagan magnificence; but, we recollect no structure destined to sooth the sorrows of the afflicted, to combine the means of cure with those of instruction, to educate youth apart from vice, if possible, and to infuse good morals among the bulk of the population. Where in all Rome, that imperial mistress of the world! was any such attempt made—made from the genuine source of piety—the love of the Gods?

Such a work, too, might be useful among us in correcting the opposite prejudices of certain classes of people, one of which charges the other with preferring the trifles of time, miscalled elegant and learned studies, to the most important matters; while the other stands aloof from maxims supposed to inculcate barbarism and deformity. That is a mistaken christianity which fancies churlishness and rusticity, moroseness and meanness, to be integral parts of the sacred system. Our Holy Master, while he condescends to the most ignorant, is company, and superior company, too, for the most polite.

In the prosecution of his work, M. C. examines the different sublimities of Homer and Milton; and he honourably adjudges

the palm, in general, to the latter. He appeals to Tasso, to Dante, &c. for dreadful images, and to Racine, Bossuet, &c. for images of tenderness, superior to those of Virgil and other ancients—a superiority derived from christianity. He calls up the dead of Port Royal to receive the meed of praise, and the Jesuits he applauds and regrets almost without limitation. Some of his remarks are very shrewd. Those on natural history, which are the result of his own observation, are curious and striking; as may appear from a specimen or two. Speaking on the fall of man—on the serpent, says M. C.

“The present age rejects with disdain whatever has any tincture of the marvellous: arts, sciences, morals, religion, are all stripped of their enchantments. The serpent has frequently been the subject of our observations, and if we may venture to speak out, we have often imagined that we could discover in him that pernicious sagacity and that subtlety which are ascribed to him by scripture. Every thing is mysterious, secret, astonishing, in this incomprehensible reptile. His movements differ from those of all other animals; it is impossible to say where his locomotive principle lies, for he has neither fins, nor feet, nor wings; and yet he flits like a shadow, he vanishes as by magic, he reappears and is gone again, like a light azure vapour, or the gleams of a sabre in the dark. Now he curls himself into a circle, and projects a tongue of fire; now standing erect upon the extremity of his tail, he moves along in a perpendicular attitude as by enchantment. He rolls himself into a ball; rises and falls in a spiral line; gives to his rings the undulations of waves; twines round the branches of trees, glides under the grass of the meadows, or skims along the surface of water. His colours are not more determinate than his activity; they change with each new point of view, and like his motion they possess false splendour and deceitful variety.

“Still more astonishing in the rest of his manners, he knows, like a man polluted with murder, how to throw aside his garment distained with blood, lest it should lead to his detection. By a singular faculty, the female can receive back into her body the little monsters to which she has given birth.\*

“The serpent passes whole months in sleep; he frequents tombs, inhabits secret retreats, produces poisons which chill, burn, or checker the body of his victim with the colours with

\*As this part of the description is so very extraordinary, it may appear to want confirmation. “Mr de Beauvois, as related in the American Philosophical Transactions, declared himself an eye-witness of such a fact as is above stated. He saw a large rattlesnake, which he had disturbed in his walks, open her jaws, and instantly five small ones, which were lying by her, rushed into her mouth. He retired and watched her, and in a quarter of an hour saw her again discharge them. The common viper does the same.” See “Shaw’s General Zoology,” vol. III. p. 324. 374.

which he is himself marked. In one place he raises his *menacing heads*; in another he sounds a rattle; he hisses like an eagle of the mountain; he bellows like a bull. He naturally associates with all moral or religious ideas, as if in consequence of the influence which he exercised over our destiny. A subject of horror or adoration, men either feel an implacable hatred against him, or bow before his genius; Falsehood calls him to his aid, and Prudence claims him as her own; in his arms the scourges of the furies, in heaven eternity is typified by his image. He moreover possesses the art of seducing the senses; his eyes fascinate the birds of the air, and beneath the fern of the crib, the ewe to him gives up her milk. But he himself can be charmed by the harmony of sweet sounds; and to subdue him, the shepherd needs no other weapon than his flute.

“In the month of July, 1791, we were travelling in Upper Canada, with several families of savages belonging to the nation of the Onontagues. One day, when we had halted in a spacious plain on the bank of the river Genesee, a rattlesnake entered our encampment. Among us was a Canadian who could play on the flute, and who, to divert us, advanced against the serpent with his new species of weapon. On the approach of his enemy the haughty reptile curls himself into a spiral line, flattens his body, inflates his cheeks, contracts his lips, displays his envenomed fangs, and his bloody throat; his double tongue glows like flames of fire; his eyes are burning coals; his body swollen with rage, rises and falls like the bellows of a forge; his dilated nostrils assume a dull and scaly appearance; and his tail, whence he emits the death-denouncing sound, vibrates with such rapidity as to resemble a light vapour.

“The Canadian now begins to play upon his flute; the serpent starts with surprise and draws back his head. In proportion as he is struck with the magic effect, his eyes lose their fire, the oscillations of his tail become slower, and the sound which it emits grows weaker, and gradually dies away. Perpendicular upon their spiral line, the rings of the charmed serpent are by degrees expanded, and sink, one after another, upon the ground in concentric circles. The shades of azure, green, white, and gold, recover their brilliancy on his quivering skin, and slightly turning his head, he remains motionless in an attitude of attention and pleasure.

At this moment the Canadian advanced a few steps, producing with his flute sweet and simple notes. The reptile inclining his variegated neck, opens a passage with his head through the high grass, and begins to creep after the musician, stopping when he stops, and beginning to follow him again as soon as he moves forward. In this manner he was led out of our ca-

attended by a great number of spectators, both savages and Europeans, who could scarcely believe their eyes when they witnessed this wonderful effect of harmony. The assembly unanimously decreed that the serpent which had so highly entertained them should be permitted to escape."

Our author's account of the manners of the crocodile is no less interesting. But we object to the term "monster," as applied to a natural race of creatures—"species of monsters" is intolerable.

"In the Floridas, at the foot of the Apalachian mountains, are found springs which are denominated natural wells. Each well is scooped out of the centre of a hill planted with orange trees, evergreen oaks, and catalpas. This hill opens in the form of a crescent towards the savanna, and at the aperture a channel is connected with the well. The hollow formed by the trees as they overhang the fountain, causes the water beneath to appear perfectly black; but at the spot where the aqueduct joins the base of the cone, a ray of light, entering by the bed of the channel, falls upon a single point of the liquid mirror, which produces an effect resembling that of the glass in the *camera obscura* of the painter. A solitary crocodile, profoundly silent in the midst of the basin, completes the illusion. By his motionless attitude, by his large nostrils spouting the water in two coloured ellipses, you would take him for a dolphin of bronze, in some grotto among the groves of Versailles.

"The crocodiles, or caymans of the Floridas, live not always in solitude. At certain seasons of the year they assemble in troops, and lie in ambush to attack the scaly travellers who are expected to arrive from the ocean. When these have ascended the rivers, and, wanting water for their vast shoals, perish stranded on the shores, and threaten to infect the air, Providence suddenly lets loose upon them an army of four or five thousand crocodiles. The monsters, raising a tremendous outcry, and gnashing their horrid jaws, rush upon the affrighted strangers. Lashed by the redoubled strokes of their terrific tails, the billows fly upward in clouds of foam. Bounding from all sides, the combatants close, seize, and entwine each other. Now plunging to the bottom of the abyss they roll themselves in the mud; now ascending to the surface of the waves, the day witnesses their dreadful conflicts. The waters, stained with blood, are covered with mangled carcasses and reeking entrails. The valleys, mountains, and forests repeat the din of the horrible affray. No description can convey any idea of these extraordinary scenes described by travellers, and which the reader is always tempted to consider as mere exaggerations. It often happens that a hurricane, accompanied by one of those earthquakes so frequent



between the tropics, overtakes the combatants: the earth, parched with the fire of the dogstar, opens; the two seas, rising in rebellion, attack both the shores of the new world, and the Andes, shaking their riven summits, precipitate their rocks and their ices into either ocean. Routed, dispersed, and panic-struck, the foreign legions, pursued as far as the Atlantic, are obliged to return to its abyss, that by supplying our wants at some future period, they may serve without injuring us. In this manner all the works of the Creator are regulated by invariable laws.

“These species of monsters have sometimes proved a stumbling-block to the wisdom of the atheist; they are, however, extremely necessary for a general plan. They inhabit only the deserts where the absence of man commands their presence; they are placed there for the express purpose of destroying, till the arrival of the great destroyer. The moment we appear on the coast, they resign the empire to us; certain that a single individual of our species will make greater havoc than ten thousand of theirs.

.....

“Whatever may be the deformity of the beings which we call monsters, if we consider them individually, we may discover in their horrible figures some marks of divine goodness. Has a crocodile or a serpent less affection for her young than a nightingale or a dove? The instinct, or the understanding, of animals varies, but the feeling is alike in every species. Is it not a contrast equally wonderful and pleasing, to behold this crocodile building a nest and laying an egg like a hen, and a little monster issuing from that egg like a chicken?

“And what solicitude for her family does not the female crocodile display? She walks her rounds among the nests of her sisters, forming cones of eggs and of clay, and ranged like the tents of a camp on the bank of a river. The Amazon keeps a vigilant guard, and leaves the fires of day to operate; for if the delicate tenderness of the mother is, as it were, represented in the egg of the crocodile, the strength and the manners of that powerful animal are denoted by the sun which hatches that egg, and by the mud which serves them for ferment. As soon as one of the broods is hatched, the female takes the young monsters under her protection; they are not always her own children, but she thus serves an apprenticeship to maternal cares, and makes her dexterity equal to her future tenderness. When her family, at length, burst from their confinement, she conducts them to the river, she washes them in pure water, she teaches them to swim, she catches small fishes for them, and protects them from the males, by whom otherwise they would frequently be devoured. A Spaniard of Florida related to us, that, having taken the brood of a crocodile, which he ordered some negroes



to carry away in a basket, the female followed him, making pitiful lamentations. Two of the young were placed upon the ground; the mother immediately began to push them with her paws and with her snout; sometimes posting herself behind to defend them, sometimes walking before to show them the way. The young animals crawled, groaning, in the footsteps of their mother; and this enormous reptile, which used to shake the shores with her bellowing, then made a kind of bleating noise, as gentle as that of a goat suckling her kids.

“The rattlesnake vies with the crocodile in maternal affection; this superb reptile, which, as it is never the first to attack, gives a lesson of generosity to man, likewise presents to him a pattern of tenderness. When her offspring are pursued, she receives them into her mouth: dissatisfied with every other place of concealment, she hides them within herself, concluding that no asylum can be safer for her progeny than the bosom of a mother. A perfect example of sublime love, she refuses to survive the loss of her young: for it is impossible to deprive her of them without tearing out her entrails.”

The poison of this serpent is always most violent at the time when she has a family. Our author follows these observations to the times and seasons wherein they take place; and allots a chapter to the migration of plants.

But these are incidental observations only, though not foreign from M. C.'s principal object, which is, to introduce a moral appeal to the conscience, the natural feelings, and the taste of his readers. This he effects under various forms. There is not a person of either sex who has passed half the age allotted to man, but has felt the pain of parting from a friend, a brother, an object of affection, a second self. It is very fair to institute a comparison between the considerations which infidelity or paganism could afford to sooth the sufferings of the mind, while under such affliction, and those offered by christianity. Not that christianity answers all our *curious* inquiries; it speaks the language of hope, but it does not enlarge by way of dissertation. M. C. has the following thoughts on this subject.

“This genial warmth which *charity* communicates to the virtuous passions, imparts to them a divine character. The people of antiquity looked forward to a futurity that was bounded by the tomb: here they suffered shipwreck. Friends, brothers, husband and wife, parted at the gates of death, and felt that their separation was eternal; the height of their felicity consisted in mingling their ashes together; but how mournful must have been an urn containing nought but recollections! Polytheism has fixed man in the regions of the past; christianity has placed him in the plains of hope. The joys derived from virtuous senti-

ments on earth, are but a foretaste of the bliss that is reserved for us. The principle of our friendships is not in this world; two beings who mutually love each other here below, are only on the road to heaven, where they will arrive together if virtue be their guide: so that this strong expression employed by the poets, *to transfuse your soul into that of your friend*, is literally true, in respect of two christians. In quitting their bodies, they merely disencumber themselves of an obstacle which prevented their more intimate union, and their souls fly to be commingled in the bosom of the Almighty.

“Thus christianity, in revealing to us the foundations upon which rest the passions of men, has not stripped life of its enchantments; infinitely superior in this respect to that false philosophy which is too solicitous to dive into the nature of man, and to fathom the bottom of every thing. The christian religion has raised only so much of the veil as was necessary for us to see our way; but as for things which it is unnecessary for us to know, these she has enveloped in doubt and obscurity. We ought not to be continually sounding the abysses of the heart; the truths which it contains belong to the number of those that require half-light and perspective. It is highly imprudent to be incessantly applying our judgment to the loving part of our being, to transfer the reasoning spirit to the passions. This curiosity gradually leads us to entertain doubts respecting all noble objects; it extinguishes the sensibilities, and, as it were, murders the soul. The mysteries of the heart are like those of ancient Egypt; every profane person who strives to penetrate into their secrets, without being initiated into them by religion, as a just punishment for his audacity, is suddenly struck dead.”

When discussing, as a poet, the legitimate use that poetry may make of supernatural beings, M. C. is under the necessity of attributing, as all must, the superiority to those of the bible. We had rather decline allusion to the Deity, as the subject is too solemn, as well as too copious, for a slight mention, which is all we could allow it;—but we select, as instances of our author’s manner of thinking, his remarks on powers of a lower rank.

“The deities of polytheism, nearly equal in power, shared the same antipathies and the same affections. If they happened to be opposed to each other, it was only in the quarrels of mortals; they were soon reconciled when they met to drink nectar together.

“Christianity, on the contrary, by acquainting us with the real constitution of supernatural beings, has exhibited to us the empire of virtue eternally separated from that of vice. It has revealed to us spirits of darkness incessantly plotting the ruin of mankind, and spirits of light solely intent on the means of

saving our race. Hence arises an eternal conflict, whence a happy imagination may elicit numberless beauties.

“ This sublime species of the marvellous furnishes a second of an inferior order, that is to say, *magic*. This last was known to the ancients, but under our religion it has acquired, as a poetic machine, higher importance and increased extent. Care must, however, be always taken to employ it with discretion, because it is not in a style sufficiently chaste; it is above all, deficient in grandeur; for, borrowing some portion of its power from human nature, men communicate to it somewhat of their own insignificance.

“ A distinguishing feature in our supernatural beings, especially in the infernal powers, is the attribution of a character. We shall presently see what use Milton has made of the character of pride, assigned by christianity to the princes of darkness. The poet being, moreover, at liberty to allot a wicked spirit to each vice, may thus dispose of a host of infernal divinities: nay, he has then the genuine allegory, without having the insipidity which accompanies it, as these perverse spirits are in fact real beings, and such as our religion authorizes us to consider them.

But if the demons are equally numerous with the crimes of men, they may also be coupled with the tremendous incidents of nature. Whatever is criminal and irregular in the moral and in the physical world, is alike within their province. Care must only be taken when they are introduced in earthquakes and the gloomy recesses of an aged forest, to give these scenes a majestic character. The poet should, with exquisite taste, be able to make a distinction between the thunder of the Most High, and the empty noise raised by a perfidious spirit. Let not the lightnings be kindled but in the hands of God; let them never burst from the storm excited by the powers of hell. Let the latter be always sombre and ominous; let not its clouds be reddened by *wrath*, or propelled by the wind of *justice*; let them be pale and livid like those of *despair*, and be driven by the impure blasts of *hatred* alone. In these storms there should be felt a power mighty only in destruction; there should be found that incongruity, that confusion, that kind of malignant energy which has something disproportionate and gigantic, like the chaos whence it derives its origin.”

The spirits of light may be allowed to contrast these spirits of darkness; and we know not for what reason M. C. has divided them by a chapter on *the Saints*.

“ Among the Greeks, Heaven terminated at the summit of Mount Olympus, and their gods ascended no higher than the vapours of the earth. The *marcellous* of christianity, harmonizing with reason, astronomy, and the expansion of the soul, pe-

netrates from world to world, from universe to universe, successions of space from which the astonished imagination recoils. In vain the telescopes explore every corner of the heavens; in vain they pursue the comet through our system; the comet at length flies beyond their reach: but it eludes the *archangel*, who causes it to revolve on its pole, and who, at the appointed time, will bring it back by circuitous ways into the very focus of our sun.

“The christian poet alone is initiated into the secret wonders. From globes after globes, from suns after suns, the *seraphim*, *thrones*, and *dominations* that govern the heavens, the weary imagination again descends to earth, like a cataract which, in a magnificent cascade, pours forth its golden waters opposite to the sun setting in radiant majesty. You find the path from grand to soothing images; in the shady forest you find the domain of the *Angel of Solitude*; in the soft moonlight you find the *genius of the melancholics of the heart*; you find sighs in the murmur of the woods and in the plaintive Philomela. The roseate tints of the dawn are the hair of the *Angel of Morning*. The *Angel of Night* reclines in the midst of the firmament like the moon slumbering in a cloud; his eyes are covered with a bandage of stars, his feet and his forehead are tinged with blushes of twilight; *Aurora*; an *Angel of Silence* goes before him, and he is followed by the *Angel of Mystery*. Let us not wrong the poets by thinking that they look upon the *Angel of the Seas*, the *Angels of Tempests*, the *Angel of Time*, and the *Angel of Life* as spirits disagreeable to the Muses. It is the *Angel of Hope* that gives the virgin such a celestial look, and the *Angel of Beauty* who adorns her with graces; the honest man owes his integrity to the *Angel of Virtue*, and his lips to the *Angel of Peace*. There is nothing to prevent our assigning to these benevolent spirits attributes to distinguish their powers and their functions. The *Angel of Friendship*, for instance, might wear a girdle more wonderful than the cestus of *Venus*: for here we see, interwoven by a divine hand, the consolations of friendship, sublime devotion, the secret aspirations of the heart, pure joys, pure religion, the charm of the tomb, and immortal life.

We must now bring this article to a close; and perhaps we cannot do greater justice to the writer who has furnished the subject of it, than by quoting sentiments, which, though they apply particularly to the cause of the decline of taste, have a far more general application.

“In an enlightened age you will scarcely believe to what degree good morals depend on good taste, and good taste on good morals. The works of Racine, gradually becoming more

in proportion as the author became more religious, at last concluded with his *Athaliah*. Take notice, on the contrary, how the impiety and the genius of Voltaire discover themselves at one and the same time in his productions, by a mixture of delightful and disagreeable subjects. Bad taste, when incorrigible, is a perversion of judgment, a natural bias in the ideas; now as the mind acts upon the heart, the ways of the latter can scarcely be upright when those of the former are not so. He who is fond of deformity at a time when a thousand master-pieces might apprise him of his error and rectify his taste, is not far from loving vice; and 'tis no wonder if he who is insensible to beauty should also be blind to virtue.

“Every writer who refuses to believe in a God, the author of the universe, and the judge of men, whose soul he has made immortal, in the first place excludes infinity from his works. He confines his intellect within a circle of clay, from which it has then no means of escaping. He sees nothing that is noble in nature; all her operations are, in his infatuated opinion, effected by impure means of corruption and regeneration. The vast abyss is but a little *bituminous* water; the mountains are small *protuberances* of *calcareous* or *vitriifiable* rock, and the heavens are but a petty vault, thrown over us for a moment by the capricious hand of Chance.”

Vast indeed, is that idea, which beginning in time includes eternity. Calculation is lost in measuring the existence and the happiness of the christian hereafter: but loss of calculation is one principle of sublimity. It is the undefined and undefinable something which fixes the mind's eye, yet eludes its examination. It is the immensity of the firmament, in which none supposes he can distinguish the ultimate distance, or mark that star which fixes the limits of ethereal space. And should such an idea be entertained by the ignorant, let those who have enjoyed the advantage of instruments, which form the glory of modern science, with no faltering voice declare their conviction to the contrary. They have penetrated, as it were, further and further “into the Heaven of Heavens;” yet have ended their weary scrutiny with the feeling of their own imperfection, and of the incompetency of their powers to accomplish that which to attempt almost implies presumption. Such is the philosopher contemplating the celestial firmament; and such the christian contemplating the spiritual heaven.

*A Sequel to the "Rejected Addresses;" or the Theatrum Poetarum Minorum. By another Author. 12mo.*

It is a very rare occurrence when the continuation of popular book rivals the book itself in merit. We wish that we were able to promise our readers the gratification which arises from that rarity on the present occasion: but the Sequel to the (fictitious) "Rejected Addresses" proceeds from a very inferior hand. The first supposed candidate for the prize is Mr. Campbell; and although he certainly would have afforded a good subject for imitation in the former *jeu d'esprit*, yet we cannot understand the wit of his being classed among the *Poetae Minores* of Great Britain, in the trifle before us. His marked peculiarities of manner (taking them as they are displayed "Gertrude of Wyoming") are grossly burlesqued in a vulgarism called "Molly of Bridges Street." For the excessive refinement and laboured polish of the original, we have the wiredrawn want of thought and careless composition of a copyist, whose humour is without strength, and whose coarseness unredeemed by vivacity.

The "Farmer's Boy's Address," ascribed to Robert Bloorfield, has no other resemblance than that of frigid and unmeaning *verbiage*, to the model from which it is imitated: while "The philosophical discovery, and Plebeian Talent," by Captain Loft, Esq. endeavours in vain to amuse the reader, by making the pretended and very respectable author ridiculous. Both attempts are equally unsuccessful. The nonsense supposed to be spoken by boys of thirteen and fourteen years of age would disgrace the gambols of a nursery.

"Drury-lane; a Poem in two parts, by Lord George Greyville," with a minute argument prefixed to each part, is written (we conclude) in mimicry of the poem of that noble author entitled "Portugal," which we had hoped ere now to have duly reported. The style of the original has nothing sufficiently marked for imitation; and as to the sentiments of piety which occur in Lord George's composition, we cannot discern the good sense which laughs at them in the burlesque. It is a sure characteristic of this species of wittlings to smile when they should be serious:

"Gentle dulness ever loves a jest."

"Sympathetic Adventures, by Yorick's Ghost," although tedious on the whole, have really some merit in detached parts. Yorick breakfasting in bed, after his exertions on the preceding

night at the fire, and the landlady helping him to tea and toast, have much of the *particularized reality* of Sterne, and do not fail to suggest other points of resemblance.

"Drury and Comedy," by L'Allegro, is below contempt. "A Spirited Address on Theatrical Reform," by Sir Francis Burdett, has no similarity to the manner, and even caricatures the sentiments, of the baronet. "Orchestraic Melody," allotted to Mr. Horace Twiss, might have been written by that gentleman, or any other gentleman, had it been more correct in language and versification :

"Avaunt fam'd Handel, Haydn, and Mozart !  
 Thy sounds hoarse rattling, like a drayman's cart," &c. &c.

"An Address for a Youthful Audience," by Mrs. Barbauld, may possess some occasional likeness to the productions of that accomplished friend of juvenile readers : but, if it does, what merit is due to such success ? That judgment is sadly deficient which can so ill discern the proper objects of burlesque.

The "Burning," by Miss Holford, lashes the irregularity of that lady's measure with much justice, but entirely fails in transfusing her undoubted spirit. "The Battle of the Pit of Drura," by Ossian's Ghost, may be said to be nearly as good as the original, by those who entertain not very reverent ideas of the Gaelic Bard. "Sonnetson Theatrical Subjects," by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, are tolerably successful : but the "Managing Brewers," injuriously assigned to Mr. Hayley, is a perfect picture of St. Giles's ;—and thus ends this doleful tragedy.



**BIOGRAPHY**  
**OF**  
**CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.**

To speak feelingly, yet temperately, of the merits of those who have bravely fought and gloriously fallen in the service of their country, is one of the most difficult tasks of the biographer. Filled with admiration of their valour, and sorrow for their fate, we feel the impotency of our gratitude, in being able to reward such great sacrifices with nothing but empty applause. We are apt, therefore, to be hurried into a degree of eulogium, which, however sincere and acknowledged at the time, may be regarded as extravagant by the dispassionate eye of after years.

We feel more particularly this difficulty, in undertaking to give the memoirs of one, whose excellent qualities and gallant deeds are still vivid in our recollection, and whose untimely end has excited, in an extraordinary degree, the sympathies of his countrymen. Indeed, the popular career of this youthful hero has been so transient, yet dazzling, as almost to prevent sober investigation. Scarce had we ceased to rejoice in his victory, before we were called on to deplore his loss. He passed before the public eye like a star, just beaming on it for a moment, and falling in the midst of his brightness.

Captain James Lawrence was born on the 1st of October, 1781, at Burlington, in the state of New-Jersey. He was the youngest son of John Lawrence, Esq. an eminent counsellor at law of that place. Within a few weeks after his birth his mother died, and the charge of him devolved on his sisters, to whom he ever showed the warmest gratitude for the tender care they took of his infant years. He early evinced that excellence of heart by which he was characterized through life; he was a dutiful and affectionate child, mild in his disposition, and of the most gentle and engaging manners. He was scarce twelve years of age when he expressed a decided partiality for

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**JAMES LAWRENCE ESQ<sup>r</sup>**

*Late of the United States Navy.*

*Engraved for the Annals of the Navy.*

*Entered according to Act of Congress.*

seafaring life; but his father disapproving of it, and wishing him to prepare for the profession of the law, his strong sense of duty induced him to acquiesce. He went through the common branches of education, at a grammar school, at Burlington, with much credit to himself, and satisfaction to his tutors. The pecuniary misfortunes of his father prevented his receiving a finished education, and between the age of thirteen and fourteen he commenced the study of the law with his brother, the late John Lawrence, Esq. who then resided at Woodbury. He remained for two years in this situation, vainly striving to accommodate himself to pursuits wholly repugnant to his taste and inclinations. The dry studies of statutes and reporters, the technical rubbish, and dull routine of a lawyer's office, were little calculated to please an imagination teeming with the adventures, the wonders, and variety of the seas. At length, his father being dead, and his strong predilection for the roving life of a sailor being increased by every attempt to curb it, his brother yielded to his solicitations, and placed him under the care of Mr. Griscomb, at Burlington, to acquire the principles of navigation and naval tactics. He remained with him for three months, when, his intention of applying for a situation in the navy being generally known, several of the most distinguished gentlemen of the state interested themselves in his behalf, and wrote to the navy department. The succeeding mail brought him a midshipman's warrant; and between the age of sixteen and seventeen he entered the service of his country.

His first cruise was to the West Indies in the ship *Ganges*, commanded by Captain Thomas Tingey. In this and several subsequent cruises, no opportunity occurred to call forth particular services; but the attention and intelligence which he uniformly displayed in the discharge of his duties, the correctness of his deportment, and the suavity of his manners, gained him the approbation of his commanders, and rendered him a favourite with his associates and inferiors.

When the war was declared against Tripoli, he was promoted to a lieutenancy, and appointed to the command of the schooner *Enterprise*. While in this command he volunteered his services

in the hazardous exploit of destroying the frigate *Philadelphia*, and accompanied Decatur as his first lieutenant. The brilliant success of that enterprise is well known; and for the gallantry and skill displayed on the occasion, Decatur was made post captain, while Lawrence, in common with the other officers and crew, were voted by congress two months' extra pay—a sordid and paltry reward, which he immediately declined.

The harbour of Tripoli appears to have been the school of our naval heroes. In tracing the histories of those who have lately distinguished themselves, we are always led to the coast of Barbary as the field of their first experience and young achievement. The concentration of our little navy at this point, soon after its formation, has had a happy effect upon its character and fortunes. The officers were most of them young in years, and young in arms, full of life, and spirits, and enthusiasm. Such is the time to form generous impressions and strong attachments. It was there they grew together in habits of mutual confidence and friendship; and to the noble emulation of so many young minds newly entering upon an adventurous profession, may be attributed that enterprising spirit and defiance of danger that has ever since distinguished our navy.

After continuing in the Mediterranean about three years and a half, Lawrence returned to the United States with Commodore Preble, and was again sent out on that station, as commander of Gun boat No. 6. in which he remained for sixteen months. Since that time he has acted as first lieutenant of the *Constitution*, and as commander of the *Vixen*, *Wasp*, *Argus* and *Hornet*. In 1808 he was married to a daughter of Mr. Montauvert, a respectable merchant of New-York, to whom he made one of the kindest and most affectionate of husbands.

At the commencement of the present war he sailed in the *Hornet* sloop of war, as part of the squadron that cruised under Commodore Rodgers. While absent on this cruise Lieutenant Morris was promoted to the rank of post captain, for his bravery and skill as first lieutenant of the *Constitution* in her action with the *Guerriere*. This appointment, as it raised him two grades, and placed him over the heads of older officers, gave great offence to many of the navy, who could not brook that the regu-

lar rules of the service should be infringed. It was thought particularly unjust, as giving him rank above Lawrence, who had equally distinguished himself as first lieutenant of Decatur, in the destruction of the frigate Philadelphia, and who, at present, was put master and commander.

On returning from his cruise Captain Lawrence, after consulting with Commodores Rodgers and Bainbridge, and with other experienced gentlemen of the navy, addressed a memorial to the senate, and a letter to the secretary of the navy, wherein, after the fullest acknowledgments of the great merits and services of Captain Morris, he remonstrated in the most temperate and respectful, but firm and manly language, on the impropriety of his promotion, as being contrary to the rules of naval precedence, and particularly hard as it respected himself. At the same time, he frankly mentioned that he should be compelled, however reluctant, to leave the service, if thus improperly outranked.

The reply of the secretary was singularly brief; barely observing, that if he thought proper to leave the service without a cause, there would still remain heroes and patriots to support the honour of the flag. There was a laconic severity in this reply calculated to cut a man of feeling to the heart, and which ought not to have been provoked by the fair and candid remonstrance of Lawrence.

Where men are fighting for honour rather than profit, the utmost delicacy should be observed towards their high-toned feelings. Those complaints which spring from wounded pride, and the jealousy of station, should never be regarded lightly. The best soldiers are ever most tenacious of their rank; for it cannot be expected that he who hazards every thing for distinction, will be careless of it after it is attained. Fortunately, Lawrence had again departed on a cruise before this letter arrived, which otherwise might have driven from the service one of our most meritorious officers.

This second cruise was in company with Commodore Bainbridge, who commanded the Constitution. While cruising off the Brazils they fell in with the Bonne Citoyenne, a British ship of war, having on board a large amount of specie, and chased her into St. Salvadore. Notwithstanding that she was a larger vessel, and of a greater force in guns and

men than the *Hornet*, yet Captain Lawrence sent a challenge to her commander, Captain Green, pledging his honour that neither the *Constitution* nor any other American vessel should interfere. Commodore Bainbridge made a similar pledge on his own part; but the British commander declined the combat, alleging that though perfectly satisfied that the event of such a rencounter would be favourable to his ship; "yet he was equally convinced that Commodore Bainbridge could not swerve so much from the paramount duty he owed his country as to become an inactive spectator, and see a ship belonging to the very squadron under his orders, fall into the hands of the enemy."

To make him easy on this point, Commodore Bainbridge left the *Hornet* four days together off the harbour in which the *Bonne Citoyenne* laid, and from which she could discover that he was not within forty miles of it. He afterwards went into the harbour and remained there three days, where he might at any time have been detained twenty-four hours, at the request of Captain Green, if disposed to combat the *Hornet*. At length the *Constitution* went off altogether, leaving Lawrence to blockade the *Bonne Citoyenne*, which he did for nearly a month, Captain Green not thinking proper to risk an encounter. It is possible that having an important public trust in charge, and sailing under particular orders, he did not think himself authorized to depart from the purpose of his voyage, and risk his vessel in a contest for mere individual reputation. But if such were his reasons, he should have stated them when he refused to accept the challenge.

On the 24th of January Captain Lawrence was obliged to shift his cruising ground, by the arrival of the *Montagu* 74, which had sailed from Rio Janeiro for the express purpose of relieving the *Bonne Citoyenne* and a British packet of 12 guns, which likewise lay at St. Salvadore. At length, on the morning of the 24th February, when cruising off Demarara, the *Hornet* fell in with the British brig *Peacock*, Captain Peake, a vessel of about equal force. The contest commenced within half pistol shot, and so tremendous was the fire of the Americans, that in less than fifteen minutes the enemy surrendered, and made



signal of distress, being in a sinking condition. Her mainmast shortly went by the board, and she was left such an absolute wreck, that, notwithstanding every exertion was made to keep her afloat until the prisoners could be removed, she sunk with thirteen of her crew, and three brave Americans tars, who thus nobly perished in relieving a conquered foe. The slaughter on board of the Peacock was very severe; among the slain was found the body of her commander, Captain Peake. He was twice wounded in the course of the action; the last wound proved fatal. His body was wrapped in the flag of his vessel, and laid in the cabin to sink with her, a shroud and sepulchre worthy so brave a sailor.

During the battle the British brig L'Espeigle, mounting 15 two and thirty pound carronades and two long nines, lay at anchor, about six miles in shore. Being apprehensive that she would beat out to the assistance of her consort, the utmost exertions were made to put the Hornet in a situation for action, and in about three hours she was in complete preparation, but the enemy did not think proper to make an attack.

The conduct of Lawrence towards his prisoners was such, as, we are proud to say, has uniformly characterized the officers of our navy. They have ever displayed the liberality and scrupulous delicacy of generous minds towards those whom the fortune of war has thrown in their power; and thus have won by their magnanimity those whom they have conquered by their valour. The officers of the Peacock were so affected by the treatment they received from Captain Lawrence, that on their arrival at New-York they made a grateful acknowledgment in the public papers. To use their own expressive phrase, "they ceased to consider themselves prisoners." Nor must we omit to mention a circumstance highly to the honour of the brave tars of the Hornet. Finding that the crew of the Peacock had lost all their clothing by the sudden sinking of the vessel, they made a subscription, and from their own wardrobes supplied each man with two shirts, and a blue jacket and trowsers. Such may rough sailors be made, when they have before them the example of high-minded men. They are beings of but little reflection, open to the impulse and excitement of the moment; and

it depends in a great measure upon their officers, whether, like Lawrence, they shall ennoble themselves by generous action, or, under a Cockburn, be hurried away into scenes of undisciplined atrocity.

On returning to this country Captain Lawrence was received with great distinction and applause, and various public honors conferred on him peculiar tokens of approbation. While the rank of post captain had been conferred on him, and after his return he received a letter from the secretary of the navy, offering him the command of the frigate *Constitution*. As neither Captains Porter or Evans applied for it, they were older officers. Captain Lawrence respectfully declined the conditional appointment, for satisfactory reasons which he stated to the secretary. He then received an unconditional appointment to that frigate, and directions to superintend the navy-yard at New York in the absence of Capt. Ludlow. The next day, to his surprise and chagrin, he received counter orders, with instructions to take command of the frigate *Chesapeake*, then lying in Boston, nearly ready for sea. This appointment was particularly disagreeable to him. He was prejudiced against the *Chesapeake* both from her being considered the worst ship in our navy, and from having been in a manner disgraced in the affair with the *Leopard*. This last circumstance had acquired her the character of an unlucky ship—the worst of stigmas among sailors, with devout believers in good and bad luck; and so detrimental to this vessel, that it has been found difficult to recruit for her.

The extreme repugnance that Capt. Lawrence felt to the appointment induced him to write to the secretary of the navy requesting to be continued in the command of the *Hornet*. But it was his wish to remain some short time in port, and to enjoy a little repose in the bosom of his family: particularly as he was in that delicate situation that most calls forth the tenderness and solicitude of an affectionate husband. But though he wrote four letters successively to the secretary, he never received an answer, and was obliged reluctantly to acquiesce.

While laying in Boston roads, nearly ready for sea, the frigate *Shannon* appeared off the harbour, and made

expressive of a challenge. The brave Lawrence immediately determined on accepting it, though conscious at the time of the great disparity between the two ships. The Shannon was a prime vessel, equipped in an extraordinary manner, for the express purpose of combating advantageously one of our largest frigates. She had an unusually numerous crew of picked men, thoroughly disciplined and well officered. She was commanded by Captain Broke, one of the bravest and ablest officers in the service, who fought merely for reputation.

On the other hand, the Chesapeake was an indifferent ship: with a crew, a great part of whom were newly recruited, and not brought into proper discipline. They were strangers to their commander, who had not had time to produce that perfect subordination, yet strong personal attachment, which he had the talent of creating wherever he commanded. His first lieutenant was sick on shore; the other officers, though meritorious, were young men; two of them mere acting lieutenants; most of them recently appointed to the ship, and unacquainted with the men. Those who are in the least informed in nautical affairs, must perceive the greatness of these disadvantages.

The most earnest endeavours were used, by Commodore Bainbridge and other gentlemen of nice honour and sound experience, to dissuade Captain Lawrence from what was considered a rash and unnecessary exposure. He felt and acknowledged the force of their reasons, but persisted in his determination. He was peculiarly situated: he had formerly challenged the *Bonne Citoyenne*, and should he decline a similar challenge, it might subject him to sneers and misrepresentations. Among the other unfortunate circumstances that attended this ill-starred battle, was the delay of a written challenge from Captain Broke, which did not arrive until after Captain Lawrence had sailed. It is stated to have been couched in the most frank and courteous language; minutely detailing the force of his ship: and offering, if the Chesapeake should not be completely prepared, to cruise off and on until such time as she made a specified signal of being ready for the conflict. It is to be deeply regretted that Captain Lawrence did not receive this gallant challenge, as it would have given him time to put his

ship in proper order, and spared him the necessity of hurrying out in his unprepared condition, to so formal and momentous encounter.

After getting the ship under way, he called the crew together and having ordered the white flag to be hoisted, bearing motto, "Free trade and sailors' rights," he, according to custom, made them a short harangue. While he was speaking several murmurs were heard, and strong symptoms of dissatisfaction appeared in the manners and countenances of the crew. When he had finished, a scoundrel Portuguese, who was boatswain's mate, and acted as spokesman to the murmurers, replied to Captain Lawrence in an insolent manner, complaining, among other things, that they had not been paid their prizemoney which had been due for some time past.

The critical nature of the moment, and his ignorance of the dispositions and characters of his crew, would not allow Captain Lawrence to notice such dastardly and mutinous conduct in the manner it deserved. He dared not thwart the humours of a crew over whose affections he had not had time to acquire influence, and therefore ordered the purser to take them to the bank and give them checks for their prizemoney, which was accordingly done.

We dwell on these particulars to show the disastrous and heartening circumstances under which Captain Lawrence went forth to this battle—circumstances which shook even his stout and manly breast, and filled him with a despondency unusual to his nature. Justice to the memory of this invaluable officer requires that the disadvantages under which he fought should be made public.\*

It was on the morning of the first of June that the Chesapeake put to sea. The Shannon, on seeing her come out, followed her away, and the other followed. At 4 P. M. the Chesapeake hailed up and fired a gun; the Shannon then hove to. Both vessels manœuvred in awful silence, until within pistol-shot when the Shannon opened her fire, and both vessels almost at the same moment poured forth tremendous broadsides. The execution in both ships was terrible, but the fire of the

\* The particulars of this action are chiefly given from a conversation with the officers of the Chesapeake; and we believe may be relied on as authentic.

non was peculiarly fatal, not only making great slaughter among the men, but cutting down some of the most valuable officers. The very first shot killed Mr. White, sailing master of the *Chesapeake*, an excellent officer, whose loss at such a moment was disastrous in the extreme. The fourth lieutenant, Mr. Ballard, received also a mortal wound in this broadside, and at the same moment Captain Lawrence was shot through the leg with a musket ball; he however supported himself on the companion-way, and continued to give his orders with his usual coolness. About three broadsides were exchanged, which, from the closeness of the ships, were dreadfully destructive. The *Chesapeake* had three men shot from her helm successively, each taking it as the other fell; this of course produced irregularity in the steering, and the consequence was, that her anchor caught in one of the *Shannon's* after ports. She was thus in a position where her guns could not be brought to bear upon the enemy, while the latter was enabled to fire raking shots from her foremost guns, which swept the upper decks of the *Chesapeake*, killing or wounding the greater portion of the men. A hand grenade was thrown on the quarter-deck, which set fire to some musket cartridges, but did no other damage.

In this state of carnage and exposure about twenty of the *Shannon's* men, seeing a favourable opportunity for boarding, without waiting for orders, jumped on the deck of the *Chesapeake*. Captain Lawrence had scarce time to call his boarders, when he received a second and mortal wound from a musket ball, which lodged in his intestines. Lieutenant Cox, who commanded the second division, rushed up at the call for the boarders, but came just in time to receive his falling commander. He was in the act of carrying him below, when Captain Broke, accompanied by his first lieutenant, and followed by his regular boarders, sprang on board the *Chesapeake*. The brave Lawrence saw the overwhelming danger; his last words, as he was borne bleeding from the deck, were, "don't surrender the ship!"

Samuel Livermore, Esq. of Boston, who from personal attachment to Captain Lawrence had accompanied him in this cruise as chaplain, attempted to revenge his fall. He shot at Captain Broke, but missed him: the latter made a cut at his head, which Livermore warded off, but in so doing received a severe wound

in the arm. The only officer that now remained on the upper deck was Lieutenant Ludlow, who was so entirely weakened and disabled by repeated wounds, received early in the action, as to be incapable of personal resistance. The comparatively small number of men, therefore, that survived on the upper decks, having no officer to head them, the British succeeded in securing complete possession, before those from below could get up. Lieutenant Budd, who had commanded the first division below, being informed of the danger, hastened up with some men, but was overpowered by superior numbers and cut down immediately. Great embarrassment took place, in consequence of the officers being unacquainted with the crew. In one instance in particular, Lieutenant Cox, on mounting the deck, joined a party of the enemy through mistake, and was made sensible of his error by their cutting at him with their sabres.

While this scene of havoc and confusion was going on above, Captain Lawrence who was laying in the wardroom in excruciating pain, hearing the firing cease, forgot the anguish of his wounds: having no officer near him, he ordered the surgeon to hasten on deck and tell the officers to fight on to the last, and never to strike the colours; adding, "they shall wave while I live." The fate of the battle, however, was decided. Finding all further resistance vain, and a mere waste of life, Lieutenant Ludlow gave up the ship; after which he received a sabre wound in the head from one of the Shannon's crew, which fractured his skull and ultimately proved mortal. He was one of the most promising officers of his age in the service, highly esteemed for his professional talents, and beloved for the generous qualities that adorned his private character.

Thus terminated one of the most remarkable combats on naval record. From the peculiar accidents that attended it, the battle was short, desperate and bloody. So long as the cannonading continued, the Chesapeake is said to have clearly had the advantage; and had the ships not ran foul, it is probable she would have captured the Shannon. Though considerably damaged in her upper works, and pierced with some shot-holes in her hull, yet she had sustained no injury to affect her safety; whereas the Shannon had received several shots between wind

and water, and, consequently, could not have sustained the action long. The havoc on both sides was dreadful ; but to the singular circumstance of having every officer on the upper deck either killed or wounded, early in the action, may chiefly be attributed the loss of the Chesapeake.

There have been various vague complaints circulated of the excesses of the victors, and of their treatment of our crew after the surrender. These have been, as usual, dwelt on and magnified, and made subjects of national aspersion. Nothing can be more illiberal than this. Where the scene of conflict is tumultuous and sanguinary, and the struggle desperate, as in the boarding of a ship, excesses will take place among the men which it is impossible to prevent. They are the inevitable incidents of war, and should never be held up to provoke national abhorrence or retaliation. Indeed, they are so liable to be misrepresented by partial and distorted accounts, that very little faith is ever to be placed in them. Such, for instance, is the report, that the enemy discharged several muskets into the cockpit after the ship had been given up. This, in fact, was provoked by the wanton act of a boy below, who shot down the sentinel stationed at the gangway, and thus produced a momentary exasperation, and an alarm that our men were rising. It should be recollected, likewise, that our flag was not struck, but was haled down by the enemy ; consequently, the surrender of the ship was not immediately known throughout, and the struggle continued in various places, before the proper orders could be communicated. It is wearisome and disgusting to observe the war of slander kept up by the little minds of both countries, wherein every paltry misdeed of a paltry individual is insidiously trumpeted forth as a stigma on the respective nation. By these means are engendered lasting roots of bitterness, that give an implacable spirit to the actual hostility of the times, and will remain after the present strife shall have passed away. As the nations must inevitably, and at no very distant period, come once more together in the relations of amity and commerce, it is to be wished that as little private animosity may be encouraged as possible ; so that though we may contend for rights and interests, we may never cease to esteem and respect each other.

The two ships presented dismal spectacles after the battle.



• Crowded with the wounded and the dying, they resembled floating hospitals sending forth groans at every roll. The brave Broke lay delirious from a wound in the head, which he is said to have received while endeavouring to prevent the slaughter of some of our men who had surrendered. In his rational intervals he always spoke in the highest terms of the courage and skill of Lawrence, and of "the gallant and masterly style" in which he brought the Chesapeake into action.

The wounds of Captain Lawrence rendered it impossible to remove him after the battle, and his cabin being very much shattered, he remained in the wardroom. Here he lay, attended by his own surgeon, and surrounded by his brave and suffering officers. He made no comment on the battle, nor indeed was heard to utter a word, except to make such simple requests as his necessities required. In this way he lingered through four days, in extreme bodily pain, and the silent melancholy of a proud and noble heart, and then expired. His body was wrapped in the colours of his ship and laid on the quarter-deck of the Chesapeake, to be conveyed to Halifax, for interment.

At the time of his death he was but thirty-two years of age, nearly sixteen of which had been honourably expended in the service of his country. He was a disciplinarian of the highest order, producing perfect obedience and subordination without severity. His men became zealously devoted to him, and ready to do through affection what severity would never have compelled. He was scrupulously correct in his principles, delicate in his sense of honour; and to his extreme jealousy of reputation he fell a victim, in daring an ill-matched encounter, which prudence would have justified him in declining. In battle, where his lofty and commanding person made him conspicuous, the calm collected courage, and elevated tranquillity, which he maintained in the midst of peril, imparted a confidence to every bosom. In the hour of victory he was moderate and unassuming; towards the vanquished he was gentle, generous and humane. But it is on the amiable qualities that adorned his private character, that his friends will hang with the fondest remembrance—that bland philanthropy that emanated from every look, that breathed forth in every accent, that gave a grace to every action. His was a

general benevolence, that, like a lambent flame, shed its cheering rays throughout the sphere of his influence, warming and gladdening every heart, and lighting up every countenance into smiles. But there is one little circle on whose sacred sorrows even the eye of sympathy dares not intrude. His brother being dead, he was the last male branch of a family, who looked up to him as its ornament and pride. His fraternal tenderness was the prop and consolation of two widowed sisters, and in him their helpless offspring found a father. He left, also, a wife and two young children to whom he was fervently attached. The critical situation of the former was one of those cares which preyed upon his mind at the time he went forth to battle. The utmost precautions have been taken by her relatives, to keep from her the knowledge of her husband's fate; their anxiety has been relieved by the birth of a son, who, we trust, will inherit the virtues, and emulate the actions of his father. The unfortunate mother is now slowly recovering from a long and dangerous confinement; but has yet to learn the heart-rending intelligence, that the infant in her arms is fatherless.

There is a touching pathos about the death of this estimable officer, that endears him more to us than if he had been successful. The prosperous conqueror is an object of admiration, but in some measure of envy: whatever gratitude we feel for his services, we are apt to think them repaid by the plaudits he enjoys. But he who falls a martyr to his country's cause excites the fulness of public sympathy. Envy cannot repine at laurels so dearly purchased, and gratitude feels that he is beyond the reach of its rewards. The last sad scene of his life hallows his memory; it remains sacred by misfortune, and honoured, not by the acclamations, but the tears of his countrymen. The idea of Lawrence, cut down in the prime of his days, stretched upon his deck, wrapped in the flag of his country—that flag which he had contributed to ennoble, and had died to defend—is a picture that will remain treasured up in the dearest recollections of every American. His will form one of those talismanic names which every nation preserves as watchwords for patriotism and valour.

Deeply, therefore, as every bosom must lament the fall of so gallant and amiable an officer, there are some reflections con-

soling to the pride of friendship, and which may sooth, though they cannot prevent, the bitter tear of affection. He fell before his flag was struck. His fall was the cause, not the consequence, of defeat. He fell covered with glory, in the flower of his days, in the perfection of mental and personal endowment, and the freshness of reputation; thus leaving in every mind the full and perfect image of a hero. However we may deplore the stroke of death, his visits are occasionally well timed for his victim: he sets a seal upon the fame of the illustrious, fixing it beyond the reach of accident or change. And where is the son of honour, panting for distinction, who would not rather, like Lawrence, be snatched away in the brightness of youth and glory, than dwindle down to what is termed a good old age, wear his reputation to the shreds, and leave behind him nothing but the remembrance of decrepitude and imbecility.

With feelings that swell our hearts do we notice the honours paid to the remains of the brave Lawrence at Halifax. When the ships arrived in port, a generous concern was expressed for his fate. The recollection of his humanity towards the crew of the Peacock was still fresh in every mind. His funeral obsequies were celebrated with appropriate ceremonies, and an affecting solemnity. His pall was supported by the oldest captains in the British service that were in Halifax; and the naval officers crowded to yield the last sad honours to a man who was late their foe, but now their foe no longer. There is a sympathy between gallant souls that knows no distinction of clime or nation. They honour in each other what they feel proud of in themselves. The group that gathered round the grave of Lawrence presented a scene worthy of the heroic days of chivalry. It was a complete triumph of the nobler feelings over the savage passions of war. We know not where most to bestow our admiration—on the living, who showed such generous sensibility to departed virtue, or on the dead, in being worthy of such obsequies from such spirits. It is by deeds like these that we really feel ourselves subdued. The conflict of arms is ferocious, and triumph does but engender more deadly hostility; but the contest of magnanimity calls forth the better feelings, and the conquest is over the affections. We hope that in such a contest we may

never be outdone ; but that the present unhappy war may be continually softened and adorned by similar acts of courtesy and kindness on either part, thus sowing among present hostilities the quickening seeds of future friendship.

As to the event of this battle, deeply as we mourn the loss of so many valuable lives, we feel no further cause of lamentation. Brilliant as the victory undoubtedly was to the conquerors, our nation lost nothing of honour in the conflict. The ship was gallantly and bloodily defended to the last, and was lost, not through want of good conduct or determined bravery, but from the unavoidable chances of battle.\* It was a victory "over which the conqueror mourned—so many suffered." We will not enter into any mechanical measurement of feet and inches, or any nice calculation of force ; whether she had a dozen men more or less, or were able to throw a few pounds more or less of ball, than her adversary, by way of accounting for her defeat ; we leave to nicer calculators to balance skill and courage against timber and old iron, and mete out victories by the square and the steelyard. The question of naval superiority, about which so much useless anxiety has been manifested of late, and which we fear will cause a vast deal of strife and ill blood before it is put to rest, was in our opinion settled long since, in the course of the five preceding battles. From a general examination of these battles, it appears clearly to us that, under equal circumstances of force and preparation, the nations are equal on the ocean ; and the result of any contest, between well-matched ships, would depend entirely on accident. This, without any charge of vanity, we may certainly claim : the British, in justice and candour, must admit as much, and it would be arrogant in us to insist on any thing more.

Our officers have hitherto been fighting under superior excitement to the British. They have been eager to establish a

\* In this we speak of the loyal, and really American part of the crew. We have, it is true, been told of treacherous conduct among the murmurers, a number of whom, headed by the dastardly Portuguese boatswain's mate, are said to have deserted their commander at the moment of most need. As this matter will come under the scrutiny of the proper tribunal, we pass it over without further notice. If established, it will form another of the baleful disadvantages under which this battle was fought, and may serve to show the policy of admitting the leaven of foreign vagabonds among our own sound-hearted sailors.

name, and from their limited number, each has felt as if individually responsible for the reputation of the navy. Besides, the haughty superiority with which they have at various times been treated by the enemy, had stung the feelings of the officers, and even touched the rough pride of the common sailor. They have spared no pains, therefore, to prepare for contest with a formidable foe, and have fought with the united advantages of discipline and enthusiasm.

An equal excitement is now felt by the British. Galled by our successes, they begin to find that we are an enemy that call for all their skill and circumspection. They have therefore resorted to a strictness of discipline, and to excessive precaution and preparations that had been neglected in their navy, and which no other modern foe has been able to compel. Thus circumstanced, every future contest must be bloody and precarious. The question of superiority, if such an idle question is still kept up, will in all probability be shifting with the result of different battles, as either side has superior advantages, or superior good fortune.

For our part, we conceive that the great purpose of our navy is accomplished. It was not to be expected that with so inconsiderable a force, we should make any impression on British power, or materially affect British commerce. We fought, not to take their ships and plunder their wealth, but to pluck some of their laurels wherewith to grace our own brows. In this we have succeeded; and thus the great mischief that our little navy was capable of doing to Great Britain, in showing that her maritime power was vulnerable, has been effected, and is irretrievable.

The British may now swarm on our coasts—they may infect our rivers and our bays—they may destroy our ships—they may burn our docks and our ports—they may annihilate every gallant tar that fights beneath our flag—they may wreak every vengeance on our marine that their overwhelming force enable them to accomplish—and after all what have they effected? redeemed the pre-eminence of their flag? destroyed the naval power of this country?—no such thing. They must first obliterate from the tablets of our memories, that deep-traced recol-

lection, that we have repeatedly met them with equal force and conquered. In that inspiring idea, which is beyond the reach of mortal hand, exists the germ of future navies, future power, and future conquest. What is our navy?—a handful of frigates; let them be destroyed; our forests can produce hundreds such. Should our docks be laid in ruins, we can rebuild them—should our gallant band of tars be annihilated, thanks to the vigorous population of our country, we can furnish thousands and thousands of such—but so long as exists the moral certainty that we have within us the spirit, the abilities, and the means of attaining naval glory—so long the enemy, in wreaking their resentment on our present force, do but bite the stone which has been hurled at them—the hand that hurled it remains uninjured.

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## NOTICE

OF

## MR. SCOTT'S EDITION OF DRYDEN.

I HAVE often reflected on the cruel injustice of recalling, from that oblivion to which time, and the tacit consent of mankind, had consigned them, those worthless productions of distinguished writers, whose poverty obliged them to prostitute their talents to the licentiousness of the times. Genius partakes largely of that inequality which we observe in all the powers of man; is sometimes weak, often capricious, and always at the mercy of outward circumstances. Add to this, that the fairest creations of fancy, and the noblest structures of human reason, too often fall into temporary oblivion, while innumerable wretched productions become the objects of strenuous admiration, and procure for their authors not only the most gratifying applauses, but the most substantial benefits.

It is, therefore, hardly to be wondered at, that the weakness of human nature should sometimes yield to the hope of temporary fame and reward, or to the pressure of poverty, and pay homage to the false taste of the times; or that indigent men of

genius should sometimes be found offering incense at the shrine of immorality. I would plead in their excuse, that, like all other men, they erred because their temptations were strong and if I could find in their other works traits of generous feeling or precepts of exalted morality, I would treat them as we do a valued friend—cherish their nobler qualities, and consign their faults and indiscretions to oblivion.

But it is the fashion of the times to outrage the sacred ashes of genius, and rake in the graves of departed writers of illustrious fame, for those worthless productions, which, in the hour of youthful indiscretion, or the effervescence of licentious fancy, or in the anguish of repining want, they wrote to ward off the pressure of the hour. Every thing which, on the bed of death, or in the period of sober reflection, they would have wished to destroy, is sought after with avidity by the booksellers, who employ some patient drudge to pore over the repositories of forsaken learning, and ransack the grub-street records of the times, to find some polluted relic, made precious by the illustrious name of its author.

Such, indeed, is the deplorable rage for publishing *new and complete editions*, in England, that it is now no uncommon thing to see, in the same volume of an author's works, the most sublime moral precepts clothed in all the chaste and beautiful drapery with which the purest, richest fancy could invest them, polluted by the near neighbourhood of the grossest immorality, flaring in the gayest colouring of the most prostituted imagination. In this manner vice and virtue become, as it were, confounded together in the mind, while the same great name which gives authority to virtuous precepts, furnishes at the same time a sanction to vitious indulgence. By this ill-sorted association, too, the book becomes signally unfavourable to the propagation of morality, inasmuch as every good precept is furnished with its antidote close at hand; and every nobler emotion is checked and withered by the interference of its unworthy associate.

These reflections have been recalled more forcibly to my mind by having lately looked over the beautiful and expensive edition of Dryden's works, collected under the inspection of Mr. Walter Scott. This edition consists of eighteen large volumes, and being the most complete, will of course supersede every other.



The name of Dryden has been associated with my earliest admiration of genius, and his best productions are familiar to my recollection. But though aware that he had written much that deserved the censure of mankind, yet the majority of his readers were ignorant of those pieces of low and gross licentiousness, which his poverty, and not, I trust, his will, prompted him to give to the world. The present editor has, however, with the most barbarous industry, the most active and persevering research, contrived to collect, and rescue from friendly oblivion, a mass of licentious ribaldry that richly merited eternal forgetfulness. The great name of Dryden had gradually, as it arose above the horizon, emerged from those grosser vapours that surrounded and obscured its lustre, and was advancing to meridian splendour; his immoral works were on the eve of being forgotten, by being no longer before the public eye; and there was reason to hope that at no distant period, nothing would have been known of him but what deserved to be remembered forever.

But, in an evil hour, the avarice of the bookseller, and the prying industry of his well-paid editor, have again brought to light all that the rational admirers of this great poet could wish that he had never written; and all that a sacred regard to the illustrious dead should have induced them to bury in his grave. Again have they thrown a cruel sunshine on his transgressions, and entwined deadly nightshade with the evergreen that overshadowed his tomb.

I never contemplate the life and character of Dryden without being struck with the awful and tremendous dangers that surround the man of genius, when assailed by poverty. To know that by prostituting his pen to the vices of the times, by indulging his fancy in licentious images, or by giving his reason to the support of error, he can ward off the hard hand of want, and place himself in temporary affluence, is to be possessed of a secret, dangerous to any human being, however strong may be his moral and religious principles. Comparative poverty, that is, the middle state between want and superfluity, may be favourable to the morals of mankind; but abject penury is certainly

not the school of virtue. The hungry and the naked indeed practise the virtues of temperance and fortitude, because they have no choice ; but there is little merit in the endurance of inevitable evils. Dryden was almost all his life poor, and the example of his great cotemporary Milton, furnishes an immortal specimen of the rewards which were bestowed on the most sublime exertions of the noblest genius that perhaps the world ever knew. It is not in the nature of man to starve when he has the means of obtaining subsistence in his power; and that Dryden, under such circumstances, should have accommodated himself to the debauched taste of his patrons, however it may be a subject of regret, can scarcely be a matter of surprise.

It ought also to be remembered that Dryden lived at court and in the most licentious age that England ever saw. On the restoration of Charles, the people of that country being freed from the sour domination of the Puritans, and the stern unrelaxed government of the Protector, seemed to have indulged in a kind of Saturnalia. In their haste to throw off the restraints under which they had so long laboured, they seem for a while to have divested themselves of those salutary decencies which are absolutely necessary to disguise the naked deformity of vice ; and in their detestation of the long prayers, sour faces, severe decorum, and scriptural phrases of the Puritans, they apparently forgot that unblushing licentiousness is even more pernicious than hypocrisy. He who only *affects* to be virtuous, as long as he remains undetected, affords at least an *example* of virtue ; while the avowed libertine is deprived even of that slender palliation.

The English writers, who, like other men, are extremely apt to lay their faults upon their neighbours, have placed this relaxation of religion and morality to the account of the long residence of Charles and his courtiers on the continent, and particularly in France. That the vagabondizing life of this merry monarch and his followers, may have contributed to render them loose in their principles, and careless of preserving the decorums of life, I am willing to allow ; for all must have observed the salutary restraint which a regular, stationary life imposes upon mankind ; and what little security you can have for the goo

conduct of a man who has no home. That the influence of the court of Charles had some agency in producing the sudden change of manners that immediately succeeded his restoration, is pretty certain; but I am by no means inclined to admit that this example alone produced the extraordinary change. This, however, is not the proper place to pursue the subject.

Whatever may have been the cause, it is acknowledged that the court of Charles II. was an exceedingly corrupt one, and this corruption of morals was followed by a corresponding corruption of literary taste. The enchanting simplicity of the old writers became a subject of ridicule, and what was worse, the same licentiousness that pervaded the manners and poisoned the morals, debauched the tastes of those who by their situations or their talents directed the general opinion. It is only necessary to refer to the comedies of that day, to be convinced of the general corruption of the public taste, and it is needless to point to any particular drama to prove the fact. The dramatic representations of any country are perhaps the best criterions by which to judge of the state of morals, and the degree of refinement to which it has attained. I speak principally with a reference to comedy, which, being a picture of real life, is for the most part drawn from an observance of those manners and habits, adopted by such as we are in the practice of intimately associating with, and is, consequently, a pretty correct representation of the general state of society. Add to this, that no author who writes for popularity, would ever be guilty of the preposterous folly of polluting the public ear with licentious ribaldry, unless tolerably well satisfied that it was attuned to such harmony. Tragedy, on the contrary, being dependent on those strong passions which are for the most part uniform in their operations, and founded on remote events, may be indeed admitted as a criterion of the public taste, though not of the public morals.

By the former criterion, then, independent of historical testimony, it distinctly appears, that at the period when Dryden first commenced author, and until his death, he, in addition to the temptation of occasional poverty, had to contend with the corrupt taste of the times. That he sometimes yielded to the united force of these assailants, will be a subject of lasting regret to

those who are accustomed to look upon him as the great master of legitimate English verse. It was Dryden who first caught that beautiful and perfect mode of versification, over which so many have since hung with enchanted ear; and it was he who gave the last blow to that barbarous style, which devested the noblest thoughts of their dignity, degraded the highest soarings of fancy, and fettered the muse with a load of meretricious ornaments, that destroyed the beautiful symmetry of her proportions, while it enfeebled the vigour of her flight.

Who, then, that lingers over the inspired pages of this man of poverty and temptation, will not find in his heart an excuse for his occasional wanderings from the genuine path of genius, whose steps ought always to lead to the temple of virtue? Who does not wish that the memorials of such departures should be forgotten, and the name of Dryden stand, as well an example of rectitude as a monument of illustrious genius? It is not meant that falsehood or disingenuousness should be resorted to, in order to disguise or gloss over the faults of celebrated men; or that those who were in reality worthless, should be held up to after times as models of spotless integrity. In writing the life of a man, his faults should appear with his virtues, or biography becomes worthless. But no attachment to truth, and no sense of justice to posterity, makes it necessary that those writings which are calculated to injure the morals of mankind should be preserved. On the contrary, is not the man who thus deliberately draws from obscurity, and obtrudes upon the public, those immoral effusions that pollute the mind with licentious precepts, and influence the imagination with glowing delineations of barefaced debauchery, equally culpable with their author?

This unhallowed industry of research is still more to be reprobated, when, as in the present instance, these indecent effusions had, by the general consent of the world, been consigned to forgetfulness. It is like opening the fountain of some polluted stream, and turning it again into its former channel, there to stagnate, and foster its unwholesome exhalations.

There can be but one motive to stimulate men thus to revive these obscene impurities, and that is the hope of gain. Such, indeed, is the avidity with which the English public hail the discovery, or revival of works that had fallen into oblivion,

because they were not worth preserving, that whoever can add to his edition of an old writer, a single worthless scrap, or paltry copy of verses, may boast in triumph of the superiority of his labours, and confidently challenge the reward of his very beneficial industry.

It is this sordid motive which has perpetuated the poison of many an immoral production, and quickened the interested labours of many a pains-taking editor; and to this, and not to any liberal desire to add to the fame of Dryden, it is owing that his name is thus shrouded in a cloud of immorality, and his sins brought to light with such unfeeling research. Certainly no true admirer of genius, or real lover of poetry, can be gratified with the quantity of offensive trash raked from obscurity and here presented to the public. It is only the gossiping curiosity of laborious idlers; the bedridden imagination of the worn out debauchee; or the black letter taste of the indefatigable book hunter, that can receive gratification from this delving among the ashes of the dead for topics of antiquated scandal, or specimens of obsolete profligacy.

In justice to the celebrated editor who is the object of these strictures, it is proper to observe, that in his preface he apologizes for the insertion of some of these exceptionable pieces, by declaring that he was not at liberty to omit them. Conscious, however, that this excuse is somewhat weak in the mouth of a free man, living in a free country, and acting as high sheriff of a county, he confidently observes that there is little danger that the broad and disgusting obscenity of Dryden will injure the taste of the present enlightened generation.

Perhaps it might be said, in reply to this, that though the public taste has of late been refined to a perception of the pure chivalrous heroism of Border Forays, to the noble exploits of Johnny Armstrong, and William of Deloraine, so as to be in no danger from the clumsy, inelegant, and stupid immorality of Dryden; yet the public morals, though fortified by the example of the above distinguished freebooters, may possibly sustain some little injury. At all events, it would seem that the same pure and gentle precept which enjoins upon us not to speak ill of the dead, should also restrain us from doing that which would in-

jure their memory. I would not lightly accuse Mr. Scott of being governed on this occasion by motives of interest; but where we see a wealthy poet contracting to furnish the booksellers with a certain quantity of good merchantable poetry, at a certain rate per line, we are forcibly reminded of a contract for so many feet of timber, or any other every day matter of bargain and sale, and cannot help suspecting that he loves money better than reputation.

It can certainly answer no one purpose of public utility, or gratify one rational admirer of Dryden, to remind us anew of those unworthy effusions of his genius, which, impelled by want, or perhaps irritated at the indifference of the world to his nobler productions, he sold to the booksellers, or to the managers of the Theatres. For my part, I sicken at such baneful industry of research, and sincerely lament that Mr. Scott should have employed his *valuable* time so little to the advantage of the public, or the reputation of the hapless Dryden. Equally unhappy in his life and posthumous fame—he was assailed while he lived by a tribe of worthless scribblers, by poverty, by party virulence, and by the example of a licentious age; and after his death was blessed with a pains-taking editor, who was careful that the consequences of these multiplied temptations should be recorded where they were certain never to be forgotten—among the rest of his imperishable works.

P.

## SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

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LETTERS FROM ATHENS; BY M. FAUVEL, VICE-CONSUL OF FRANCE AT THAT CITY, AND CORRESPONDENT OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

*Athens, April 4, 1811.*

SIR—I have had considerable diggings made in this city, and some foreigners have caused still greater excavations to be undertaken; we have been fortunate enough to make some interesting discoveries. Our search took place on the great road which leads from the Hippades gate to Acharnes, to the left, on going towards those suburbs, at about 130 fathoms from the gate just mentioned, and nearly 140 from the present gate. We there found some ancient burying grounds, about fifteen feet below the surface.

It may not, perhaps, be irrelevant to inform you, that the spot in which are the remains of the Hippades gate, is still called by the Greeks and Turks the Race-gate, because it is here that the diversion of foot-races is still performed. One circumstance worthy of notice is, that the competitors run naked, with only a simple piece of linen round the middle. There are three prizes, or, more properly speaking, two, as the third is nothing but an enormous radish, or carrot, which causes the gainer to be rewarded by the hootings of the populace. These roots are here two feet long, and about three inches in diameter.

You know that the moderns have their wrestlers, the same as the ancients had. These persons are naked, except a cloth round the loins, which is steeped in oil, with which the body is likewise rubbed. They also roll themselves in the sand, that they may take a firm hold of each other at the time of the contest. The prize is gained by him who throws his adversary.

I found, as I have told you, the ancient soil at fifteen feet below the surface; the tombs were close together. We saw several cippi of different forms, which were overturned, as well as sarcophagi of marble, and others of common stone; there were some tombs formed of fine tiles, three feet long, which had



belonged to grand buildings. On some of these were painted handsome ornaments, as was also the case with those marble tombs, the stones of which must have belonged to grand temples; a fact which it is difficult to make our architects comprehend, as they will not believe that the ancients painted their statutes and bas-reliefs. In these sarcophagi I generally found the skeleton lying on a thick bed of olive-leaves, in a burnt state: I also found in them several thin pieces of beaten gold, in the shape of serpents' tongues; and likewise blades of copper, on which was inscribed the name of the deceased. On the ends, or the small columns affixed to these tombs, were brief inscriptions, the letters of which were alternately black and red. There were also bas-reliefs, which were painted.

Many of these tombs contain only the ashes of burnt bones, or handsome urns, in which are likewise ashes. Amongst these I have frequently found the *obolus*, which has not been paid to Charon.

Respecting this pilot of the shades, I have a representation of him on a vase. He is painted in the act of pushing his bark ashore with a pole, which indicates that the infernal rivers were not very deep. He has no oars in his boat, which is exactly similar to the *Piades* employed at Constantinople for the conveyance of passengers at that port. This proves that the people of Asia have not changed their customs: hence I am convinced that the large boats of the Hellespont, which are towed along here, and which I have seen on the very parts where were formerly those of the divine Achilles, are still of the same shape as were those of the ancients; so that, if the son of Thetis could return to earth, he would think he was again beholding his fleet at the Sigeum.

But a circumstance more curious than old Charon is an *obolus* which I found fixed in the mouth of a skeleton, between the last tooth on the right side and the jaw; I retained it in this situation. Here is an incontestable proof that it was customary to put the coin in the mouth of the deceased; a practice still kept up in some villages of Boeotia, as I was informed by one of the inhabitants of those parts. I also found in one of these tombs a thin sheet of lead, about five inches long by three broad; it was folded in four folds the long way, and then doubled in half; it contained an inscription of ten lines, which proved to be an imprecation against one Cleophrades and his whole family. (This inscription has been translated by M. Visconti, and will be printed in some of the early Reports of the Proceedings of the Institute.)

The following is a description of a handsome vase which I

found:—A winged Genius, in a car drawn by four white horses with wings, has arrived at an altar, on which is a tripod: he is using all his strength to restrain his coursers. Another Genius is flying before him, as if to check the horses and seize the tripod, the prize of the race. Another, richly dressed, waters the car, and appears to be watering, from a vase, a laurel, which has grown up in the path of the car.

We also found some superb urns about two feet high. On one is a figure of Ceres, sitting, the little Plutus at her feet, near a fruit basket; by the side of the goddess is a Ceryx, with an alouche, two Dadouchi, and a Bacchante. On the other side of the vase is a beautiful woman, dancing between two figures. On another part Mercury appears, bringing the little Plutus to Silenus. An Ethiopian king is seen at table, served by winged genii, and by a kind of clownish master of the ceremonies. On another part are Isis and Serapis: Isis is lying in the lap of Serapis, and playing on the lyre: a youth is bringing figs, dates, and a species of ananas: the place appears to be lighted by a candelabra; on one table are vases, crowns, and olive-leaves.

I am translating an inscription which I saw on a cippus, amongst the tombs, about fifteen feet below the surface. It relates to a man of Megara, who saved a corps of Athenians in the wars. (It is in Greek verse, and will be printed in the reports of the Third Class of the Institute.) I have likewise seen with many other curious inscriptions.



## LETTER II.

*Athens, August 26, 1811.*

DEAR—I must apprise you, and request that you will make known the circumstance to the Third Class of the Institute, of the discovery of great importance to the arts, which has just been made in the Isle of Ægina. Four young artists and architects, of whom, Baron Haller and M. Link, are Germans, having been together in this country, and being in pursuit of the same object, caused some excavations to be made at the foundation of the temple of the Panhellenian Jupiter; and they have found statues which ornamented the front of this temple. These are of Parian marble, and they are as interesting on account of the subject they represent, as from their great antiquity and the beauty of their sculpture. It appears that this

temple was overthrown by an earthquake, and the statues falling first, were covered by the rest of the ruins: the lapse of time added heaps of vegetable strata to the rubbish, and the roots of large trees had shot amongst the buried architraves and cornices. Our young artists caused the whole to be brought to light, and they have found the statues, which have not been much injured by the fall. The limbs, which were broken from the trunks, were lying beside them, and they can be easily replaced. There are seventeen of these statues, all of the finest specimens of sculpture: the heads alone are a little degraded, but they are highly beautiful; scarcely any of the fragments are missing. These figures much resemble those which are seen on the most ancient medals of Corinth, Thebes, and Athens. They are of the old school of Ægina, one of the first which became distinguished in Greece.

I went to Ægina in order to profit by this discovery, which much interested me: I measured this ruined temple, so as to gain all the particulars of its plan. The pediments were five feet in height. Over each pediment were two statues of Isis which were attached to the border; and at the four angles of the edifice were Sphinxes. These figures were exactly similar to those of the pretended tomb of Achilles, in the Troad and from this circumstance I am inclined to think that the temple in question is not that of the Panhellenian Jupiter, but that it was dedicated to Isis. In the middle of each pediment was a statue of Pallas, armed with a lance and shield, and her breast covered with the ægis. She was standing in the midst of combatants, who surrounded her on every side, and she appears as if animating them by her looks. This figure of Minerva is of the most antique style, and of the kind which we improperly call Etruscan, with regular folds.

On each side were the combatants, all of which appear to be the heroes of the Iliad. The faces seem to have been portraits, and the bodies are scientifically correct. These warriors are covered with offensive and defensive weapons, such as were in use at the time of the Trojan war: they are shaped with great nicety, and consist of quivers, helmets of different sizes, lances, shields, &c. The figures are rather less than the natural size. We thought we could discover Priam with his sons, like a Phrygian archer, resting one knee on the ground and drawing an arrow. His dress appears to be of leather, and made to fit close to the body; pantaloons, likewise tight, which descend to the ankles; the helmet has over it a leather bonnet, which terminates in a point, and falls over behind: this is the only figure that is dressed. Another is taken for Philoctetes; it is in the same attitude as Paris, and is opposed to the one just described:

It is armed with a bow. The front of its helmet represents a lion's muzzle; perhaps the figure is meant as a friend of Hercules. He wears a cuirass of a single piece, which could only open on the left side, which leads to the opinion that it was thin and elastic. Hector, or another Trojan Prince, is overthrown; he has received a large wound in the breast; his hair twisted symmetrically on the forehead, and fastened by a kind of diadem, falls over his shoulders. One head with a small beard, and the casque thrown back, seems to be Ulysses. Of these figures, the archers alone are clothed; the others are of the heroic kind; that is to say, literally naked, and armed with casques and shields: some have also swords, others have lances and pikes.

On the western pediment is a young girl, such as Venus is represented on the most ancient silver medals of Corinth; she wears a large diadem, raised above the forehead, and which seems to imitate the roughness of metal. The head of a fine young man, who is supposed to be Achilles, has an elegant helmet raised over the top of the head, falling backwards, and ornamented with a large crest. Beneath the casque the hair appears twisted over the forehead, and fastened by a kind of diadem. Another figure appears in the attitude of a rower, and is rising from his seat that he may pull with greater force. This statue has no hair, except on the forehead. Amongst these ruins we found an eye of ivory, four inches long, and the ball of which was blank, which indicates that it belonged to a colossal statue.

In this same Isle of Ægina, towards the northwestern end, near a great oval tumulus, which I took for the tomb of Phocus, and about a quarter of an hour's walk northwards from the temple of Venus, is a square place regularly cut in the rock, sunk about fifteen feet, and at least a hundred fathoms in diameter; it seems to have been nothing but a mere quarry, from which stone has been taken for building. On this subject, however, there may be a difference of opinion. Near this spot are a number of cisterns cut in the rock, which is tolerably soft; there are also many large blocks of stone, regularly squared.



### LETTER III.

*Athens, December 19, 1811.*

SIR—I have received your fine map of Greece. It is very neat and clear, and I dare say very exact. But why place Phygalia

at the temple of Apollo Epicurius, on Mount Cotylius? I assure you that Phygalia is at present Caritena. Pausanias has so well described it, the steep rock, on which was the citadel, which rises in the middle of the town, and the river Limax, which runs through a deep ravine, that one cannot mistake it. Besides, on Mount Cotylius there are no ruins of a town; and the neighbouring village, Andritzena, has nothing of the antique. Caritena, indeed, is six hours' journey from Mount Cotylius, which is three times the distance laid down by Pausanias: but Pausanias is sometimes in error.

I have already said that I do not believe the temple, around which the diggings have been made in the Isle of Ægina, to be that of Panhellenian Jupiter, and that it rather appears to have been dedicated to Isis. But I have now renounced this idea. I have since found, in the excavations that have been made at Athens, a vase, on which is represented a marriage, and whereon is a figure exactly similar to those which are on the border of the pediment of the temple of Ægina. The figure is that of Juno, in a bridal dress; so that this temple may have been that of the Panhellenian Jupiter, and not dedicated to Isis, as I at first supposed. All these figures serve to elucidate that which was found in the tomb of Achilles, and which has been so much metamorphosed by different writers. It is exactly the same as the one on my vase, and those which are on the border of the temple of Ægina: the same sex, the same attitude, and the same folds of drapery. Sphinxes were at the angles of the temple of Ægina, and Sphinxes are on the head and arms of the figure of the tomb of Achilles. Hence we know the great antiquity of this figure, and of that of the tomb in question; though many efforts have been made to diminish it. If the temple on the Isle of Ægina be that of Panhellenian Jupiter, I can say that I have seen the altar on which the Greeks vowed the destruction of 'Troy. I have observed, that I assisted at several of the excavations which were made near the Hippades Gate, at Athens: some others have since been made near the Gate Dipylon; and at the depth of twenty-five feet, some fine vases have been discovered, particularly several which appear to be of Phœnician manufacture. I have also dug behind the Museum, and afterwards all round the ancient walls; and the contiguity of the sepulchres which were discovered, leaves no doubt as to the ancient site of the town. I found a bas-relief, and many cippi, of different forms: the inscription on the bas-relief speaks of a man named Aristotle; but who, without doubt, is not the philosopher of Stagira.

## DEEDS OF LADY HAMILTON AT THE COURT OF NAPLES.

Lady, being the wife of the late Sir Wm. Hamilton, our ambassador at Naples, thinking her services, as a *privileged spy*, rendered while she resided at that court, has published her way of shaming those who have reduced her to the necessity of taking this unpleasant step. Her ladyship details the services she performed at very great length. Very soon after her arrival at Naples, having a letter from the Queen of Naples, she ingratiated herself so much, that she prevailed on her to take a private letter from the King's pocket unsewn, which contained the King of Spain's order to withdraw from the coalition, a copy of which she immediately despatched to Lord Grenville.

Her ladyship makes no scruple in avowing that it was through her influence that the court of Naples repeatedly violated its engagements with France; and at length, when exposed to its venality, she persuaded them to emigrate to Sicily. "An army of 35,000 men," she tells us, "was raised nearly in a month; they marched, under Gen. Mack, the king himself at their head, on the 21st of Nov. against a scattered and inferior force; yet so rapidly was this army destroyed, as to prevent our embarkation at Naples by that day month. The policy with the court was then, 'Whether they should submit themselves entirely under the French, or fly to Sicily under British protection?' The many difficulties of getting away, and the uncertainty how a flying court would be received there, together with strong inducements to abide all consequences at Naples; and she pleaded the necessity and safety of their coming to Sicily. The queen was almost always with me, and as the French drew near, I placed the horror of their approach full before her, and at length prevailed in deciding this important measure. The king was soon brought over to our side. The difficulties were yet many, and of the most dangerous kind, the growth of French principles, and rapid march of the French army upon the capital, made it too hazardous to trust the Neapolitans with the plan of getting away the royal family, the crown, and treasures! I, however, began the work myself, and I removed all the jewels, and then 36 barrels of gold, and these I marked as stores for Nelson, being obliged to use every device to prevent the attendants having any idea of the proceedings. By many such stratagems, I got those who were to embark; and this point gained, the king's resolution to go off was strengthened: the queen I was sure of. The Lord Nelson testifies that all this would never have been

effected, but for my management and exertions. In his letter to Lord St. Vincent, or Lord Spencer, he says, on this occasion, 'Lady Hamilton seemed to be an angel dropped from heaven for the preservation of the royal family.' To show the caution and secrecy that was necessarily used in thus getting away, I had, on the night of our embarkation, to attend the party given by the Kilem Effendi, who was sent by the Grand Seignior to Naples, to present Nelson with the Shabblank, or plume of triumph! I had to steal from the party, leaving our carriages and equipage waiting at his house, and in about fifteen minutes to be at my post, where it was my task to conduct the royal family through the subterraneous passage to Nelson's boats, that moment waiting for us on the shore! The season for this voyage was extremely hazardous, and our miraculous preservation is recorded by the admiral upon our arrival at Palermo."

From the Empress of Germany, daughter to the Queen of Naples, her ladyship states, she refused the acceptance of a thousand pounds per annum, trusting she would be liberally provided for by her own country, for which, in losses and moneys expended, she asserts she is deficient in 20,000/. Through her ladyship's influence over Nelson, she asserts, she prevailed on him to fight the battle of Trafalgar, and to go to the attack of Copenhagen in 1801. And in one of her vulgarisms she says, Nelson would *ever keep telling him*, Sir Wm. Hamilton, "that the battle of the Nile was Emma's, and not his." Her ladyship appeals to the living testimony of Sir Walter Farquhar and Messrs. Canning and Rose, whether she had not Mr. Pitt's solemn, unequivocal pledge of honour, that suitable provision should be made for her; particularly to Sir Walter, to whom that great statesman, on his dying bed, confirmed those promises he had made to Lord Nelson in her behalf, with his dying request that they might be fulfilled by his successors. Sir William also before his death, she says, had the same unalterable faith in the justice of his country which she had, so that in proportion, his provision for her was lessened. "In that expectation being liberally realized," she observes, "I can have nothing but implicit confidence, as our august prince was well acquainted with it by Lord Nelson himself, and fully coincided in its justice. It may be here expected of me to state why the codicil to Lord Nelson's will, bequeathing my services to the justice of the country, was not produced with the will itself. When Capt. Blackwood brought it home, he gave it to the present Earl Nelson, who, with his wife and family, were then with me, and had indeed been living with me many months. To their son I was a mother; and their daughter, Lady Charlotte, had been exclusively under my care for six years. The earl, afraid I should



be provided for in the sum that parliament was expected to grant to uphold the hero's name and family, kept the codicil in his pocket until the day 200,000*l.* was voted for that purpose; *on that day* he dined with me in Clarges-street: hearing at table what was done, he took the *codicil out*, threw it to me, and said, with a very coarse expression, 'that I might now do as I pleased with it:' I had it registered the next day at Doctors' Commons, where it rests for the national redemption."

Lady Hamilton mentions the laudable zeal of Commodore Trowbridge to obtain provisions from Sicily, when the British fleet was bound to Egypt; but she does not mention the horrible treatment of the Neapolitan patriots in 1799, the violation of the treaty made with them, nor the *sang froid* which dictated the answer of Lord Nelson to their moving address, presented from their floating dungeons in the bay of Naples. "I have," said Lord Nelson, "shown your paper to your gracious king, the best and only judge of the merits and demerits of his subjects:" as if the King of Naples could be the only judge of a treaty by which the faith of four nations was pledged to see it fulfilled; but against the faith of this treaty, fifteen hundred patriots were detained till they were reduced, by death, to five hundred, who, stripped of all their property, were permitted to go to France.

The author of the History of Geo. III. treating of this transaction, says, "All the dungeons of the forts being filled with prisoners, floating prisons were formed of old dismantled vessels. Around the British admiral's ship, on board of which was the King of Naples, the sea was covered with those watery bastiles, where the unhappy prisoners were so closely stowed, that they seemed to form one immovable mass. Without shelter, and almost without food or clothing, they stood exposed to the burning rays of a meridian and solstitial sun, suffering in silence the brutal insults of the Calabrian ruffians, placed over them as guards; the king himself, from the deck of the admiral's ship, not unfrequently satiated his royal vengeance with gazing on this dreadful display of human misery."

But, speaking of Lady Hamilton, the historian says, "What still more, perhaps, affected the feelings of these unfortunate victims, was the extraordinary spectacle of the British ambassador, gallantly attended, like another Cleopatra, rowed along the bay in nautical magnificence before these floating tombs, which contained all that Naples could boast of science, of patriotism, and of virtue."

When Rome, in the course of a few months after, was surrendered by the French to the Russians and the British, many Neapolitan patriots being there, Commodore Trowbridge took

an anxious interest in their departure from Civitta Vecchia ; and, on their being unavoidably forced back to that place, inflexible in his humanity, he again enabled the vessel to put to sea, and the proscribed fugitives were at length happily landed at Toulon. Like the French General Garnier, who positively refused to deliver up these patriots demanded by the court of Naples, he scorned to become the executioner of the vengeance of the queen, or her advisers ; and thus the honour of the British name was vindicated, and Commodore Trowbridge, who was charged with blocking up the port of Civitta Vecchia, during the siege of Rome, was repaid by those grateful tears of admiration which are shed over noble deeds.



#### ON THE AUTHOR OF GIL BLAS.

OF some of the most interesting authors in whose domestic life and character we should take the most lively interest, our biography is lamentably deficient. Of Cervantes and of Butler, the accounts are meager ; and of Le Sage, the most popular of all writers, we can discover no express biography. Some things have been, however, recorded occasionally of the latter,\* in regard to his literary character, as well as to his domestic habits. I have found among my collections many things concerning Le Sage, which are not generally known.

Of the author of the immortal *Gil Blas*, that elementary book of fictitious history, which first initiates us into the secret windings of the human character, and whose scenes and actors are, by their truth of design and chaste colouring, still the delight of mature age, the domestic life seems little known. It appears, however, to have been a very active one ; he lived by his pen, and his fertile imagination was continually adding to the most agreeable works of the age. He composed for the French comic theatres, sometimes with a coadjutor, near ninety pieces ; most of them are those comic operas which sometimes do not exceed a single act. All these were successful, and some the most popular favourites. His natural humour seized on temporary or on fanciful subjects with singular facility. He has erected a new feature in these minor dramas, by employing the fairy machinery as a frame work for the Eastern fables which delighted his audience. The truth is, that Petit de la Croix, the orientalist, who translated what we call the Persian and Turkish

\* To an edition of *Gil Blas*, published by Sharpe, in 1809, is prefixed some account of the life and writings of Le Sage, written, as the initials indicate, by Mr. Stephen Jones.—EDIT.

Tales, was a modest scholar, who doubted his own talent for popular composition, and, in consequence, intrusted his translations to the charming pen of LE SAGE. Our author valued the treasures confided to him by his friend, and exhibited all these tales at the Opera Comique in a dramatic form; and they produced the finest effects from their novelty and the graces of the poet's imagination. The nine volumes of the *Theatre de la Foire*, in fact, exhibit the Persian tales in a new form to us. Our author also adapted to the taste of his nation some of the best Spanish and Italian works of fancy. His genius does not seem to incline towards invention; even his greater work originates in a Spanish original; but the attic simplicity of his style, the vivacity of his ideas, and the felicity of adapting himself to his prototypes, rather than his prototypes to him, remain without an imitator—so well has he imitated! So true was he to nature, and to character, in all his novels, that of one of them, not known to the English public, the Adventures of the Chevalier de Beauchene, a French critic observes, he has left the matter doubtful whether they were not drawn from the memoirs furnished to him by the widow; with such correctness has he preserved the costume, and so forcibly delineated the character of this adventurer: like the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, it is now difficult to decide whether it partakes more of fiction than of fact. The Chevalier de Beauchene was a bucanier.

The author of "Calamities of Authors" has confined his views to his own country: but he might have produced a more entertaining variety had he extended them to foreign authors. He has written a useful work, and his materials offer the youthful adventurer instructive lessons, and discriminations in the literary character, which will be best felt by those who are most deeply concerned in them. Should this writer extend his researches to foreign authors, he will have to record in his book the name of LE SAGE, the most industrious and the finest genius of France.

It is melancholy to think that an author so fertile and so charming as LE SAGE, was one of "the martyrs of genius;" and having lived to his eightieth year, exhibited not only the awful spectacle of a singular decay of his faculties, but solely existed by the care and filial charity of one of his sons. His genius was not recompensed by any other wealth than its native treasures; and had he not enjoyed one of the most affectionate of families, the author of Gil Blas, he to whom the public were indebted for their multiplied enjoyments for half a century, might have pined away in his helplessness in a garret, or perished in a work-house!

Le Sage was happy in his own house; a scene not common

in the chronicles of literature, as the author I have referred to might be inclined, I fear, to show us by a dash of his sombre pencil. Le Sage had three sons and a daughter. His wife watched all his simple wants, and the rest of her time was devoted to the education of her children. A good mother must be singularly unfortunate if she does not rear an affectionate offspring. Le Sage rarely quitted home, and never returned to it but with delight. The happiness of our author's life seemed, however, to be interrupted by one of the sons, who most loved him. Le Sage designed his eldest son for the bar; but his genius, doubtless, insensibly bent by the father's perpetual dramatic studies, had fixed its choice in the theatre, and, to the grief of the father, adopted the profession of an actor. He concealed his name, but appeared on the stage, and soon ranked among the first class of the histrionic troop. His father could never patiently listen to the applause he was daily acquiring, nor even to that moral character and decent habits the son preserved, though on the stage. Did Le Sage conceive that a vast space in the road of honour separates the man of genius who composes for the theatre from the man of genius who treads on its boards? Genius dignifies any profession—but Le Sage was a father! and he wished a counsellor at the bar, and not an actor in a provincial theatre, for the inheritor of his name.

The example of his eldest son was, indeed, dangerous, for unintentionally, it had seduced the third, who followed the same profession without any genius for it: he had the prudence to conceal his disgrace under an assumed name. But if example influences our conduct, it serves sometimes to correct it; and the second son devoted himself to the church. He became a canon in Boulogne, with all the virtues of his profession. The daughter of Le Sage united with the canon to console the father for the volatile conduct of the brothers.

When our author felt his genius on its decline, after his "Bachelor of Salamanca," and the translation of D'Avellanada's Quixote, he became reconciled with his elder son, who, indeed, except in his irresistible impulse for the stage, was ever most affectionate and attentive to his filial duties. When the father had retired to Boulogne to live with the canon, the actor visited his family—and could never afterwards quit them. His most intimate friend was his father—the society he most loved were his mother and his sister—and Le Sage himself was now only happy when by his side. When the son was at the theatre, the father would go to the coffee-house; there a circle was instantly formed about the author of *Gil Blas* and the *Diable Boiteux*; and fortunate was the man who could get a place near him; some would stand on chairs or tables to listen to him; and the old

man still preserved a sonorous voice, luminous ideas, and a delightful style. He excited, says one, who was a frequent auditor of Le Sage's at the coffee-house, the same attention, and often the same warmth of applause, which his son was receiving at the theatre. This son, who had at first occasioned him some sorrow from his theatrical attachments, became now the most lively source of the happiness of his old age; but Le Sage was doomed to pay that severe penalty of extended age, in seeing himself outlive his dearest connexions. This son died suddenly, and Le Sage became inconsolable. The true life of his old age, the vivacity of his genius, he had indulged with the versatile talents of his son the actor, whose comic excellence was unrivalled in the characters of peasants and valets, and infinitely more congenial to the temper of Le Sage than the graver dispositions of the good canon. Our author now quitted the coffee-house, and, confining himself to the domestic circle, gradually sunk into a most miserable state of extreme debility. He died in 1747, on the verge of his eightieth year.

Of his last days, the following account is extremely interesting, and is given in a letter by the Count de Tressan to a friend :

“ You request me to give some account of the last days of the celebrated author of Gil Blas.

“ In 1745, I was the commandant in Boulogne. Having learnt that M. Le Sage, aged about eighty years, and his wife, nearly of the same age, inhabited this town, I hastened to see him, and to discover their present state. I found that they lodged at their son's, a canon of the Cathedral of Boulogne. Never was filial piety occupied with more love to watch and to charm the last days of a father and a mother, who had scarcely any other resource than the very moderate income of this son.

“ The Abbe Le Sage enjoyed at Boulogne the highest regard. His talents and his virtues endeared him to all. I never saw a more striking resemblance than that of this Abbe with his brother the Sieur Montmenil, (the comic actor.) He was even endowed with a portion of his talents and his graces; no one read verses with more effect; he possessed that rare art of modulating his tones, of making short pauses, which, without being actually declamation, impress on the auditor the feeling and the beauties which characterize a work.

“ I lamented the loss of him, for I had known the Sieur Montmenil, and felt both esteem and friendship for his brother; and the late queen, on my having represented to her the situation and the little fortune he enjoyed, granted him a pension.

“ I had been warned not to visit M. Le Sage till about noon; and this old man gave me an opportunity, for the second time,

to observe the effect that the actual state of the atmosphere can produce on our nerves in the sad days of the decay of life.

“When M. Le Sage awoke in the morning, as soon as the sun appeared some degrees above the horizon, he seemed re-animating, and collected feeling and strength as it approached the meridian; but when it commenced its decline, the sensibility of this old man, the light of his mind, and the activity of his senses, as gradually diminished; as soon as the sun sunk under the horizon, M. Le Sage fell into a kind of lethargy, which they did not attempt to disturb.

“I was careful not to visit him but at that time when his intellects were most clear, and which was about an hour after dinner; and I could not without a feeling of compassion behold this most esteemed old man, who still preserved his gaiety, the urbanity of his early years, and sometimes even betrayed the imagination of the *Diable Boiteux* and *Turcaret*: but one day, going later than usual, I was grieved to see that the conversation began to resemble the last homily of the Archbishop of Granada, and I retired!

“M. Le Sage had become very deaf. I always found him seated by a table, on which lay his great ear-trumpet. The trumpet, sometimes grasped by his hand with vivacity, remained immovable on the table when the kind of visit he received gave him no hope of agreeable conversation; as commandant of the province, I had the pleasure to observe him always use it with me; and this served as a first lesson to prepare myself for the petulant activity of the ear-trumpet of my dear and illustrious friend, M. de la Condamine.

“M. Le Sage died in the winter of 1747. I attended his burial, with the principal officers under my orders. His widow survived him only a short time; and the Abbe Le Sage was regretted a few years afterwards by his chapter and the enlightened society which he adorned by his virtues.

“LE COMTE DE TRESSAN.

“At Paris, Jan. 20, 1783.”

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#### JOURNEY TO THE GLACIERS OF LAPLAND.

THERE has been lately published at Stockholm an interesting account of a journey undertaken in 1807, by M. Valenberg, under the auspices of the Academy of Sciences of Sweden, for the purpose of determining the height of the mountains of Lapland, and observing their temperature. The mountains visited by M. Valenberg, make a part of the great chain which runs



through Sweden and Norway, and stretches in some of its branches, even to Finland and Russia. They are situated between sixty-seven and six-eight degrees north latitude, and belong to the polar regions. On several points their bases are washed by the sea, and, from their summits, the immense plain of the Northern Ocean is discoverable. These mountains had been only hitherto viewed in all their majestic grandeur by the Lapland nomade, following his flocks of deer and his game. A few travellers had contemplated them at a distance; and M. de Bruck, a learned German, during his travels in Norway, approached within a short space of them; but no person had ever yet penetrated into this asylum of nature, and attempted to struggle with the difficulties of ascending these summits, eternally covered with snow and ice.

The undertaking was difficult in many respects. The ascents were mostly excessively steep, and in climbing them, the traveller was by turns suspended over deep fissures, lakes, torrents, bottomless marshes, and gulfs. He had no intelligent guide, there was no habitation on his route, and no assistance to be expected. He frequently was obliged to make circuits of many leagues to reach a summit; and he crossed not only snow and ice full of crevices, but also marshes, where he ran a continual risk of being buried in the mud and stagnant water. He passed the nights on naked rocks, without a tent or the smallest shelter: and he was frequently reduced to quench his devouring thirst by swallowing snow, which occasioned him inflammations and painful suppurations in the mouth.

M. de Valenberg's measurements give the Lapland mountains an elevation of from five to six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Although this elevation is less than that of the mountains of Switzerland and the Pyrenees, all the phenomena of the Alpine regions, and particularly glaciers, are observable. At such a proximity to the polar circle, the region of eternal snow commences at nearly four thousand feet above the ocean, while in the Alps it begins at from seven to eight thousand, and in the Pyrenees at eight thousand feet.

On the 14th of July, M. de Valenberg ascended the most considerable glacier, called *Sulitelma*, a Lapland word, which signifies Solemn Mountain, because formerly the Laplanders adored on one of its summits their principal idol. This mountain, which is the Mount Blanc of the North, is composed of a succession of summits, of which the base has an extent of several leagues. Its greatest elevation is five thousand seven hundred feet above the sea. To reach this elevation, our traveller was obliged to make his way over enormous crevices, where recently before some hunters had been engulfed with



their deer and their dogs. Seas of ice have descended into the valleys seven hundred feet below the line of snow. There is a border of earth surrounds the ice, consisting of slime and stones. The ice of Sulitelma is very clear, and almost transparent; it is as hard as stone, but not so heavy as the ice of the sea. The traveller gives several details respecting its internal composition, the figures by which it is characterized, and the crevices formed on it. The snow is sometimes one hundred feet in depth, and so hard that the footsteps leave no mark on it. That which is detached from the summits, or crevices, roll to immense distances. Fortunately, these avalanches, in their descent, act only on inanimate nature; whatever direction they take, they seldom encounter living beings, or the abodes of men. All is desert in these regions for vast extents, where industry has gained no conquest over the solitary domain of the primitive creation.

The traveller terminates his account by general considerations on the temperature, and by tables of meteorological observations. He determines with precision the different regions of the mountains, and characterizes them by the productions which he found there. In proportion as the line of snow is approached, the productive force of nature diminishes, and men, brute animals, and plants, yield to the rigour of the cold. At two thousand six hundred feet below the line, the pines disappear as well as the cattle and habitations. At two thousand feet the only tree is the birch; and its degraded form and indigent verdure attest the inclemency of the climate; at the same time the greatest number of wild animals disappear, and the lakes contain no fish. At eight hundred feet below the same line of snow, the Laplander's progress is stopped for want of moss for his rein-deer. Above the line, every thing presents the picture of agony and death. The most robust lichens are only to be found at one thousand and two thousand feet, in the crevices of perpendicular rocks; and the bird named *emboriza nivalis*, or snow-bird, is the only living creature to be seen. The heat does not rise to one degree of Reaumur, in the region which is five thousand feet above the sea.

## ACCOUNT OF THE LATE EARTHQUAKE AT THE CARACCAS.\*

[From the Philosophical Magazine for March, 1813.]

THE earthquake which took place last year at the Caraccas, and laid waste the fine city of that name, besides a great many others in this rich and extensive province, has been but superficially described in the newspapers in which I have seen it mentioned. The extraordinary convulsion has not (December, 1812) as yet ceased; it has already caused, and may still occasion, so many calamities, that it deserves to be more particularly laid before the public.

On the 26th of March, 1812, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the first commotion took place. The air was calm, the heat excessive: nothing preceded or announced such a catastrophe. A shaking was first perceived, strong enough to set the bells of the churches a ringing: it lasted about six seconds, and was followed by an interval of ten or twelve seconds, during which the earth exhibited an undulation similar to the motion of the sea in a calm: the crisis was then supposed to have passed; but immediately extraordinary subterraneous noises were heard, and electrical discharges infinitely stronger than atmospheric thunder; the earth was agitated with a quickness which cannot be described, and seemed to boil like water when subjected to the heat of a very strong fire; there was then a perpendicular rumbling or *strepitus* for about three or four seconds, followed by agitations in an opposite direction from north to south, and from east to west, for three or four seconds also. This short but awful period was sufficient to turn the whole city of Caraccas topsy-turvy, with upwards of thirty towns, and the country houses and numerous establishments spread over the surface of that delightful province! In an instant all was destroyed to an extent of 300 miles, and 80,000 inhabitants ceased to live, while thousands were dreadfully wounded.

The city of Caraccas, placed at the foot of the declivity of the highest mountain, called La Silla, and on the margin of an immense plain through which several rivers flowed, was considerably elevated above the level of the sea, and always enjoyed a cool and agreeable temperature. The 26th of March (being Good Friday) had attracted all the inhabitants to the

\* This interesting narrative is the production of a French gentleman, who has resided many years at the Caraccas, and was an eye-witness to the scenes which he describes. He was taken prisoner, on his return to France, on board the American ship *Dolphin*, by Capt. Malcolm of the *Rhin* frigate. To the latter gentleman our readers are indebted for the publication of the narrative.—EDIT.

churches of the city which were destroyed ; thus serving for their tombs : the churches of La Trinidad and Alta Gracia, which were in the more immediate vicinity of the mountain, experienced more forcibly the effects of the extraordinary commotion ; for although originally upwards of 150 feet high, no part of their ruins exceeded five or six feet in height ; and some idea may be formed of the violence of the shock which overturned these stupendous edifices, when it is recollected that they were supported by columns and pilasters exceeding thirty or forty feet in circumference, and of which scarcely a vestige remained.

A superb range of barracks, two stories high, capable of containing 4,000 men, and serving as a depot for the artillery, shared the same ruin : a regiment of the line, in the act of marching to join in a religious procession, was almost wholly swallowed up ; a few men only being left alive.

It is impossible to paint the terror and desolation which this catastrophe occasioned : disorder, confusion, despair, misery, and fanaticism, were at their height. At first every person fled as well as they were able, prostrating themselves to supplicate heaven for mercy ; in this state the individuals who escaped death, mutilated or wounded, covered with dust, their clothes torn, and carrying in their arms their children, or the sick and wounded, presented a most heart-rending spectacle. After the first moments of terror, in which self preservation made every other consideration give way, the most painful recollections agitated those who had escaped ; every one with distracted anxiety sought for a relation or a friend, and inquired for them with looks of terror and affright : among the bloody and desolate ruins, those who remained of the unfortunate population were seen endeavouring to dig up, without other instrument than their weak and trembling hands, the living and the dead who were covered by the fragments : every one ran to and fro over this vast burial place, throwing themselves occasionally on the rubbish, and listening with an attentive ear to the groans of the unfortunate whose lives were preserved, although shut up, perhaps irrecoverably, in the very buildings where they had enjoyed tranquillity and happiness but a few minutes before.

The remainder of the day and the whole of the night were devoted to this interesting and pious occupation. Next day it was necessary to perform the last offices to the dead, but it was impossible to bestow on them the rites of sepulture ; instruments and a sufficient number of persons were not to be found : in order to avoid the effects of a pestilence, therefore, from an infected atmosphere, the bodies were piled up at different stations and burnt with the timber of the ruins. The first sad moments

after the catastrophe were thus spent: other labours equally if not more distressing, remained to be performed.

Almost all the provisions, furniture, linen, and the usual necessities of life, were destroyed, or had been stolen by the lower class of the populace, or the negroes: every thing was in short wanting. The violence of the earthquake had destroyed the water-pipes, and the rivulets were either dried up, or diverted from their usual course: there was in fact no water near the city; there were no vessels in which to collect it, and it was necessary to travel far off before a quantity sufficient to allay one's thirst was obtained, even by using the hands to carry it to the mouth.

Pressed by thirst and hunger and the want of an asylum, those who possessed country houses fled towards them on foot; but alas! nothing was spared—all was ruin and desolation; and they returned to the city, where they seemed to be less miserable among their companions in misfortune, the silence and solitude of the country apparently adding to the dismal aspect of nature.

The markets were without provisions; the farmers brought none into town; and many, after wandering about in search of food, at length laid down and died of hunger: those who survived obtained sustenance with much difficulty. Had not some cocoa, sugar, and maize been saved, (which were retailed at a most exorbitant price,) more would have perished from hunger than from the effects of the earthquake.

Three thousand wounded of all ranks were collected and placed at first on the banks of a river, under the shade of some trees: but they were absolutely in want of every thing, even the most indispensable requisites: they were abandoned to the medicine of consolation: they were told that they must conform to the decrees of Providence, and that every thing was for the best.

During this awful crisis, a judicious observer of mankind might have witnessed a striking exhibition of the manners, character, and principles, by which the Spanish people are regulated in their conduct.

Their extreme insensibility is scarcely credible: I saw fathers of families who had lost five or six children, friends, relations, and their whole property, without shedding a tear; most of them consoling themselves by holding a conversation with an image of the Virgin, or some privileged saint.\* Others gayly drowned their sorrow in rum; and all appeared

\* The Divine Being among the Spaniards seems to be absolutely unknown; they never speak of him: it is the Virgin and the Saints who receive all their homage.

much less grieved at the event, than they would have been at the loss of a process which affected their rank as nobles, or deprived them of their precedence in a public company, or at a religious procession.

It is too true, that human beings, naturally superstitious and ungrateful, never so cordially respect their deities or their kings when they are beneficent as when they are severe: the more rigorous they are, the more just and equitable are they esteemed. Such is the lot of mankind! they forget benefits; and governors, in order to acquire the homage which is due to them, must be feared: gratitude and love are sentiments too delicate to be common among mankind.

Good Friday is without doubt the most imposing of the Catholic holidays: it is that which ought to inspire the most pious reflections; but at the Caraccas, as in many other places, on this occasion, the women are occupied with their dress, more anxious perhaps to appear amiable in the sight of men than to worship the Supreme Being: they think of nothing but amusement, and they almost forget that Being who does not manifest himself openly. But scarcely had they experienced the earthquake, when they said it was the thunder of Heaven sent to punish the crimes of mortals: their elegant clothes were immediately laid aside; those who had it in their power changed them for coarse garments, by way of showing their penitence: sackcloth, cords, and chains, were substituted for elegant fashions and seductive head-dresses. The ladies now subjected themselves to monastic discipline, and beat without remorse their bosoms, but a short time before adorned with the most costly jewels: many of the gentlemen at the same time forgot their gallantry for fanaticism; and in order to appease the anger of Heaven, they walked night and day in processions, the body entirely uncovered, with the exception of a large girdle, barefooted and with long beards, a cord around their necks to which was frequently attached a large stone, and on their shoulders they sometimes carried a wooden cross 100 or 150 pounds in weight.

In the city and throughout the country there were processions day and night; every mountain was transformed into a Calvary, where the people dying with hunger implored the divine mercy, embracing with groans the relics of their tutelar saints.

Every one accused himself of having called down the anger of Heaven, and of having caused the universal calamity: those who could not meet with a priest openly confessed their sins upon the highways, accusing themselves of robberies and murders which they had secretly committed.

In less than two days about 2,000 individuals (who perhaps never had any intention of the kind) were married: relations formerly despised or neglected on account of their poverty were now recognised: many unfortunate children, the fruits of an illegitimate intercourse, who had never known father or mother, were now acknowledged and legitimated. At the same time an infinite number of restitutions were made, and lawsuits terminated. But notwithstanding all this remorse, a singular and paradoxical spectacle was exhibited to the eyes of the philosopher: while one half of the multitude thus hastened to expiate their offences, the other half, who perhaps never had been guilty of any great crimes before, but possessing an accommodating conscience, profited by the confusion, and with the utmost composure committed every imaginable excess.

In the mean time the shocks from the earthquake continued;—every day and every hour some ruins fell, which had been only shaken by the first commotions. On the 5th of April, at four in the afternoon, there was a shock so violent that several mountains were rent asunder, many inclined from their centre of gravity, and enormous detached rocks were precipitated to the valleys.

From the above hour until nine o'clock next morning the shocks were violent, and so frequent as to admit of an interval of about five minutes only between each; and during these intervals a rumbling subterraneous noise was heard, and the earth was continually agitated.

The succession of these phenomena was not interrupted in the month of December, 1812, when I left the place, and those were reckoned the most tranquil days, in which there were only fifteen or twenty shocks! Every thing was destroyed; the ramparts of La Guyra, not less than twenty feet in thickness, were thrown down. As a natural consequence of the opening of the mountains, which are the great reservoirs of water, some rivers were observed to have considerably increased. Many high mountains were rent right across the centre, and that called La Silla has sunk more than sixty fathoms.

It is difficult to say what will be the close of this dreadful event: it may be hazarded as a conjecture, however, that it will end in the opening up of one or more volcanoes: in the mean time the unfortunate inhabitants of these countries, attached to their native soil, and not wishing to abandon the ashes of their fathers, have with great labour erected rude habitations, in which they await with stoicism and resignation the termination of their calamities.

J. H. S.

### ACCOUNT OF THE EXTRAORDINARY SECT CALLED YEZIDIS.

OF the various sects which have appeared in Mesopotamia since the death of Mohammed, none are held in such abhorrence by all true Mussulmans as the *Yezidis*; who derive their name from Sheikh Yezid, the declared enemy of Ali's race. The Yezidis' religious doctrine is a mixture of the ancient Persian faith, of Manicheism and of Mussulmanism, and is preserved traditionally, for they are neither permitted to read nor write. As they are thus without books, it is difficult to obtain any further information concerning this extraordinary people than what may be collected from observations made actually among them, whence it is evident that their first object is to secure the devil as a friend, and in honour or defence of him they are ready and willing to draw the sword. They not only refrain from ever uttering his name, but even use circumlocution to avoid any word which may resemble it in sound. Before these sectaries it is extremely dangerous for a stranger to pronounce the devil's name, especially to curse him as the Turks frequently do when any of the Yezidis visit a town belonging to those true believers. Such an affront would probably endanger the imprudent foreigner's life. It has often happened that a Yezidi, condemned by the Turkish laws to suffer death for some offence, has submitted to his sentence rather than curse the devil, although by such an execration he might have obtained his pardon.

If the Yezidis wish to designate the devil, *Sheikh Mazen* or *Great Sheikh*, is the expression which they use. All the prophets and saints revered by Christians are honoured by them also: and they are of opinion that those holy personages whilst living on earth were distinguished from other mortals, in proportion as the devil resided within them, more or less—and that above all, Moses, Jesus Christ, and Mohammed, were in this respect the most highly favoured;—they believe that God ordains, but intrusts the execution of his commands to Satan.

Every morning, on the sun's first appearance, they retire as much as possible from the sight of man, and kneeling, with their foreheads on the ground, they offer adoration to that luminary. They neither fast nor pray, but are persuaded that Sheikh Yezid has sufficiently atoned for all his sect's omission of these duties till the end of the world. Without fastings, prayers, or sacrifices, they are likewise without religious festivals. Yet on the tenth day of the moon in August, they assemble near the tomb of Sheikh Adi, and for some days before and after this, the small caravans in the plains of Mousul and Kurdistan are liable to attacks from the Yezidis, who flock to this meeting, as pilgrims,



from distant places. It is said that great numbers of their women also, from the neighbouring villages, attend on this occasion, and that at night, having freely indulged in eating and drinking, they extinguish all the lights and observe a profound silence until the dawn of day, when every one retires. This assemblage of men and women, with the darkness, the silence, and other circumstances, have given room for scandalous suspicions. Unmarried females are not admitted to this love feast.

Every kind of food is allowed among the Yezidis, except lettuces, and gourds or pompions; their bread is always made of barley; in swearing they use the same forms as Turks, Jews or Christians; but their strongest oath is, "*by the Standard of Yezid,*" that is, "by their religion."

They entertain great respect for the christian monasteries situated in their neighbourhood: before they enter one of these edifices they take off their shoes or slippers, and proceed barefooted, kissing the doors and walls, in hopes that by such an act of devotion they may obtain favour of the patron saint. If during any illness they dream of a particular monastery, they hasten, when recovered, to carry thither offerings of incense, honey, wax, or other things; they do not hesitate to kiss the hands of a christian patriarch or bishop, but they abstain from entering the Turkish Mosques.

The tomb of Sheikh Adi, which we have above mentioned, is situated in the jurisdiction of the prince of Amadia, in Kurdistan. The Sheikh who guards this tomb is regarded as head of the Yezidi religion, and must be a descendant of Sheikh Yezid. In such veneration is he held, that he who can procure an old shirt of this spiritual chief to serve as a winding sheet, considers himself most fortunate, as by the possession of this treasure he insures to his soul an advantageous situation in the other world. For such a precious relic, in its entire state, some have given forty piastres, but many are obliged to content themselves with small fragments of it. The Sheikh sometimes condescends to bestow one of his shirts as a present, and to indemnify him for his kindness, the Yezidis secretly transmit to him a portion of their spoil taken in pillage.

The chief is always attended by a *Kochek*: (petty Sheikh or lay-brother:) this personage is considered as an oracle, since he is favoured with revelations immediately from the devil, and nothing is transacted without his approbation. If a Yezidi is embarrassed about any business of importance, he consults the Kochek, but must pay a little money for the good man's advice. This holy personage, before he delivers his opinion, extends himself at full length on the ground and appears to fall asleep;

he then proclaims whatever had been revealed in his dream; sometimes he delays his answer for two or three nights. The following anecdote contains a proof of the influence which he possesses. 'Till about forty years ago, the Yezidi women, (like the Arabian,) being very economical in respect to soap, wore shifts dyed blue with indigo. One morning, most unexpectedly, the Kochek waited on his chief, and declared a revelation of the preceding night, by which he learned that blue was an inauspicious colour and displeasing to the devil. An order was instantly despatched to all the tribes, proscribing blue shifts or blue garments of any kind, and directing that white should be immediately substituted; the order was implicitly obeyed, and at this day if a Yezidi, lodging in the house of a Christian or a Turk, were to find on his bed a blue counterpane or quilt, he would rather endure the severest cold all night, than sleep beneath a covering of that prohibited colour.

The Yezidis must not clip their whiskers; they are commanded to let them grow to their fullest natural extent. So that of several men amongst them, the mouths can scarcely be discovered.

Some few of this sect are known about Aleppo by the appellation of *fukiran*, (poor men,) or *Karabash*, (black heads.) They wear a black cap and cloak, but their under dress is white; wherever they go, the people kiss their hands, and consider their visit as a presage of good fortune; they are requested to lay their hands on the neck and shoulders of sick persons, and are well rewarded for their trouble. They insure to one, who has lately died, a state of happiness in the other world by slightly touching the neck and shoulders of the naked corpse, which must be placed upright on its feet. They then strike it with the palm of the right hand, pronouncing at the same time these words in the Kurd dialect; "*Ara behesht*," "go thou to paradise." For the performance of this ceremony their remuneration is considerable.

The Yezidis believe in a future state of repose and felicity, proportionate to the merits of their deceased friends, and they imagine that souls or spirits sometimes appear in dreams to parents or others, and that on the day of judgment they are to enter paradise with arms in their hands.

Some of the Yezidi tribes dwell in the prince of Gioulemerk's territory, others in the prince of Jezirah's land. Some reside in hills belonging to the government of Diarbekre, and others live under the prince of Amadia. The most powerful tribe of this sect inhabits the mountain of Sinjar, between Mousul and the river Khaboor. This mountain abounds in various kinds of fruits, and is extremely difficult of access. The Yezidis, who

occupy it, can send into the field six thousand fusiliers besides cavalry, armed with lances; they frequently plunder the rich caravans, and have had many engagements with troops sent against them by the Pashas of Mousul and of Bagdad. These mountain Yezidis are universally dreaded, for they are not content with pillaging; they kill all those who fall into their hands. Sherifs, descendants of Mohammed, and Mussulman doctors, they torture to death in the most cruel manner, esteeming this barbarity highly meritorious.

The princes of Kurdistan encourage the Yezidis, whom they find to be excellent soldiers both as infantry and cavalry, and particularly useful in nocturnal attacks, and plundering of villages. The Mussulmans believe that any man, who perishes by the hand of a Yezidi, dies a martyr; and the prince of Amadia has one of this sect constantly with him as executioner of those Turks whom he condemns to death. The Yezidis entertain the same opinion respecting the Turks; and in killing one of these, they perform an act very pleasing to their *Great Sheikh*, the devil. An executioner, whose hands have been sanctified by the blood of many Turks, is received with veneration wherever he goes among the Yezidis.

Persians, and all Mussulmans attached to the sect of Ali, hold the Yezidis in abhorrence, and do not suffer them to live within their territories. The Turks are permitted to keep for their own use as slaves, or to sell, the women and children whom they take in war from the Yezidis. But these sectaries not having the same privilege, put to death all whom they take from the Turks.

If a Yezidi wishes to adopt the Turkish faith, he is only required to curse the devil, and at his leisure to instruct himself in the forms of prayer.

The Kurd language is used by all Yezidis, and some of them speak a little Turkish and Arabic.

There are, no doubt, among these extraordinary tribes, other customs and superstitions; but as they have not any written laws nor records, it is extremely difficult to obtain much information on those subjects. Many circumstances also change from time to time, according to the pretended revelations of their Kocheks, which throws an additional impediment in the way of an inquisitive stranger.

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#### ATTEMPT, BY TWO YOUNG AMERICANS, TO RESCUE GEN. LA FAYETTE.

HAVING a very slight and remote acquaintance with Fayette, but deeply impressed with an esteem for his character, they de-

terminated to undertake his liberation from his horrid imprisonment at Olmutz. Their fortunes and their lives became a secondary consideration. They took lodgings near his prison, and gradually insinuated themselves into the good graces of the keeper. A few cursory questions concerning the prisoners naturally introduced the name of Fayette. They commiserated his hard fate and found that the keeper sympathized with them. In the course of conversation, they discovered that Monsieur F. was permitted to walk at stated hours on the ramparts, guarded by a soldier. They then ventured to observe that they had a few books which were at the service of the prisoner, to beguile the tedious hour of confinement, and were delighted to hear that the gaoler had no objection to indulge him with the perusal of them, in case the volumes were previously submitted to his inspection. By underscoring with a pencil such *single* words in different pages, as expressed the ideas they wished to communicate, and by a marginal *hint* to join them in the order in which they were understood, a correspondence, unsuspected by the gaoler, was soon established; to keep up which, nothing more was necessary than the exchange of a few volumes. To be brief—Fayette, at the appointed time, breaks from his guards, and throws himself into the arms of his friends, who are waiting on the skirts of the forest with horses; only a few leagues are to be passed, and they are out of the power of Austria. But the sword in the belt of one of his deliverers, struck the head of his horse, in the act of mounting, and he broke from those who held him. A noble rivalry now succeeded, which of them should be left behind?—The point is settled by one taking up Fayette behind him. Much time is lost, the tocsin sounds the alarm—the whole country is in arms—two roads present themselves—they hesitate, but decide upon the wrong—they are taken. It was with the greatest difficulty that the Austrian government could be convinced that a scheme so daring could be digested and attempted by two private and disinterested individuals. When this was fully made out, they were suffered, after a severe and tedious confinement, to depart with their lives.

During the long and very rigorous confinement of Monsieur F. his liberation was the subject of more than one motion in parliament. The interference of our government was always sternly objected to by Mr. Pitt. This strengthens an anecdote I have heard of the king. To a nobleman, who lamented the sufferings of Fayette, in his majesty's presence, not without a hope of gaining so powerful a solicitor in his behalf, our sovereign made use of these remarkable words—"Remember *Andre*;"—a short sentence, but pregnant with meaning.

## DESCRIPTION OF A CONVICT SHIP.

THE appearance and regulation of a convict ship are as singular as the novel punishment of transportation, or as a regulated colony of very lawless convicts. Order and discipline, necessary to such an abandoned society, prevail in every part of the ship. The men are arranged in one long line, the women in a second; but the sexes are separated. The former dine upon their bedsteads, the latter sleep on a species of table, three longitudinally and two collaterally. To preserve subordination and regularity, a soldier in his regimentals is placed at the interval of ten convicts, as their guard. An adequate space is left in the lowest hall for the cockpit and surgery; a second space between decks for the stowage of stores; and a third on the quarter for the apartment of the free-settlers, and for the cabins or beds of the officers. All the convicts are compelled to wash once in the day their heads, their feet, and their faces; the men under the superintendence of a soldier; the women apart, under the eye of a matron. The males are marched in a body of six across the deck to the pump; the sailors draw up the water, and they are artfully compelled to labour for health at the pump, and rinse away the dirt. By this prudent precaution, in every variety of weather they obtain fresh air, and avoid the scurvy or cutaneous diseases. A surgeon every day inspects this human cargo, and reports its state. They are paid, per head, a sum for those who survive the voyage. Hence, it is the surgeon's interest to preserve the lives of those diseased wretches. To inure the assembly, disgorged from brothels, alehouses, and gaols, to the appearance, or to the idea of decorum, the men wash their bodies above decks, and the women between them. The sexes are forbid to mingle, even at their meals. So vigorous a discipline is only supported by severity of punishment. Chains, fastened round the body, and securely fettered around the ankles, confine and distress each male convict by the clanking sound, and by annoying the feet. This image of slavery is copied from the irons used in the slave ships in Guinea; as in these, bolts and locks also are at hand, in the sides and ribs of each transport, (for the vessels on this service, with peculiar propriety, are so named,) to prevent the escape, or preclude the movements of a convict. If he attempt to pass the sentry, he is liable to be stabbed; for the attempt, a convict was lately shot, and his executioner was applauded by his officer for a faithful, though severe, discharge of duty. If a felon kill his companion, a case very frequent in the quarrels of

these highwaymen and robbers, the murderer is hung at the yard-arm, and his body is slowly carried through the ship, and launched into the deep. For the theft of provisions, or clothes from his neighbour, a case yet more common and more natural to footpads, the convicted depredator is shot. For inferior crimes, as riots or quarrels, a soldier is ordered to whip the offender with martial severity. On the slightest appearance of mutiny, the ringleader is cast headlong into the sea in irons and in his clothes.—“We commit this body to the deep,” the chaplain repeats; but the words of Shakspeare would, perhaps, be more applicable :

“O mutineer, if thou hast any hope of Heav’n’s bliss,  
Lift up thy hand ; make signal of that hope.  
He sinks, and makes no sign !”

#### BIBLIOMANIC RAGE.

A SINGULAR story is extant about the purchase of the Duke of Roxburgh’s copy of the first edition of Shakspeare. When his friend was bidding for him in the sale-room, his grace retired to one end of the room, coolly to view the result of the contest. The biddings rose quickly to twenty guineas—a great sum in former times, when *collecting* was not quite so fashionable as it has since become; but the duke was not to be daunted or defeated. A slip of paper was handed to him, upon which the impropriety of continuing the contest was suggested. His grace took out his pencil; and with a coolness which would have done credit to Prince Eugene, he wrote on the same slip of paper, by way of reply—

—————“Lay on Macduff!  
And d——d be he who *first* cries ‘hold, enough!’”

Such a spirit was irresistible; it bore down all opposition, and was worthy of the cause in which it was engaged. The duke was of course declared victor, and he marched off triumphantly with the volume under his arm!

#### BON MOT OF FOX.

DURING the poll at Westminster, in the year 1784, a dead cat being thrown on the hustings, one of Sir Cecil Wray’s party observed that it stunk worse than a *Fox*; to which Mr. Fox replied, “there was nothing extraordinary in that, considering it was a *poll-cat*!”

# POETRY.

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## ODE MEDITATED IN THE CLOISTERS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

[*By George Dyer.*]

NOW cease, my song, the plaintive strain;  
Now hush'd be Pity's tender sigh;  
While MEM'RY wakes her fairy-train,  
And young DELIGHT sits laughing by:  
Return, each hour of rosy hue,  
In smiles, and pranks, and garlands gay,  
Playful of wing as when ye flew,  
Ev'ry mouth then seeming May;  
While, as Invention wak'd the mimic powers,  
Genius, still wand'ring wild, sigh'd for enchanted bowers.

Then, too, in antic vestment drest,  
Pastime would lightly trip along,  
Throwing around the ready jest,  
Satire and sting, or simple song;  
And merry Mischief oft would weave  
The wanton trick for little hearts;  
Nor Love a tender vot'ry grieve;  
Soft were his hands, nor keen his darts:  
While FRIENDSHIP, with a gay enthusiast glow,  
Gave her full half of bliss, and took her share of wo.

And, what tho' round a youthful spring  
A lowering storm may sometimes rise?  
Hope her soul-soothing strain can sing,  
Quickly can brighten up the skies.  
How sweetly pass'd my youth's gay prime!  
For not untuneful was my tongue:  
And, as I tried the classic rhyme,  
The critic schoolboy prais'd my song:  
Nor did mine eye not catch the orient ray,  
That promis'd fair to gild Ambition's distant day.

Ah! pleasing, gloomy cloister-shade,  
Still, still this wavering breast inspire!  
Here, lost in rapt'rous trance, I stray'd,  
Here saw with horror spectres dire!  
For, soon as day dark-veil'd its head,  
With hollow cheek and haggard eye,  
Pale ghosts would flit from yon death-bed,  
And stalk with step terrific by!  
Till the young heart would freeze with wild affright,  
And store the dismal tale to cheer a winter's night!

How like the spirit of the place,  
Good Edward's form here seem'd to move!  
As lingering still its growth to trace,  
With all a Founder's Guardian's love!



How of his name each syllable  
 Repeated oft, on youthful ears  
 Like no unholy charm would dwell,  
 And mingle fondness with the prayers!  
 While still the day, made sacred by his birth,  
 Brought with the rolling year memorials of his worth.

Yet, what avails the schoolboy's praise,  
 Tho' taking Gratitude's sweet name,  
 The stately monument to raise  
 Of royal Edward's lasting fame?  
 Tho' never on thy youthful brow  
 Flaunted the helmet's towering crest,  
 Tho' ne'er as martial Glory led,  
 The corslet sparkled on thy breast;  
 Yet, blameless youth, to worth so true as thine,  
 Virtue herself might weave her purest virgin line.

But ah! what means the silent tear:  
 Why e'en mid joy my bosom heave:  
 Ye long lost scenes, enchantments dear!  
 Lo! now I linger o'er your grave!  
 —Fly, then, ye hours of rosy hue,  
 And bear away the bloom of years!  
 And quick succeed, ye sickly crew  
 Of doubts and sorrows, pains and fears!  
 Still will I ponder Fate's unalter'd plan,  
 Nor tracing back the CHILD forget that I am MAN.

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### THE WHEELBARROW.

[*By Henry Bunbury, Esq.*]

WITH a big bottle-nose, and an acre of chin,  
 His whole physiognomy frightful as sin,  
 With a huge frizzled wig, and triangular hat,  
 And a snuff-besmeared handkerchief tied over that:  
 Doctor Bos, riding out on his fierce Rosinante,  
 (In hair very rich, but of flesh very scanty,)  
 Was a little alarm'd, through a zeal for his bones,  
 Seeing Hodge cross the road with a barrow of stones  
 Hip! friend, roar'd the doctor, with no little force,  
 Prithce set down your barrow, 'twill frighten my horse  
 Hodge as quickly replied, as an Erskine or Garrow,  
 "You're a d——d deal more likely to frighten my barrow."

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### EPIGRAM,

*On a monument being erected to the memory of Butler, author of Hudibras.*

[*By the Rev. Samuel Wesley.*]

WHILE Butler (needy wretch!) was yet alive,  
 No generous patron would a dinner give:  
 Behold him, starved to death, and turn'd to dust,  
 Presented with a monumental bust!  
 The Poet's fate in emblem here is shown—  
 He a knd for bread—and he received a stone

# ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1813.

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*Littérature considérée dans ses Rapports avec les Insti-  
ns Sociales. Par Mad. de Staël-Holstein. Avec un  
is de la Vie et les Ecrits de l'Auteur. 2 tomes, 12mo.*

IS is not a new book—as seems to be imagined by most of  
ent readers in this country ;—but a book published at least  
rs ago, with no very brilliant success—and lately brought  
to notice by the happier fortune of the novels with which  
inguished author has since condescended to favour this  
s generation. Its true date, indeed, is sufficiently marked  
eat part of its contents ; since it is full of reflections on the  
of *ten years* of revolution—and of conjectures as to the  
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anticipations, indeed, are now among the most curious and interesting parts of the work; and, when compared with the events that have already succeeded, cannot fail to excite, in the mind of the thinking reader, a sentiment of mingled distrust and compassion for the bright and fleeting visions of human prosperity—a disposition to laugh at the miserable miscarriage of so many vast pretensions, and to mourn over the ruin of so many glorious hopes. All this, however, is nothing to the ingenious frequenters of circulating libraries, and the lively inquirers after new books in *duodecimo*;—and Mad. de Staël's charming work upon literature is devoured, we make no doubt, by the greater part of its readers, with the same discriminating relish as Miss Owenson's or Miss Porter's last new works upon sentimental Poles or ingenuous Irish-women.

What such persons think in their hearts of the little volumes before us, we do not pretend of our own knowledge to determine; but we should be apt to suspect that they find them very dull in comparison of their native favourites—and that the bolder among them already venture to insinuate, that the author of *Delphine* and *Corinne* is falling fast into dotage and morality. For ourselves, we must say, that we are not exactly of that opinion. We look upon this as, upon the whole, the best and the least exceptionable of all Mad. de Staël's publications; and we look upon her as, beyond all comparison, the first female writer of her age. We are glad, therefore, that the book has been so generally taken for a new book, as to entitle us, without any great impropriety, to make it the subject of direct observation. Something may be gained, occasionally, both by the author, the critic, and the reader, from a work's falling out of notice for some years after its publication.

When we say that Mad. de Staël is decidedly the most eminent literary female of her age, we do not mean to deny that there may be others whose writings are of more direct and indisputable utility—who are distinguished by greater justness and sobriety of thinking, and may pretend to have conferred more practical benefits on the existing generation. But it is impossible, we think, to deny, that she has pursued a more lofty as well as a more dangerous career:—that she has treated of subjects of far greater difficulty, and far more extensive interest, and, even in her failures, has frequently given indication of greater powers than have sufficed for the success of her more prudent cotemporaries. While other female writers have contented themselves, for the most part, with embellishing or explaining the truths which the more robust intellect of the other sex had previously established—in making knowledge more familiar, or virtue more engaging—or, at most, in multiplying the finer distinctions which may be detected about the boundaries of taste or of morality—and in illustrating

the importance of the minor virtues to the general happiness of life—this distinguished person has not only aimed at extending the boundaries of knowledge, and rectifying the errors of received opinions upon subjects of the greatest importance, but has uniformly applied herself to trace out the operation of general causes, and, by combining the past with the present, and pointing out the connexion and reciprocal action of all coexistent phenomena, to develop the harmonious system which actually prevails in the apparent chaos of human affairs; and to gain something like an assurance as to the complexion of that futurity towards which our thoughts are so anxiously driven, by the selfish as well as the generous principles of our nature.

We are not acquainted, indeed, with any writer who has made such bold and vigorous attempts to carry the generalizing spirit of true philosophy into the history of literature and manners, or who has thrown so strong a light upon the capricious and apparently unaccountable diversity of national taste, genius, and morality, by connecting them with the political structure of society, the accidents of climate and external relation, and the variety of creeds and superstitions. In her lighter works, this spirit is indicated chiefly by the force and comprehensiveness of those general observations with which they abound; and which strike at once, by their justness and novelty, and by the great extent of their application. They prove also in how remarkable a degree she possesses the rare talent of embodying, in one luminous position, those sentiments and impressions which float, unquestioned and undefined, over many an understanding, and give a colour to the character, and a bias to the conduct, of multitudes, who are not so much aware of their existence. Besides all this, her novels bear testimony to the extraordinary accuracy and minuteness of her observation of human character, and to her thorough knowledge of those dark and secret workings of the heart, by which misery is so often elaborated from the pure elements of the affections. Her knowledge, however, we must say, seems to be more of evil than of good. The predominating sentiment in her fictions is, despair of human happiness and human virtue: and their interest is founded almost entirely on the inherent and almost inevitable heartlessness of polished man. The impression which they leave upon the mind, therefore, though powerfully pathetic, is both painful and humiliating; at the same time that it proceeds, we are inclined to believe, upon the double error of supposing that the bulk of intelligent people are as selfish as those victims of fashion and philosophy from whom her characters are selected; and that a sensibility to unkindness can survive the extinction of all kindly emotions. The work before us, however, exhibits the fairest specimen which

we have yet seen of the systematizing spirit of the author, as well as of the moral enthusiasm by which she seems to be possessed.

The professed object of this work is to show that all the peculiarities in the literature of different ages and countries, may be explained by a reference to the condition of society, and the political and religious institutions of each;—and at the same time to point out in what way the progress of letters has in its turn modified and affected the government and religion of those nations among whom they have flourished. All this, however, is bottomed upon the more fundamental and favourable proposition, that *there is a progress*, to produce these effects—that letters and intelligence are in a state of constant, universal, and irresistible advancement—in other words, that human nature is tending, by a slow and interminable progression, to a state of perfection. This fascinating idea seems to have been kept constantly in view by Mad. de Staël, from the beginning to the end of the work before us;—and though we conceive it to have been pursued with far too sanguine and assured a spirit, and to have led in this way to most of what is rash and questionable in her conclusions, it is impossible to doubt that it has also helped her to many explanations that are equally solid and ingenious, and thrown a light upon many phenomena that would otherwise have appeared very dark and unaccountable.

In the range which she here takes, indeed, she has need of all the lights and all the aids that can present themselves;—for her work contains a critique and a theory of all the literature and philosophy in the world, from the days of Homer to the tenth year of the French Revolution. She begins with the early learning and philosophy of Greece; and after characterizing the national taste and genius of that illustrious people, in all its departments, and in the different stages of their progress, she proceeds to a similar investigation of the literature and science of the Romans; and then, after a hasty sketch of the decline of arts and letters in the later days of the empire, and of the actual progress of the human mind during the dark ages, when it is supposed to have slumbered in complete inactivity, she enters upon a more detailed examination of peculiarities, and the causes of the peculiarities of all the different aspects of national taste and genius that characterize the literature of Italy, Spain, England, Germany and France—entering, as to each, into a pretty minute exposition of its general merits and defects—and not only of the circumstances in the situation of the country that have produced those characteristics, but even of the authors and productions in which they are chiefly exemplified. To go through all this with any tolerable success, and without committing any very gross and ridiculous blunders, evidently required, in the first place, a greater allowance of learning than has

often fallen to the lot of persons of the learned gender, who lay a pretty bold claim to distinction, upon the ground of their learning alone; and, in the next place, an extent of general knowledge, and a power and comprehensiveness of thinking, that has still more rarely been the ornament of great scholars. Mad. de Staël may be surpassed, perhaps, in scholarship (so far as relates to accuracy at least, if not extent) by some—and in sound philosophy by others. But there are few indeed who can boast of having so much of both; and no one, so far as we know, who has applied the one to the elucidation of the other with so much judgment, boldness, and success. But it is time to give a little more particular account of her lucubrations.

There is a very eloquent and high-toned introduction, illustrating, in a general way, the influence of literature on the morals, the glory, the freedom, and the enjoyments of the people among whom it flourishes. It is full of brilliant thoughts and profound observations;—but we are most struck with those sentiments of mingled triumph and mortification by which she connects these magnificent speculations with the tumultuous aspect of the times in which they were nourished.

“Qu’on ne puis-je rappeler tous les esprits éclairés à la jouissance des méditations philosophiques! Les contemporains d’une révolution perdent souvent tout intérêt à la recherche de la vérité. Tant d’événemens décidés par la force, tant de crimes absous par le succès, tant de vertus flétries par le blâme, tant d’infortunes insultées par le pouvoir, tant de sentimens généreux devenus l’objet de la moquerie, tant de vils calculs philosophiquement commentés; tout lasse de l’espérance les hommes les plus fidèles au culte de la raison. Néanmoins ils doivent se ranimer en observant, dans l’histoire de l’esprit humain, qu’il n’a existé ni une pensée utile, ni une vérité profonde qui n’ait trouvé son siècle et ses admirateurs. C’est sans doute un triste effort que de transporter son intérêt, de reposer son attente, à travers l’avenir, sur nos successeurs, sur les étrangers bien loin de nous, sur les inconnus, sur tous les hommes enfin dont le souvenir et l’image ne peuvent se retracer à notre esprit. Mais, hélas! si l’on en excepte quelques amis inaltérables, la plupart de ceux qu’on se rappelle après dix années de révolution, contristent votre cœur, étouffent vos mouvemens, en imposant à votre talent même, non par leur supériorité, mais par cette malveillance qui ne cause de la douleur qu’aux âmes douces, et ne fait souffrir que ceux qui ne la méritent pas.” Tom. I. p. 27, 28.

And a little after—

“L’homme a besoin de s’appuyer sur l’opinion de l’homme; il craint de prendre son amour-propre pour sa conscience; il s’accuse

de folie, s'il ne voit rien de semblable à lui; et telle est la faiblesse de la nature humaine, telle est sa dépendance de la société que l'homme pourroit presque se repentir de ses qualités comme de défauts involontaires, si l'opinion générale s'accordait à l'blâmer : mais il a recours, dans son inquiétude, à ces livres, monuments des meilleurs et des plus nobles sentimens de tous les âges. S'il aime la liberté, si ce nom de république, si puissant sur les âmes fières, se réunit dans sa pensée à l'image de toutes les vertus, quelques vies de Plutarque, une lettre de Brutus à Cicéron, des paroles de Caton d'Utique, des réflexions que la haine de la tyrannie inspiroit à Tacite, les sentimens recueillis ou supposés par les historiens et par les poètes, relèvent l'âme, que flétrissoient les événemens contemporains. Un caractère élevé redevient content de lui-même s'il se sent d'accord avec ces nobles sentimens, avec les vertus que l'imagination même a choisies lorsqu'elle a voulu tracer un modèle à tous les siècles. Que de consolations nous sont données par les écrits d'un certain ordre ! Les grands hommes de la première antiquité, s'ils étoient calomniés pendant leur vie, n'avoient de ressource qu'en eux-mêmes : mais, pour nous, c'est le Phédon de Socrate, ce sont les plus beaux chefs-d'œuvre de l'éloquence qui soutiennent notre âme dans ses revers. Les philosophes de tous les pays nous exhortent et nous encouragent ; et ce langage pénétrant de la morale et de la connoissance intime du cœur humain semble s'adresser personnellement à tous ceux qu'elle console.

“ Dans les déserts de l'exil, au fond des prisons, à la veille de périr, telle page d'un auteur sensible a relevé peut-être une âme abattue : moi qui la lis, moi qu'elle touche, je crois y retrouver encore la trace de quelques larmes ; et par des émotions semblables, j'ai quelques rapports avec ceux dont je plains si profondément la destinée. Dans le calme, dans le bonheur, la vie est un travail facile : mais on ne sait pas combien, dans l'infortune, de certaines pensées, de certains sentimens qui ont ébranlé votre cœur, forment une époque dans l'histoire de vos impressions solitaires. Ce qui peut seul soulager la douleur, c'est la possibilité de pleurer sur sa destinée, de prendre à soi cette sorte d'intérêt qui fait de nous deux êtres, pour ainsi dire, séparés, dont l'un a pitié de l'autre.” — “ Qu'elles sont précieuses ces lignes toujours vivantes qui servent encore d'ami, d'opinion publique, et de patrie ! Dans ce siècle où tant de malheurs ont pesé sur l'espèce humaine, puissions-nous posséder un écrivain qui recueille avec talent toutes les réflexions mélancoliques, tous les efforts raisonnés qui ont été de quelque secours aux infortunés dans leur carrière ! alors du moins nos larmes seroient fécondes.

“ Le voyageur que la tempête a fait échouer sur des plages inhabitées, grave sur le roc le nom des alimens qu'il a découverts, indique où sont les ressources qu'il a employées contre la mort, afin d'être utile un jour à ceux qui subiroient la même destinée. Nous que le hasard de la vie a jetés dans l'époque d'une révolution, nous devons aux générations futures la connoissance intime de ces secrets de l'âme, de ces consolations inattendues, dont la nature conserve



trice s'est servie pour nous aider à traverser l'existence." Tom. 1. p. 55—59.

The connexion between good morals and that improved state of intelligence which Mad. de Staël considers as synonymous with the cultivation of literature, is too obvious to require any great exertion of her talents for its elucidation. She observes, with great truth, that much of the guilt and the misery which are vulgarly imputed to great talents, really arise from not having talent enough—and that the only certain cure for the errors which are produced by superficial thinking, is to be found in thinking more deeply:—at the same time, it ought not to be forgotten, that all men have not the capacity of thinking deeply—and that the most general cultivation of literature will not invest every one with talents of the first order. If there be a degree of intelligence, therefore, that is more unfavourable to the interests of morality and just opinion, than an utter want of intelligence, it may be presumed that, in very enlightened times, this will be the portion of the greater multitude—or at least that nations and individuals will have to pass through this troubled and dangerous sphere, in their way to the loftier and purer regions of perfect understanding. The better answer, therefore, probably is, that it is not intelligence that does the mischief in any case whatsoever, but the presumption that sometimes accompanies the lower degrees of it; and which is best disjoined from them, by making the higher degrees more attainable. It is quite true, as Mad. de Staël observes, that the power of public opinion, which is the only sure and ultimate guardian either of freedom or of virtue, is greater or less exactly as the public is more or less enlightened; and that this public never can be trained to the habit of just and commanding sentiments, except under the influence of a sound and progressive literature. The abuse of power, and the abuse of the means of enjoyment, are the great sources of misery and depravity in an advanced stage of society. Both originate with those who stand in the highest stages of human fortune; and the cure is to be found, in both cases, only in the enlightened opinion of those who stand a little lower.

Liberty, it will not be disputed, is still more clearly dependent on intelligence than morality itself. When the governors are ignorant, they are naturally tyrannical:—force is the obvious and unfailing resource of those who are incapable of convincing; and the more unworthy any one is of the power with which he is invested, the more rigorously will he exercise that power. But it is in the intelligence of the people themselves that the chief bulwark of their freedom will be found to consist, and all the principles of political amelioration to originate. This is true, however,

as Mad. de Staël observes, only of what she terms "*la haute littérature*;" or the progress of philosophy, eloquence, history, and those other departments of learning which refer chiefly to the heart and the understanding, and depend upon a knowledge of human nature, and an attentive study of all that contributes to actual enjoyments. What is merely for delight, again, and dresses itself exclusively to the imagination, has neither so noble a genealogy, nor half so illustrious a progeny. Poetry and works of gayety and amusement, together with music and the sister arts of painting and sculpture, have a much slighter connexion either with virtue or with freedom. Though among their most graceful ornaments, they may flourish under tyrants, and be relished in the midst of the greatest and most debasing corruption of manners. It is a fine and a just remark of Mad. de Staël, that the pursuits which minister to delight, and give to life its charm and voluptuousness, generally produce a great indifference about duty. They supersede and displace the stronger passions and affections by which alone we are bound very strongly to existence: and while they habituate the mind to transitory and passive impressions, seem naturally connected with those images of indolence and intoxication, and slumber, to which the idea of death is readily assimilated in characters of this description. When life is considered as nothing more than an amusement, its termination is contemplated with far less emotion, and its course, upon the whole, is overshadowed with deeper clouds of *ennui*, than when it is presented as a scene of high duties and honourable labours, and holds out to us at every turn—not the perishable pastimes of every passing hour, but the fixed and distant objects of those serious and lofty aims which connect us with a long futurity.

The introduction ends with an eloquent profession of the author's unshaken faith in the philosophical creed of perfectibility—upon which, as it does not happen to be our creed, and is very frequently brought into notice in the course of the work, we may here be indulged with a few preliminary observations.

This splendid illusion, which seems to have succeeded that of optimism in the favour of philosophical enthusiasts, and resembles it, upon the notion that the whole scheme of a beneficent providence is to be developed *in this world*, is supported by Mad. de Staël upon a variety of grounds: and as, like other illusions, it has a considerable admixture of truth, it is supported in many points, upon grounds that are both solid and ingenious. She relies chiefly, of course, upon the experience of the past; and, in particular, upon the marked and decided superiority of the moderns in respect to thought and reflection—their more profound knowledge of human feelings, and mo-

comprehensive views of human affairs. She ascribes less importance than is usually done to our attainments in mere science, and the arts that relate to matter; and augurs less confidently as to the future fortune of the species, from the exploits of Newton, Watt, and Davy, than from those of Bacon, Bossuet, Locke, Hume, and Voltaire. In eloquence, too, and in taste and fancy, she admits that there has been a less conspicuous advancement; because, in these things, there is a natural limit or point of perfection, which has been already attained: but there are no boundaries to the increase of human knowledge, or to the discovery of the means of human happiness; and every step that is gained in those higher walks, is gained, she conceives, for posterity and for ever.

The great objection derived from the signal check which the arts and civility of life received from the inroads of the northern barbarians on the decline of the Roman power, and the long period of darkness and degradation which ensued, she endeavours to obviate, by a very bold and ingenious speculation. It is her object here to show, that the invasion of the northern tribes not only promoted their own civilization more effectually than any thing else could have done, but actually imparted to the genius of the vanquished, a character of energy, solidity and seriousness, which could never have sprung up of itself in the volatile regions of the south. The amalgamation of the two races, she thinks, has produced a mighty improvement on both; and the vivacity, the elegance and versatility of the warmer latitudes, been mingled, infinitely to their mutual advantage, with the majestic melancholy, the profound thought, and the sterner morality of the north. This combination, again, she conceives, could have been effected in no way so happily as by the successful invasion of the ruder people, and the conciliating influence of that common faith, which at once repressed the frivolous, and mollified the ferocious tendencies of our nature. The temporary disappearance, therefore, of literature and politeness, upon the first shock of this mighty collision, was but the subsidence of the sacred flame under the heaps of fuel which were thus profusely provided for its increase; and the seeming waste and sterility that ensued, was but the first aspect of the fertilizing flood and accumulated manure under which vegetation was buried for a while, that it might break out at last with a richer and more indestructible luxuriance. The human intellect was neither dead nor inactive, she contends, during that long slumber, in which it was collecting vigour for unprecedented exertions; and the occupations to which it was devoted, though not of the most brilliant or attractive description, were perhaps the best fitted for its ultimate and substantial improvement. The subtle distinctions, the refined casuistry, and ingenious logic of the

school divines, were all favourable to habits of careful and accurate thinking; and led insensibly to a far more thorough and profound knowledge of human nature—the limits of its faculties and the grounds of its duties—than had been attained by the more careless inquirers of antiquity. When men, therefore, began again to reason upon human affairs, they were found to have made an immense progress during the period when all appeared to be either retrograde or stationary; and Shakspeare, Bacon, Machiavel, Montaigne, and Galileo, who appeared, almost at the same time, in the most distant countries of Europe; each displayed a reach of thought and a power of reasoning which we should look for in vain in the eloquent dissertations of the classical ages. To them succeeded such men as Jeremy Taylor, Moliere, Pascal, Locke, and La Bruyere—all of them observers of a character, to which there is nothing at all parallel in antiquity; and yet only preparing the way, in the succeeding age, for Montesquieu, Hume, Voltaire, Smith, Burke, Malthus, and so many others, who have made the world familiar with truths, which, however important and demonstrable at all times, certainly never entered into the conception of the earlier inhabitants of the world. Those truths, and others still more important, of which they are destined to be the parents, have already, according to *Mad. de Staël*, produced a prodigious alteration, and an incalculable improvement on the condition of human nature. Through their influence, assisted no doubt by that of the gospel, slavery has been abolished, trade and industry set free from restriction, and war disarmed of half its horrors; while, in private life, women have been restored to their just rank in society; sentiments of justice and humanity have been universally cultivated, and public opinion been armed with a power which renders every other both safe and salutary.

Many of these truths, which were once the derided discoveries of men of original genius, are now admitted as elementary principles in the reasonings of ordinary people; and are every day extending their empire, and multiplying their progeny. *Mad. de Staël* sees no reason to doubt, therefore, that they will one day inherit the whole earth; and, under their reign, she takes it to be clear, that war and poverty, and all the misery that arises from vice and ignorance, will disappear from the face of society; and that men universally, convinced that justice and benevolence are the true sources of enjoyment, will seek their own happiness in a constant endeavour to promote that of their neighbours.

It would be very agreeable to believe all this—in spite of the grudging which would necessarily arise, from the reflection that we were born so much too soon for virtue and enjoyment in this world. But it is really impossible to overlook the manifold imperfections of the reasoning on which this splendid anticipation is

founded ;—though it may be worth while to ascertain, if possible, in what degree it is founded in truth.

The first thing that occurs to a sober-minded listener to this dream of perfectibility, is the extreme narrowness of the induction from which these sweeping conclusions are so confidently deduced. A progress that is in its own nature infinite and irresistible, must necessarily have been both universal and unremitting ; and yet the evidence of its existence is founded, if we do not deceive ourselves, upon the history of a very small portion of the human race, for a very small number of generations. The proposition is, that the human species is advancing, and has always advanced, to a state of perfection, by a law of their nature, of the existence of which their past history and present state leaves no room to doubt. But when we cast a glance upon this high destined species, we find this necessary and eternal progress scarcely begun in the old inhabited continent of Africa—stationary, as far back as our information reaches, in China—and retrograde, for a period of at least twelve centuries, and up to this day, in Egypt, India, Persia, and Greece. Even in our own Europe, which contains, probably, less than one tenth part of our kind, it is admitted, that, for upwards of a thousand years, this great work of moral nature not only stood still, but went visibly backwards over its fairest regions ; and though there has been a prodigious progress in England, and France, and Germany, during the last two hundred years, it may be doubted whether any thing of this sort can be said of Spain or Italy, or various other portions of this favoured quarter of the world. It may be very natural for Mad. de Staël, or for us, looking only to what has happened in our own world, and in our own times, to indulge in those dazzling views of the unbounded and universal improvement of the whole human race ; but such speculations would appear rather wild, we suspect, to those whose lot it is to philosophize among the unchanging nations of Asia ; and would probably carry even something of ridicule with them, if propounded upon the ruins of Thebes or Babylon, or even among the profaned relics of Athens or Rome.

We are not inclined, however, to push this very far. The world is certainly something the wiser for its past experience ;—and there is an accumulation of useful knowledge, which we think likely to increase. The invention of printing and fire arms, and the perfect communication that is established over all Europe, insures us, we think, against any considerable falling back in respect to the sciences, or the arts and attainments that minister to the conveniences of ordinary life. We have no idea that any of the important discoveries of modern times will ever again be lost or forgotten ; or that any future generation will be put to the trouble of inventing, for a second time, the art of making

gunpowder or telescopes—the astronomy of Newton, or the mechanics of Watt. All knowledge which admits of demonstration will advance, we have no doubt, and extend itself; and all processes will be improved, that do not interfere with the passions of human nature, or the apparent interest of its ruling classes. But with regard to every thing depending on probable reasoning, or susceptible of debate, and especially with regard to every thing touching morality and enjoyment, we really are not sanguine enough to reckon on any considerable improvement; and suspect that men will go on blundering in speculation, and transgressing in practice, pretty nearly as they do at present, to the latest period of their history.

In the nature of things, indeed, there can be no end to disputes, upon probable, or what is called moral evidence; nor to the contradictory conduct, and consequent hostility and oppression, which must result from the opposite views that are taken of such subjects;—and that, partly, because the elements that are to be taken into the calculation are so vast and numerous, that many of the most material must always be overlooked by persons of ordinary talent and information; and partly because there not only is no standard by which the value of those elements can be ascertained and made manifest, but that they actually have a different value to almost every different individual. With regard to all nice, and indeed all debatable questions of happiness or morals, therefore, there never can be any agreement among men; because, in reality, there is no truth in which they can agree. All questions of this kind turn upon a comparison of the opposite advantages and disadvantages of any particular course of conduct or habit of mind: but these are of very different magnitude and importance to different persons; and their decision, therefore, even if they all saw the whole consequences, or even the same set of consequences, must be irreconcilably diverse. If the matter in deliberation, for example, be, whether it is better to live without toil or exertion, but, at the same time, without wealth or glory, or to venture for both upon a scene of labour and hazard—it is easy to see, that the determination which would be wise and expedient for one individual, might be just the reverse for another. Ease and obscurity are the *summum bonum* of one description of men; while others have an irresistible vocation to strenuous enterprise, and a positive delight in contention and danger. Nor is the magnitude of our virtues and vices referrible to a more invariable standard. Intemperance is less a vice in the robust, and dishonesty less foolish in those who care but little for the scorn of society. Some men find their chief happiness in relieving sorrow—some in sympathizing with mirth. Some, again, derive most of their enjoyment from the exercise of their reasoning faculties—others from that of their imagination;—while a third



sort attend to little but the gratification of their senses, and a fourth to that of their vanity. One delights in crowds, and another in solitude;—one thinks of nothing but glory, and another of comfort;—and so on, through all the infinite variety of human tastes, temperaments, and habits. Now, it is plain, that each of those persons should pursue a different road to the common object of happiness; and that they must necessarily clash and jostle with each other, even if each were fully aware of the peculiarity of his own notions, and of the consequences of all that he did in obedience to their impulses. It is altogether impossible, therefore, we humbly conceive, that men should ever settle the point as to what is the wisest course of conduct, or the best disposition of mind; or, consequently, take even the first step towards that perfection of moral science, or that cordial concert and coöperation in their common pursuit of happiness, which is the only alternative to their fatal opposition.

This impossibility will become more apparent when it is considered that the only instrument by which it is pretended that this moral perfection is to be attained, is such a general illumination of the intellect as to make all men fully aware of the consequences of their actions; and that it is not in general, through ignorance of their consequences, that actions producing misery are actually performed. When the misery is inflicted upon others, the actors most frequently disregard it, upon a fair comparison with the pain they should inflict on themselves by forbearance; and even when it falls on their own heads, they will generally be found rather to have been unlucky in the game, than to have been unacquainted with its hazards; and to have ventured with as full a knowledge of the risks, as the fortunes of others can ever impress on the enterprising. There are many men, it should always be recollected, to whom the happiness of others gives very little satisfaction, and their sufferings very little pain—and who would rather eat a luxurious meal by themselves, than scatter plenty and gratitude over twenty famishing cottages. No enlightening of the understanding will make such men the instruments of general happiness; and wherever there is a competition—wherever the question is stirred as to whose claims shall be renounced or asserted, we are all such men, in a greater or a less degree. There are others, again, who presume upon their own good fortune, with a degree of confidence that no exposition of the chances of failure can ever repress; and in all cases where failure is possible, there must be a risk of suffering from its occurrence, however prudent the venture might have appeared. These, however, are the chief sources of all the unhappiness which results from the conduct of man;—and they are sources which we do not see that the improved intellect, or added experience, of the species, is likely to close or diminish.



Take the case, for example, of war—by far the most prolific and extensive pest of the human race, whether we consider the sufferings it inflicts, or the happiness it prevents—and see whether it is likely to be arrested by the progress of intelligence and civilization. In the first place, it is manifest, that instead of becoming less frequent or destructive, in proportion to the rapidity of that progress, our European wars have been incomparably more constant, and more sanguinary since Europe became signally enlightened and humanized—and that they have uniformly been most obstinate and most popular in its most polished countries. The brutish Laplanders, and bigoted and profligate Italians, have had long intervals of repose; but France and England are now pretty regularly at war, for about fourscore years out of every century. In the second place, the lovers and conductors of war are by no means the most ferocious or stupid of their species—but for the most part the very contrary:—and their delight in it, notwithstanding their compassion for human suffering, and their complete knowledge of its tendency to produce suffering, seems to us sufficient almost of itself to discredit the confident prediction of those who assure us, that when men have attained to a certain degree of intelligence, war must necessarily cease among all the nations of the earth. There can be no better illustration indeed, than this, of the utter futility of all those dreams of perfectibility which are founded on a radical ignorance of what it is that constitutes the real enjoyment of human nature, and upon the play of how many principles and opposite *stimuli* that happiness depends, which, it is absurdly imagined, would be found in the mere negation of suffering, or in a state of Quakerish placidity, dulness, and uniformity. Men delight in war, in spite of the pains and miseries which it entails upon them and their fellows, because it exercises all the talents, and calls out all the energies of their nature—because it holds them out conspicuously as the objects of public sentiment and general sympathy—because it gratifies their pride of art, and gives them a lofty sentiment of their own power, worth, and courage—but principally because it sets the game of existence upon a higher stake, and dispels, by its powerful interest, those feelings of *ennui* which steal upon every condition from which hazard and anxiety are excluded, and drive us into danger and suffering as a relief. While human nature continues to be distinguished by those attributes, we do not see any chance of war being superseded by the increase of wisdom and morality. We should be pretty well advanced in the career of perfectibility, if all the inhabitants of Europe were as intelligent, and upright, and considerate, as Sir John Moore, or Lord Nelson, or Lord Wellington—but we should not have the less war, we take it, with all its attendant miseries. The more wealth, and intelligence,

and liberty, there is in a country indeed, the greater love there will be for war;—for a gentleman is uniformly a more pugnacious animal than a plebeian, and a free man than a slave. The case is the same with the minor contentions that agitate civil life, and spread abroad the bitter waters of political animosity, and grow up to the rancours and atrocities of faction and cabal. The actors in these scenes are not the lowest or most debased characters in the country—but, almost without exception, of the very opposite description. It would be too romantic to suppose that the whole population of any country should ever be raised to the level of Fox and Pitt, Burke, Windham, or Grattan; and yet if that miraculous improvement were to take place, we know that they would be at least as far from agreeing as they are at present; and may fairly conclude, that they would contend with far greater warmth and animosity.

For that great class of evils, therefore, which arise from contention, emulation, and diversity of opinion upon points which admit of no solution, it is evident that the general increase of intelligence could afford no remedy; and there even seems to be reason for thinking that it would increase their amount. If we turn to the other great source of human suffering, the abuse of power and wealth, and the other means of enjoyment, we suspect we shall not find any ground for indulging in more sanguine expectations.—Take the common case of youthful excess and imprudence, for example, in which the evil commonly rests on the head of the aggressor—the injury done to fortune by thoughtless expense—to health and character, by sensual indulgence, and to the whole felicity of after life, by rash and unsorted marriages. The whole mischief and hazard of such practices, we are persuaded, is just as thoroughly known and understood at present, as it will be when the world is five thousand years older; and as much pains are taken to impress the ardent spirits of youth with the belief of those hazards, as can well be taken by the monitors who may discharge that office in the most remote futurity. The truth is, that the offenders do not offend so much in ignorance as in presumption. They know very well that men are oftener ruined than enriched at the gaming-table; and that love-marriages, clapt up under age, are frequently followed by divorces: but they know, too, that this is not always the case; and they flatter themselves that their good luck, and good judgment, will class them among the exceptions, and not among the ordinary examples of the rule. They are told well enough, for the most part, of the excessive folly of acting upon such a presumption, in matters of serious importance: but it is the nature of youth to despise much of the wisdom that is pressed upon them, and to think well of their fortune and sagacity, till they have actually had experience of their slipperiness. We

really have no idea that their future teachers will be able to change this nature; or to destroy the eternal distinction between the character of early and mature life; and therefore it is, that we despair of the cure of the manifold evils that spring from this source; and remain persuaded, that young men will be nearly as foolish, and as incapable of profiting by the experience of their seniors, ten thousand years hence, as they are at this moment.

With regard to the other glittering courses of life—the heartless dissipations—the cruel seductions—the selfish extravagance—the rejection of all interesting occupation or serious affection which blast the splendid summit of human fortune with perpetual barrenness and discomfort—we can only say, that as they are miseries which exist almost exclusively among the most polished and intelligent of the species, we do not think it very probable at least, that they will be eradicated by rendering the species more polished and intelligent. They are not occasioned, we think, by ignorance or improper education; but by that eagerness for strong emotion and engrossing occupation, which still proclaim it to be the genuine and irreversible destiny of man to earn his bread by the sweat of his brows. It is a fact, indeed rather perplexing and humiliating to the advocates of perfectibility, that as soon as a man is delivered from the necessity of subsisting himself, and providing for his family, he generally falls into a state of considerable unhappiness; and, if some fortunate anxiety, or necessity for exertion, does not come to his relief, is generally obliged to seek for a slight and precarious distraction in vicious and unsatisfactory pursuits. It is not for want of knowing that they are unsatisfactory, that he persists in them, nor for want of being told of their folly and criminality; for moralists and divines have been occupied with little else for the best part of a century; and writers of all descriptions, indeed, have charitably expended a good part of their own *ennui* in copious directions for the innocent and effectual reduction of that common enemy. In spite of all this, however, the malady has increased with our wealth and refinement, and has brought along with it the increase of all those vices and follies in which its victims still find themselves constrained to seek a temporary relief. The truth is, that military and senatorial glory is neither within the reach, nor suited to the taste, of any very great proportion of the sufferers; and that the cultivation of waste lands, and the superintendence of tippling-houses and charity schools, have not always been found such effectual and delightful remedies as the inditers of godly romances have sometimes represented. So that those whom fortune has cruelly exempted from the necessity of doing any thing, have been led very generally to do evil of their own accord, and have fancied that they rather diminished than added to the sum of hu-

man misery, by engaging in intrigues and gaming clubs, and establishing coteries for detraction or sensuality.

The real and radical difficulty is to find some pursuit that will permanently interest—some object that will continue to captivate and engross the faculties : and this, instead of becoming easier in proportion as our intelligence increases, obviously becomes more difficult. It is knowledge that destroys enthusiasm, and dispels all those prejudices of admiration which people simpler minds with so many idols of enchantment. It is knowledge that distracts by its variety, and satiates by its abundance, and generates by its communication, that dark and cold spirit of fastidiousness and decision which revenges on those whom it possesses, the pangs which it inflicts on those on whom it is exerted. Yet it is to the increase of knowledge and talents alone, that the prophets of perfectibility look forward for the cure of all our vices and all our unhappiness !

Even as to intellect, and the pleasures that are to be derived from the exercise of a vigorous understanding, we doubt greatly whether we ought to look forward to posterity with any very lively feelings of envy or humiliation. More knowledge they probably will have—as we have undoubtedly more knowledge than our ancestors had two hundred years ago ; but for vigour of understanding, or pleasure in the exercise of it, we must beg leave to demur. The more there is already known, the less there remains to be discovered ; and the more time a man is obliged to spend in ascertaining what his predecessors have already established, the less he will have to bestow in adding to its amount. The time, however, is of less consequence ; but the habits of mind that are formed by walking patiently, humbly, and passively in the paths that have been traced by others, are the very habits that disqualify us for vigorous and independent excursions of our own. There is a certain degree of knowledge, to be sure, that is but wholesome aliment to the understanding—materials for it to work upon—or instruments to facilitate its labours : but a larger quantity is apt to oppress and encumber it ; and as industry, which is excited by the importation of the raw material, may be superseded and extinguished by the introduction of the finished manufacture, so the minds which are stimulated to activity by a certain measure of instruction may, unquestionably, be reduced to a state of passive and languid acquiescence, by a more profuse and redundant supply.

Mad. de Staël, and the other advocates of her system, talk a great deal of the prodigious advantage of having the results of the laborious discoveries of one generation made matters of familiar and elementary knowledge in another ; and for practical utility, it may be so : but nothing, we conceive, can be so completely destructive of all intellectual enterprise, and all force and originality

of thinking, as this very process of the reduction of knowledge to its results, or the multiplication of those summary and accessible pieces of information in which the student is saved the whole trouble of investigation, and put in possession of the prize, without either the toils or the excitement of the contest. This, in the first place, necessarily makes the prize much less a subject of exultation or delight to him; for the chief pleasure is in the chase itself, and not in the object which it pursues; and he who sits at home, and has the dead game brought to the side of his chair, will be very apt, we believe, to regard it as nothing better than an unfragrant vermin. But, in the next place, it does him no good; for he misses altogether the invigorating exercise, and the invaluable training to habits of emulation, and sagacity, and courage, for the sake of which alone the pursuit is deserving of applause. And, in the last place, he not only fails in this way to acquire the qualities that may enable him to run down knowledge for himself, but necessarily finds himself without taste or inducement for such exertions. He thinks, and in one sense he thinks justly, that if the proper object of study be to acquire knowledge, he can employ his time much more profitably in implicitly listening to the discoveries of others, than in a laborious attempt to discover something for himself. It is infinitely more fatiguing to think than to remember; and incomparably shorter to be led to an object, than to explore our own way to it. It is inconceivable what an obstruction this furnishes to the original exercise of the understanding in a certain state of information; and how effectually the general diffusion of knowledge operates as a bounty upon indolence and mental imbecility.—Where the quantity of approved and collected knowledge is already very great in any country, it is naturally required of all well educated persons to possess a considerable share of it; and where it has also been made very accessible, by being reduced to its summary and ultimate results, an astonishing variety of those abstracts may be stowed away in the memory, with scarcely any fatigue or exercise to the other faculties. The whole mass of attainable intelligence, however, must still be beyond the reach of any individual; and he may go on, therefore, to the end of a long and industrious life, constantly acquiring knowledge in this cheap and expeditious manner. But if, in the course of these passive and humble researches, he should be tempted to inquire a little for himself, he cannot fail to be struck with the prodigious waste of time, and of labour, that is necessary for the attainment of a very inconsiderable portion of original knowledge. His progress is as slow as that of a man who is making a road, compared with that of those who afterwards travel over it; and he feels, that in order to make a very small advancement in one department of study, he must consent to sacrifice very great attainments in others. He is

disheartened, too, by the extreme insignificance of any thing that he can expect to contribute, when compared with the great store that is already in possession of the public ; and is extremely apt to conclude that it is not only safer, but more profitable, to follow than to lead ; and that it is fortunate for the lovers of wisdom, that our ancestors have accumulated enough of it for our use as well as for their own.

But while the general diffusion of knowledge tends thus powerfully to repress all original and independent speculation in individuals, it operates still more powerfully in rendering the public indifferent and unjust to their exertions. The treasures they have inherited from their predecessors are so ample, as not only to take away all disposition to labour for their farther increase, but to lead them to undervalue and overlook any little addition that may be made to them by the voluntary offerings of individuals. The works of the best models are perpetually before their eyes, and their accumulated glory in their remembrance ; the very variety of the sorts of excellence which are constantly obtruded on their notice, renders excellence itself cheap and vulgar in their estimation. As the mere possessors or judges of such things, they are apt to ascribe to themselves a character of superiority, which renders any moderate performance unworthy of their regard ; and their cold and languid familiarity with what is best, ultimately produces no other effect than to render them insensible to its beauties, and at the same time intolerant of all that appears to fall short of it. This state of public feeling, which we think inseparable from the long and general diffusion of knowledge, is admirably described by Mad. de Staël, in a passage to which she has given a more limited application.

“ Mais il ne faut jamais comparer l'ignorance à la dégradation ; un peuple qui a été civilisé par les lumières, s'il retombe dans l'indifférence pour le talent et la philosophie, devient incapable de toute espèce de sentiment vif ; il lui reste une sorte d'esprit de dénigrement, qui le porte à tout hasard à se refuser à l'admiration ; il craint de se tromper dans les louanges, et croit, comme les jeunes gens qui prétendent au bon air, qu'on se fait plus d'honneur en critiquant même avec injustice, qu'en approuvant trop facilement. Un tel peuple est alors dans une disposition presque toujours insouciance ; le froid de l'âge semble atteindre la nation toute entière : on en sait assez pour n'être pas étonné ; on n'a pas acquis assez de connoissances pour démêler avec certitude ce qui mérite l'estime ; beaucoup d'illusions sont détruites, sans qu'aucune vérité soit établie ; on est retombé dans l'enfance par la vieillesse, dans l'incertitude par le raisonnement ; l'intérêt mutuel n'existe plus : on est dans cet état que le Dante appeloit *l'enfer des tièdes*. Celui qui cherche à se distinguer inspire d'abord une prévention défavorable ; le public malade est fatigué d'avance par qui veut obtenir encore un signe de lui.” Tom. 1. p. 40, 41.



In such a condition of society, it is obvious that men must be peculiarly disinclined from indulging in these bold and original speculations, for which their whole training had previously disqualified them; and we appeal to our readers, whether there are not, at this day, apparent symptoms of such a condition of society. A childish lover of novelty may indeed give a transient popularity to works of mere amusement; but the age of original genius, and of comprehensive and independent reasoning, seems to be over. Instead of such works as those of Bacon, and Shakspeare, and Taylor, and Hooker, we have Encyclopædias, and geographical compilations, and county histories, and new editions of black letter authors—and trashy biographies and posthumous letters—and disputations upon prosody—and ravings about orthodoxy and methodism. Men of general information and curiosity seldom think of adding to the knowledge that is already in the world; and the inferior persons upon whom that task is consequently devolved, carry it on, for the most part, by means of that minute subdivision of labour which is the great secret of the mechanical arts, but can never be introduced into literature without depriving its higher branches of all force, dignity, or importance. One man spends his life in improving a method of dying cotton red; another in adding a few insects to a catalogue which nobody reads;—a third in settling the metres of a few Greek choruses;—a fourth in decyphering illegible romances, or old grants of farms;—a fifth in picking rotten bones out of the earth;—a sixth in describing all the old walls and hillocks in his parish;—and five hundred others in occupations equally liberal and important: each of them being, for the most part, profoundly ignorant of every thing out of his own narrow department, and very generally and deservedly despised by his competitors for the favour of that public which despises and supports them all.

Such, however, it appears to us, is the state of mind that is naturally produced by the great accumulation and general diffusion of various sorts of knowledge. Men learn, instead of reasoning. Instead of meditating, they remember; and in place of the glow of inventive genius, or the warmth of a generous admiration, nothing is to be met with in society, but timidity on the one hand, and fastidiousness on the other—a paltry accuracy, and a more paltry derision—a sensibility to small faults, and an incapacity of great merits—a disposition to exaggerate the value of knowledge that is not to be used, and to underrate the importance of powers which have ceased to exist. If these, however, are the consequences of accumulated and diffused knowledge, it may well be questioned whether the human intellect will gain in point of dignity and energy by the only certain acquisitions to which we are entitled to look forward. For our own part, we will confess we



have no such expectations. There will be improvements, we make no doubt, in all the mechanical and domestic arts;—better methods of working metal and preparing cloth;—more commodious vehicles, and more efficient implements of war. Geography will be made more complete, and astronomy more precise;—natural history will be enlarged and digested; and perhaps some little improvement suggested in the forms of administering law. But as to any general enlargement of the understanding, or more prevailing vigour of judgment, we will own, that the tendency seems to be all the other way; and that we think strong sense, and extended views of human affairs, are more likely to be found, and to be listened to at this moment, than two or three hundred years hereafter. The truth is, we suspect, that the vast and enduring products of the virgin soil can no longer be reared in that factitious mould to which cultivation has since given existence; and that its forced and deciduous progeny will go on degenerating, till some new deluge shall restore the vigour of the glebe by a temporary destruction of all its generations.

Hitherto we have spoken only of the higher and more instructed classes of society—to whom it is reasonable to suppose that the perfection of wisdom and happiness will come first, in their progress through the whole race of men; and we have seen what reason there is to doubt of their near approach. The lower orders, however, we think, have still less good fortune to reckon on. In the whole history of the species, there has been nothing at all comparable to the improvement of England within the last century; never anywhere was there such an increase of wealth and luxury—so many admirable inventions in the arts—so many works of learning and ingenuity—such a progress in cultivation—such an enlargement of commerce:—and yet, in that century, the number of paupers in England has increased fourfold, and is now rated at one tenth of her whole population; and, notwithstanding the enormous sums that are levied, and given privately, for their relief, and the multitudes that are drained off by the waste of war, the peace of the country is perpetually threatened by the outrages of famishing multitudes. This fact of itself is decisive, we think, as to the effect of general refinement and intelligence on the condition of the lower orders; but it is not difficult to trace the steps of its operation. Increasing refinement and ingenuity lead naturally to the establishment of manufactures; and not only enable society to spare a great proportion of its agricultural labourers for this purpose, but actually encourage the breeding of an additional population; to be maintained out of the profits of this new occupation. For a time, too, this answers; and the artisan shares in the conveniences to which his labours have contributed to give birth: but it is in the very nature of the manufacturing system, to be liable

to great fluctuation, occasional check, and possible destruction — and at all events, it has a tendency to produce a greater population than it can permanently support in comfort or prosperity. The average rate of wages, for the last forty years, has been insufficient to maintain a labourer with a tolerably large family ; — and yet such have been the occasional fluctuations, and such the sanguine calculations of persons incapable of taking a comprehensive view of the whole, that the manufacturing population has been prodigiously increased in the same period. It is the interest of the manufacturer to keep this population in excess, as the only sure means of keeping wages low ; and wherever the means of subsistence are uncertain, and liable to variation, it seems to be the general law of our nature, that the population should be adapted to the highest, and not to the average rate of supply. In India, where a dry season used to produce a failure of the crop once in every ten or twelve years, the population was always up to the measure of the greatest abundance ; and in manufacturing countries, the miscalculation is still more sanguine and erroneous. Such countries, therefore, are always overpeopled ; and it seems to be the necessary effect of increasing talent and refinement, to convert all countries into this denomination. China, the oldest manufacturing nation in the world, and by far the greatest that ever existed with the use of little machinery, has always suffered from a redundant population, and has always kept the largest part of its inhabitants in a state of the greatest poverty.

The effect, then, which is produced on the lower orders of society, by that increase of industry and refinement, and that multiplication of conveniences which are commonly looked upon as the surest tests of increasing prosperity, is to convert the peasants into manufacturers, and the manufacturers into paupers ; while the chance of their ever emerging from this condition becomes constantly less, the more complete and mature the system is which had originally produced it. When manufactures are long established, and thoroughly understood, it will always be found, that persons possessed of a large capital, can carry them on upon lower profits than persons of any other description ; and the natural tendency of this system, therefore, is to throw the whole business into the hands of great capitalists : and thus not only to render it next to impossible for a common workman to advance himself into the condition of a master, but to drive from the competition the greater part of those moderate dealers, by whose prosperity alone the general happiness of the nation can be promoted. The state of the operative manufacturers, therefore, seems every day more hopelessly stationary ; and that great body of the people, it appears to us, is likely to grow into a fixed and degraded caste, out of which no person can hope to escape, who has once

enrolled among its members. They cannot look up to the great master manufacturers; because, without capital, it will in the long day be more impossible to engage in that occupation—and they cannot go to the labours of agriculture, because there is a great demand for their services. The improved system of farming, which produces an increased produce with many fewer hands than were formerly employed in procuring a much smaller return; and besides all this, the lower population has actually increased to a far greater amount than ever was at any time employed in the cultivation of the ground.

To remedy all these evils, which are likely, as we conceive, to be aggravated, rather than relieved, by the general progress of science and intelligence we have little to look to but the beneficial effects of this increasing intelligence upon the lower orders themselves—and we are far from undervaluing this influence. A universal adoption of a good system of education, habits of industry, insight, and self control, and rigid economy, may in time now be pretty generally introduced, instead of the improvidence and indolence which too commonly characterize the larger assembly of our manufacturing population; and if these lead, as they are likely to do, to the general institution of friendly societies among the workmen, a great palliative will have been provided for the disadvantages of a situation, which must always be considered as one of the least fortunate which providence has assigned to any of the human race.

There is no end, however, we find, to these speculations; and we must here close our remarks on perfectibility, without touching upon the political changes which are likely to be produced by a course of progressive refinements and scientific improvement. Though we are afraid that an enlightened anticipation would not be much more cheering in this view, than in any of those we have hitherto considered. Luxury and refinement have a tendency undoubtedly to make men sensual and selfish; and in that state, great talent and intelligence is apt only to render them more vain and servile. Among the prejudices which this kind of philosophy roots out, that of patriotism is among the first to be uprooted;—and then a dangerous opposition to power, and a neglect of interest to affection, speedily come to be considered as natural. Arts are discovered to palliate the encroachments of arbitrary power; and a luxurious, patronizing, and vicious policy, is firmly established amidst the adulations of a corrupt

*Ballad Romances, and other Poems. By Miss Anna Maria Porter.*

[From the Scottish Review.]

THE human mind is not more remarkable for minute variations of capacity, than for the distinctness with which its minutest shades are marked out to the eye of the observer. Oratory and poetry—for example, might appear to be kindred attainments, yet Sheridan is, perhaps, the only author in modern times who is entitled to rank with the eminent professors of both. The greatest orators have been miserable poets, and almost all poets are miserable orators. In like manner, the man who is the soul of the social circle, often appears, when speaking from paper, the very paragon of gravity; and he whose pages teem with wit and humour, is not unfrequently the most vacant and inane in conversation. To point out a distinction still more nice, and almost unaccountable, Akenside is an instance that a poet may be admirably skilled in didactic strains, and yet scarcely exhibit a single spark of the true spirit of poetry in compositions of a lyrical nature.

We have been led to these reflections by the perusal of the volume before us—a volume so much inferior to the other writings of the ingenious author, that had it been published anonymously, no one, we are positive, would have ever thought of ascribing it to the pen of Miss Maria Porter. With the name and merits of this ornament of her sex, we presume our readers are sufficiently familiar to save us the trouble of a formal introduction—a circumstance of which we are rather glad, as it would not have been easy, upon such a subject, to do justice to our own feelings, or duly apprize them of the value of their new acquaintance.

We have just remarked some very natural affinities of talent, and it may, perhaps, with greater justice be added, that the talent of a romance writer, and that of a poet, seem most intimately allied. Romances and poems (especially such poems as Miss Porter's) are almost exclusively works of imagination; and it appears to be of no importance whether the authors of such compositions cut and square their effusions into lines and verses, or arrange them into periods and paragraphs. Versification is the mechanical part of the tuneful art, and may be acquired by any person of moderate invention. Nor is it for any great deficiency in this respect that we are disposed to quarrel with this recreant romancer. It is not the harshness of her numbers, but the poverty of her ideas, and far-fetched allegorical expression of them, which imparts a languor to her pages, and evinces that she is no favourite of the nine.—

has brought into this most delightful of literary recreations all extravagance, exaggeration, and incongruity of the romance, but almost any of that delicacy of sentiment, and happiness of expression, or that apposite illustration and bewitching simplicity, which impart a charm to the genuine productions of the muse.

Without pretending to decide whether Miss Porter mistakes the bent of her genius, we must say she has fallen, in the present race, into the common misfortune of those who do. It must at the same time be allowed that it was an ambition natural and excusable enough in a lady, who has deservedly attained so much fame in the department of romance, to seek also distinction in the classical. Mrs. Opie has favoured the world with beautiful tales in prose and verse; and Miss P. having accomplished the one, probably saw no difficulty in performing the other. There is at least pleasure, if no profit, in variety; and one tires, it would seem, of treading the same dull round even in the field of literary

the volume whose contents we are now about to examine, is made up of five "Ballad Romances;" "Youth," an allegorical poem of forty-three stanzas, in the measure of Spenser, "Yarico," an epistle, and about thirty short occasional pieces. To give a general account of these poems is a task of some difficulty; they have nothing strikingly characteristic, save romantic and occasional extravagance. It would be miraculous did not a writer like Miss Porter's character and experience sometimes rise above mediocrity, but she falls at the same time so often below it, that if a mean degree of her merit be taken, it will be found to fall far below the medium. Her praise must therefore be entirely relative; many of her pieces contain pretty couplets and good passages; but the most that can be said of them as a whole is, that they are not absolutely bad.

In the "Ballad Romances," which occupy the first place in the volume, it is almost impossible to give the reader any adequate idea of the partial extracts, and our limits prevent us from transcribing any of them at length. The stories of two or three of them are more unnatural and extravagant than any thing we ever remember to have seen; and though, in the rest, there may be more nature, there is, if possible, still less interest. In one the narrative is continually broken, and those convenient apologists called asterisks, shining like stars in the text, significantly remind us that something is wanting. Affectation is the source of a thousand errors. A fragment was originally given when the whole could not be found; but writers have now arisen, who, wishing to atone for a merit of a defect, feign a want in the connexion of their narratives, which really proceeds from the poverty and barrenness of their own imaginations.

As we cannot insert any of the ballads themselves, that the reader may have an opportunity of judging of the justice of our strictures, we shall give an outline of the incidents of one or two of them in the ungarnished form of prose. But if any of our readers have a tremulous respect for apparitions, we must previously warn them against consulting either the original or version, as supernatural agency is the invisible pivot upon which all the tales are made to turn.

We shall commence with the "Maid of Erin," as it affords, upon the whole, the best specimen of Miss Porter's poetry, notwithstanding the ridiculous extravagance of the story. Oscar, the hero of this piece, a highland chieftain—as we learn at the end instead of the beginning—when perambulating his mountains one evening, felt "his form by unseen arms embraced," and, borne with the speed of lightning, "above the dreadful sea," is at last, to his terror and astonishment, let down in a remote corner of an island, "plac'd far amid the melancholy main." Scarcely has he landed from Porter's patent balloon, if we may so express ourselves, than "a spirit, gigantic as the tallest oak," after addressing him in the following dreadful words,

"Behold the pow'rful fiend——  
In beauty's pomp who woo'd thee late,  
Yet fled, rejected by thy pride;  
Thus she repays thy scornful hate,"

extends "her blackening wings," and discharges full in his face such a blast of sulphureous vapour, as would inevitably have enabled his better part to vanish without the assistance of the said balloon, did not the "Maid of Erin," at this critical juncture, come to counteract the influence of the demon. As we are not informed how this valuable virgin became possessed of the virtue of breaking spells, we must either suppose her breath to have been so amazingly pure and salubrious that it neutralized the sulphuric gas that was suffocating poor Oscar, or her beauty so transcendent that the angel of darkness, mistaking her for an angel of light, found it necessary to leave her victim, and wing her way to her caverned home. Then we are told that, at the sound of Roscram's voice

—————"the hovering soul  
Back to its former mansion came;  
Hell owned pure Virtue's strong control,  
And Love awoke his guiltless flame."

Where angels err, it is surely pardonable for mortals to step aside. We hope, therefore, it will excite neither sneers nor surprise in

reader, when we inform him that Oscar and Roscrana, our hero and heroine, were both so very beautiful, that they mistook each other for celestial beings, and paid mutual obeisance accordingly. Roscrana, thinking Oscar, no doubt, some Irish tutelary deity, though his highland cap might have put her right in that particular, exclaims,

“O god of this sequester'd place!  
O genius of my native woods!  
Avert the splendours of thy face,  
And pardon her who thus intrudes!”

Oscar's return to this sufficiently evinces his politeness :

“Ah! rather from my wond'ring gaze,  
Bright angel turn thy charms away!  
(The youth replied in sweet amaze,  
With one rapt look of transc'd delay.)”

a longer parley, and a little closer approximation, removes all misapprehension, and convinces them that they are only earthly beings—a discovery which inspires a more natural as well as more non kind of worship, and leads Roscrana to relate her history and her lover's danger. Her father, we are given to understand,

—————“once, 'mid Erin's wars,  
Unrival'd bore the hero's name,”

and at last vanquished by “Earl Phelim,” a Scottish chieftain, since that event, lived only to evince his hatred to the Scottish hero, by murdering every Highlander whom shipwreck or other accident placed within his power. She concludes her dismal tale by warning “her first, her only love,” to fly from the fate that awaits him. But Oscar, who is either too much of the knight or Mahometan to think of parting with such a pretty talisman, rejects this counsel with disdain, entreats her to accompany him in his flight, and conquers every scruple by giving a poetical picture of the happiness of the Highlands, and the pleasure of lying upon heaps of balmy heath. We are, we confess, no way surprised that Oscar prevails in this laconic courtship; but we may experience something like that feeling, upon hearing the hero who has been all along represented as one dropped from the clouds in a far country, telling his new-found mistress,

“Where frown those rocks o'er ocean's bed,  
My voice shall one tall bark command;  
Soon will her whitening sails be spread,  
To waft us to my native land.”



He boasts, however, no more than he is able to perform means of a bark he conveys his earthly lover almost as quick to Caledonia as his aerial one had brought him from it. lovers being thus safely landed, we hear of nothing now "embraces," "congratulations," "Oscar's calm abode," "carron's green retreat," with a vast variety of sweet et cetera therefore fully expect that the trials and troubles of these lovers are now at an end. But, alas! the lovers might at think of cheating old Time, and living for ever, as escaping the clutches of Miss Porter's hobgoblins. No sooner have and Roscrana retouched *terra firma*, and banished their senseless by inhaling the breath of the balmy heather, than, how relate,

"While round him now her arms are spread,  
She sees his crimson colour fade;  
His bright eyes close; in silence dread,  
He falls before the trembling maid!

"A strange loud laugh of horrid joy,  
Wild through that lonely region rings;  
Roscrana turns her startled eye,  
But only hears the rush of wings.

"Pale, tearless, with cold clasped hands,  
Where still and pale her Oscar lies,  
Awhile in mute despair she stands,  
Then freed from earth her spirit flies!"

Thus ends "The Maid of Erin"—a tale which, in absurdity, extravagance, and incongruity, will yield to not ever was printed or written, and which, though it may amaze the nursery, will disgust every reader of taste who permits him to peruse it.

The next "Ballad Romance" is entitled the "Pri Lake," for no other reason we can discover, than that steed was

—————"Formed of the foaming surf  
Which swells on Killarney's lake,  
When the furious blast its waters casts,  
And rocking turrets shake."

This tale is enveloped in *sublime* obscurity; and therefore, without straining our faculties to more than pitch, that we were able to make out the following. Some lord, being slain in some battle, no sooner freed from his body, than he commands some fellow mount the above-mentioned steed, and bring to him

first we thought it would have been more proper for this personage to have gone the errand himself; but, upon recollecting he was a lord, we saw the propriety of his sending an ambassador. This ærial messenger and his journey are thus described:

“The man was clad in a mantle of red,  
And his bonnet was large and dark;  
So musing still he gain'd the hill,  
The lady's bower to mark.”

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“But the lady bright on the battlements' height,  
He saw by the shining moon;  
From her locks so bright, and her garments white,  
The stranger knew her soon.

“Ho! Lady Anne, thou must come down,  
Thy husband sends by me:  
Near the cross of stone, on the heath alone,  
He lies and waits for thee.”

The lady Anne, after many earnest inquiries concerning the fate of her husband, having mounted behind the ghostly messenger on his steed of “foaming surf”—

“They ride o'er hill, they ride o'er vale,  
They ride thro' the groaning wood,  
Till, by the glare of the lightning pale,  
They see the holy rood.”

The lady having alighted, the phantom points to the dead body of her husband, and tells her that his own lies interred beneath a neighbouring shade; after which the poem, and a most mysterious rhapsody, are concluded with these words.

“He spoke, and clasp'd his arms to grasp  
The form of that lady fair;  
She breath'd a moan, and her spirit *alone*,  
Now wanders *with his* through the air.”

The structure of this agency is certainly exemplary for its daring altitude; but we must beg to notice a slight incongruity in it, which we do not remember to have observed in any other supernatural legend. Nothing, we believe, is more common in the gambols of ghosts and fairies, than for a being formed of air to prance on the wind, or ride upon clouds; but, until the Prince of the Lake was introduced to our acquaintance, we never met with so positive an instance of these ethereal personages being able so far to volatilize a living piece of mortality as to take it along with them in their unearthly frolics: and we most reverently protest,

that, without the magical assistance of Miss Anna Maria Porter, we never could have devised so marvellous a plan as that of saddling and bridling a Killarney surge—giving the reins and spurs to a goblin shadow—making flesh and bones mount behind, and clasp and cling to this intangible jockey—and then despatching the said surge, ghost, and lady fair, upon a round gallop for the holy rood.

But we must apologize to our readers for obtruding such nonsense upon their attention, and assure them that nothing but respect for the name of Miss Porter, and the influence it may have with some readers, could have induced us to analyze poems every way so unworthy of the author. Indeed it is not easy to conceive what she proposes to herself by penning such marvellous trash. Few, if we except children, can derive any thing like pleasure from half versified accounts of ghosts and hobgoblins. Even those whose romantic imaginations can be pleased, or rather surprised, on the first perusal of such writings, will, if we mistake not, feel something like loathing at the second. Simplicity is the soul of poetry, and nothing can be permanently pleasing which is not natural.

It is almost superfluous to add, that we have derived little pleasure and no instruction from the perusal of Miss Porter's poetry, and would have slumbered long before we reached that welcome resting-place *Finis*, had not conscience held over our heads the rod of public duty. Had this been the production of one who never wrote any thing else, we would have spoken differently, had we spoken at all; and if we have been severe, it is because we regret to see an author of established reputation lowering and impairing it by publishing such trifles. The public is jealous of its favourites, and will not allow those to rest at mediocrity who can rise to excellence. When authors have once begun to scale the steeps of fame, they should never stop to look behind them; retrograde motions are doubly dangerous upon eminences.

# ORIGINAL.

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## THE GENUINE BOOK.

*To the Editor of the Analectic Magazine.*

SIR,

AVE been very much interested by the perusal of a work has lately made its appearance in this country, and has y passed through two editions, in consequence, no doubt, of rious and important information which it contains. From the ar excellence of this volume, it is denominated "*The Genuine Book*," by way of distinguishing it from all other books that ever been written. It contains a very interesting fragment ate history about a certain royal family, which I shall not as I wish to be at least as delicate as my neighbours on this t. The purport of the story appears to be as follows:

ere was once upon a time a young princess, daughter of a ign prince, who lived very happily and reputably at her s court, enjoying all those distinctions and honours which ually bestowed on young princesses. When arrived at a age, she was married, according to the manner that royal ges are conducted, by proxy, to a neighbouring prince, the parent of a mighty kingdom. On arriving in the country of sband, she was received by him with great courtesy and ess; insomuch that the newspapers teemed with eulogiums deportment; for whenever a prince says or does a civil such as ordinary men say and do a dozen times a day, the pers always take care to make honourable mention of it; hich many have been led to suppose that it is an extraor- thing for a prince to be civil or witty.

withstanding, however, the extreme politeness of the prince spouse, it was not long before he grew heartily tired of her.

He therefore wrote her one of the civilest notes in the world, lamenting that his inclinations were not under his control, and that she did not please his fancy ; and proposing, therefore, that they should separate, and live on comfortable, friendly, speaking terms. With this " comfortable arrangement " the princess, who was a very obliging, goodnatured woman, was fain to comply, more especially as she could not help herself ; and they accordingly lived for several years in the pleasantest manner imaginable. The prince consoled himself by a series of little attentions to certain dowagers and fat ladies about the court ; (for he was remarkably fond of ladies a little fat and old ;) and the princess was left to console herself with the comforts of religion ; so bountifully recommended to unfortunate wives, when we take all other comforts away.

In the midst of this halcyon security, while he, good easy man, was hugging himself, no doubt, at the comfortable arrangement he had made, and supposing that his wife was mortifying the flesh, and keeping a perpetual *jour maigre*, it was whispered in his ear, that she was now and then a little bounteous of those charms which he had treated with such neglect. This at once aroused the generous indignation of the prince : all the proud ideas which a husband has of property in his wife, rushed at once to his mind. He felt that glow of territorial jealousy which some lordly landholder feels, who, after suffering a rich and fertile bottom to lie neglected, unploughed and unsown, is all at once kindled into deadly ire and a poignant sense of injury, by some lawless intruder settling on the skirts of his possession. However careless a man may be of his own conduct, he is always choice of the conduct of his wife ; for it would appear that a married man wears his honour by proxy ; committing the brittle ware entirely to the safe keeping of his spouse. He may range and gambol about without jeopardizing it in the least ; but one false step from her, and the frail commodity is cracked for ever.

Thus it was with the great and high-minded prince in question ; for his own misdeeds he never could condescend to blush ; but he was tremblingly alive to the immaculate deportment of his wife. He might commit a thousand follies with the fat dowagers about his court, and there was no harm done ; but for her to falter from the strict path of conjugal fidelity, notwithstanding that she was left to tread it unprotected and alone, was an irreparable injury to his feelings and his honour.

To satisfy the prince on the subject of his doubts, an inquiry was set on foot, into the domestic conduct of the princess, which was known throughout the kingdom by the name of "*The Delicate Investigation.*" As there may be some misapprehension of the word *delicate* among your readers, from our imperfect knowledge of pure English in this country, it may be worth while to mention the genuine nature of this investigation. This, therefore, was a grand court of inquisition, where four grave old dignitaries of the empire sat for some weeks, with spectacle on nose, curiously prying into the private conduct, and domestic history, of a social, freehearted young princess; full of youth and animal spirits, deserted by her husband, and abandoned, in a strange land, to her own discretion, or her own passions, whichever might happen to preponderate. In the course of this scrutiny they seem to have followed her with the perseverance of veteran terriers, through all her little likings, dislikings, flirtations, rambles, tête-a-têtes and intimacies; listening at the keyhole of her parlour; peeping into her boudoir and bed-chamber, turning up the toilet and the valance, to see if, peradventure, some favoured gallant might not be concealed beneath; questioning her associates, footmen, chambermaids, physicians, laundresses; intruding with unsparing curiosity into all those sacred mysteries with which the modesty of the sex enshrouds itself, and from the exposure of which it shrinks in agonized delicacy.

I have occasionally noticed, on a trial of a *delicate* nature, some grayheaded old lawyer, of liquorish propensities, extremely minute in his questions about facts and circumstances which had no bearing on the principal question, but which seemed marvellously to tickle his prurient sensibilities; so these venerable statesmen seem to have dwelled with fond prolixity on the scandalous narratives given by certain of the princess's good friends and faithful domestics; they seemed to chuckle whenever they started a new anecdote; and there was a certain blue chamber, in the princess's mansion, into which they seem to have had as great a hankering to peep, as had Fatima to pry into that of the redoubtable Blue Beard. All this was done, too, without the princess knowing any thing of the object of the universal ransack and rummage that was going on throughout her household, and without her having the least intimation of the foul charges alleged against her.

I forbear going into the particulars of this inquisition, the of which are of too delicate a nature to be openly discussed are only fit to be slyly moused over in corners, where indeed the book seems chiefly to have been read, and where modesty do what it pleases, so it be not detected. It is sufficient that they acquitted the princess of the high crime of infamy but then they found her guilty of sitting on the carpet, instead on a chair, eating enormous suppers of potted lampreys onions and potatoes, giving a lady of quality the lie direct of slandering the whole family of her illustrious lord, as became made, and having plum pudding faces. These, I must confess were grievous sins in a princess, but I can in some measure excuse them, in consequence of the bad example of the royal and personages around her; who seem, in plain truth, to have been vulgar and dissolute in their manners. Nay, I do not think I find it in my heart to be angry with her, even had she been of the foul crime laid to her charge; seeing the humiliating vocations she had suffered from him, for whom she had done her country, her family and friends.

And here I cannot but observe, merely by way of general remark, that will apply as well to plebeians as to that the errors and frailties of a wife are very often imputable to the misconduct of a husband. He who discharges faithfully and affectionately, the obligations of the marriage who protects, honours, loves and cherishes his wife almost invariably meet with affection and fidelity in return. Whatever may be asserted by licentious satirists, who more from their own jaundiced imaginations than from observation, the principles of conjugal fidelity and affection are more peculiar to the female sex than to ours—inasmuch as we are bound to us by their natural helplessness and dependence the necessity of protection—by the tenderness of their nature which renders it necessary to their happiness that they should be and be beloved—by the opinions of society, and the irretrievable infamy that attends on female falsehood. Protect them, and they cling to you with gratitude, and with that fond idea of security with which the weak take shelter under the protection of the strong—love and cherish them, and they return the affection with fervour and constancy of unhackneyed, undivided hearts that



not wander. And when we consider that a man, particularly in the higher walks of society, rarely enters into the married state until he has run his career of youthful folly and dissipation—worn out his heart by a series of capricious, perhaps unworthy attachments—withered the freshness of his affections, and blunted the fine edge of his feelings, by an indiscriminate intercourse with the world—impaired, perhaps, his constitution by riot and revelry, and in a word, tamed the generous spirit, the high sensibilities, the moral excellencies, and physical perfections of his nature—when we consider this depreciation of the whole being, surely the least indemnification that he can make for the vast disparity between this wreck of nature's bounties, and the stock of youth, beauty, innocence, tenderness of feeling, and singleness of heart, which the female brings into the marriage compact, is to devote himself exclusively to her comfort and her happiness.

I do not pretend to say how the account stood, in this respect, between the prince and princess, who are the hero and heroine of this singular story. Certain it is, that he had been notorious for his excesses before his marriage; and that afterwards, while his princess, repelled from her husband's arms, denied the comforts and enjoyments of connubial love, was pining in comparative solitude and disgrace, he was indulging in all the licentiousness of a licentious court, and openly plunging in debaucheries, that were the talk and scandal of the nation.

Under such circumstances, I should not have thought it much cause of wonder that a young female, full of her wrongs, full of her sex, full of the passions and weakness of human nature, should have forgotten the dignity of her station, especially as she had been deprived of its external show and attendant honours—should have forgotten her duties to a husband, who seemed so totally to have forgotten, or disregarded, his duties to herself, and should have made light of that virtue which seemed to be so little regarded by those around her. If the prince would refuse to taste the fruit, which hung ripe and tempting from the tree, I do not see that he had any one to blame but himself, if it fell when another hand shook the boughs.

But waving all discussions of this delicate subject, I cannot but express my pleasure on seeing that this loathsome little volume has already reached a second edition in this country. I only wish for a speedy publication of the memoirs of the Princess de Bareith, and a few more of those private records of royalty, which enable

us to take a nearer and more familiar view of those exalted beings, who are chosen from among the ordinary children of men, to control the destinies of empires. Those personages are, in general, raised so far above the reach of our optics, that we can behold nothing but their glitter; like the stars in the firmament, which, from their distance and elevation, appear to be all that is brilliant and glorious, until some tell-tale philosopher betrays the secret, that they are but mere dirt and clay, like the poor old planet we inhabit.

To make a man contented with his lot, it is not sufficient to convince him of the harder lot of those below him, and on whom he looks down with contempt, but to expose the false pretensions and real evils of those above him, whom he regards with envy. A few more disclosures such as have lately been made, of the true materials of regal pageantry, and the secret transactions of regal families, by the crimes and follies of which the safety and happiness of whole empires are jeopardized, will begin to put us in better humour with our own situation. They will show us that though, of course, we groan under a bad government, badly administered, which it behoves every patriotic citizen to pull down about his ears, yet that those very foreigners who are railing most at our errors, and endeavouring to open our eyes to our miseries, are still worse off than ourselves; and thus we shall attain to much such a marvellous source of comfort as a wise man enjoys, when up to his knees in the mire, in seeing his neighbour up to the very middle.

It is sometimes a very serious misfortune for honest, plain people to have great acquaintances. I have more than once seen a respectable, pains-taking family, that paid scot and lot, were in excellent credit, lived plentifully every day in the week, and made a goodly show at church on Sunday, all at once have their heads completely turned, by becoming intimate with some lordly neighbour. From that time farewell ease, farewell comfort, farewell real respectability. The children were stinted in their clothing to afford liveries for the servants—the family was starved nine days to give an entertainment on the tenth; honest, housekeeping habits, and homely virtues, were exchanged for fashionable follies and fashionable vices, until, in the end, the once thriving household was ruined by clumsy attempts at dissolute gentility.

Something of this kind has been the case with this nation.—Having no other republic to keep us in countenance, and being on

very intimate terms with our royal neighbours, we have begun to feel ashamed of that simplicity which is the real beauty and strength of our government. In our enthusiastic applause of what is really illustrious and enviable in the refined nations of Europe, we are apt to be indiscriminate in our admiration, and to confound what is base with what is praiseworthy. We have manifested a certain hankering after regal pomp and courtly show, without considering that these are the necessary gildings of bad government that betoken the bitterness of the pill. We have involuntarily in our private walks evinced a profound deference for those nations that had kings to reign over them, and whenever foreigners have made themselves merry, as they are sometimes pleased to do, with our republican simplicity, we have shrugged up our shoulders, and submitted with acquiescent inferiority. These remarks, my worthy sir, are made from my own observation and experience; for, with all humility and contrition I acknowledge it, I have felt the influence of them myself. I can recollect many a wish of lurking vanity, secretly twitching at my heart, that our government would hold up its head, assume more state, and swagger a little like its neighbours. When I have heard of magnificent feasts and spectacles at Carleton-House, and St. Cloud, I have experienced something like repining and contempt for the hum-drum style at Washington. Nay, why need I disguise the truth, when I read of the marrying, and unmarried, and remarrying, of Bonaparte, and the royal amours of the prince regent, who is rivalling Solomon, if not in the depth of his wisdom, at least in the number of his seraglio, I blushed for the plebeian moderation of Mr. Madison, who, I understand, is fain to content himself with but one wife, and, as far as I can possibly ascertain, has not a single concubine!

It is almost impossible to overcome that habitual and almost superstitious reverence with which we regard station and authority. There is something in crowns and sceptres, and robes of ermine, and chairs of state, that hide the real insignificance or deformity of the occupant. We behold only a combination of sumptuous pageantry and glittering regalia, and form an idea of the dignity or dimensions of the wearer, from the trappings with which he is surrounded. In this way we are prone to judge of princes more from their situation than from their real merits. For my part, I had generally considered them as elevated above the groveling feel-

ings of common humanity ; free from those little vile habits and pitiful frailties that cling to ordinary mortals. I had imagined them refined, generous, delicate, magnanimous, high minded—or if, perchance, they had vices, that they were doubtless of so dignified and majestic a nature as to lose all their grossness and deformity, and to be at least on a par with the virtues of vulgar life. I had supposed that they were compelled by their conspicuous stations and high responsibilities, to conduct themselves with more than ordinary care and circumspection ; both to avoid the prying eyes of curiosity, ever bent upon greatness, and to set illustrious examples to the world, of which they were in a manner the guides and luminaries. I almost pitied them that they had always to be wise and immaculate ; that they could not occasionally unbend and indulge in those little snug sins and dainty peccadilloes, which we humble folk enjoy, under cover of our insignificance—in a word, I thought it a very fine thing to be a king, but a very comfortable thing to be a common man ; and preferred, like Sancho, to have my morsel in a corner, where I could eat as I pleased, and chew on both sides of my mouth.

Such was the singular delusion under which I laboured ; and there is really something so agreeable in being deceived into magnificent dreams and phantasies, that, for my own part, I feel almost as little satisfaction at being awakened to the true nature of these royal pageants, as I was to be convinced of the unreality of fairies and witches, and those other imaginary beings, that filled my youthful mind with wonder and admiration. But this prying, matter of fact age, is as deadly a foe to the one as to the other, and has as completely laid open to the eye of day, and what is worse, of vulgar curiosity, the sacred seclusions of the palace, as the fancied realms of fairy land.

I now begin to think that, after all, kings and princes are but mere common beings—mere “caterpillars drest”—and so far from being refined and ennobled by their high and responsible situations, the very reverse is the case. They seem to consider themselves elevated above restraint, and at full liberty to indulge every wayward and sensual inclination.

I do not know what effect the precious disclosures in this “genuine” book, may have had in the country for which they were intended. Men are strangely bigoted to the errors and impositions under which they have been brought up ; and there is nothing

re difficult than to disenthral them from those superstitions, ether religious or political, which have, from infancy, taken possession of their minds. The gods and goddesses of antiquity are known by their worshippers to be a set of outrageous rakes and demireps. Old Jupiter, being the sovereign, seems to have had the right of the manor in its fullest latitude, and to have made use, not merely with the ladies of his court, but with the wives and daughters of his subject mortals, whenever they pleased his fancy. As to the rest of the court, every body knows what kind characters they were: Mars, though a blustering soldier, ran away from the plains of Troy, and was more famous for his affair with dame Venus, than for any affair in the field of battle. Mercury was an arrant cut-purse and horse-stealer. Apollo was a great whip, a pitcher of quoits, a frequenter of race-grounds, and a voracious hunter of petticoats, assuming all manner of disguises, and going all lengths in the course of his amours—and as to the goddesses, so light were their characters, that Diana was considered a miracle of chastity among them, though it is well known that she kissed Endymion, when she thought no body saw her; and had a delicate investigation taken place, there is no knowing but she might have been expelled from the court of heaven, as unworthy of associating with the other goddesses of immaculate reputation who had not as yet been found out.

Yet with all these scenes of rampant debauchery full within their knowledge; notwithstanding that all the Grub street of antiquity were daily chanting them forth, in every variety of song, yet do we find that the good people of those days still continued to look up to them with superstitious reverence. They dedicated to them the most magnificent temples, celebrated public games and festivals in their honour, and lavished treasures at their shrines. The just, the wise and good, from habit, the force of education, and deeply planted prejudices, considered them as the divine guardians of virtue; and he who raised the fatal knife, reeking from the blood of a Tarquin, addressed his vows to that Jupiter who was a universal ravisher.

All this I look upon as clearly demonstrative of the superior stoutness and religious zeal of the ancients over the moderns, inasmuch as they were so scrupulous in their homage to deities of such worthless and dissolute characters, while we languish in our

devotions, and scarcely evince a spark of fervour in our piety, though blest with a religion the most simple, pure and amiable, presenting the noblest lessons and examples to the mind, and the most endearing claims on the affections. So, also, I consider the invincible loyalty of the nation to which I have alluded, as highly creditable to its character, inasmuch as the fidelity of the servant is always more deserving of praise, in proportion to the unworthiness of the master. I have, therefore, looked with great admiration at this loyal people, patiently toiling in the traces, and carrying their heads higher the more they are curbed and lashed; and have compared them to well broken, full blooded, proud spirited carriage horses, chafing a little to be sure, and champing on the bit, and now and then showing a little impatience, particularly when driven through dirty places; but in the main, prancing quietly along, exceedingly vain of their fine harness, fine drivers, and their fine equipage—which they have the honour of dragging.

I only wish that my fellow-citizens, who are fain to copy the vices and follies of foreigners, would for once attempt to copy their virtues. That they would read attentively every work of the kind here noticed, and reflect, that if a nation can be attached to a government so full of evils and corruptions, how much greater reason have we to glory in the happy form of government under which we live—which permits no permanent elevation above the opinions and feelings of the people—which presents no humiliating picture, of men invested in the purple, not from merit, but from birth—insulting the moral principles and grieving the domestic feelings of the nation, by open licentiousness and undisguised violation of all those tender and virtuous ties that society holds most dear. Whether we have good or bad men to rule over us, must depend on our own discretion—if good, we have the power of continuing them in office—if bad, they sink to the bottom by the weight of their own unworthiness. This much is certain, that to continue in power, they must either be virtuous, or at least seem to be so; if they do not act justly from principle, they will at least do so from policy—and surely that country is most likely to be happy in its rulers, where those who govern have to depend on the good opinion of those who are governed.

Yours, &c.

A QUID-NUNC.

*For the Analectic Magazine.*

## CUPID AND HYMEN.

### AN ALLEGORY.

THE immortal Jove, in grateful acknowledgment for the incense offered up by mankind, determined to bestow on them the choicest blessings in his power. He called Cupid and Hymen, who had hitherto inhabited the etherial abodes, and bade them visit the earth, there to employ themselves in administering to the delight of the human race. They descended together into the beautiful plains of Thessaly, where the air is always pure, the breezes all zephyrs, and the smooth Peneus meanders through meadows for ever enamelled with flowers. Hymen was crowned with wreaths of blooming roses; in one hand he bore a burning torch, and over his shoulders was thrown, with inimitable grace, a robe of glowing purple. Cupid appeared like a beautiful winged boy, armed with bow, and quiver full of arrows. He looked a picture of innocence and simplicity; but those who viewed his countenance more closely, discovered something in it that appeared like mischievous archness. He came among the shepherds, and seemed to be for ever employed in those diversions that suited the thoughtlessness of his age. Sometimes he was seen rolling a hoop, or playing with a swan on the margin of the river; sometimes he would put a helmet on his head, and march along with the triumphant air of a conqueror returning from battle; and at others he chased the butterflies among the flowers.

The nymphs and swains gathered around this enchanting pair, and covered the beautiful boy with kisses and caresses. He wove for them the most delicious garlands of jasmine and roses, but he too often twined the thorns with the roses, and when the young nymphs pressed them to their bosoms, they were wounded to the heart. Sometimes, too, he would bend his bow, as if in sport, and inflict, with his feathered arrows, wounds that the simple art of the shepherds knew not how to cure. Tired and irritated with these repeated offences, the inhabitants of the vale gathered



together, and drove the mischievous urchin from their happy abode, but Hymen, who professed to cure the wounds inflicted by Love, was suffered to remain amongst them.

Cupid wandered all alone through the rocky vale of Tempe, and over the plains of Arcadia, entreating charity for the poor boy who made such beautiful garlands; but though his voice was exquisitely touching, and his accents flowed like the soft swelling of distant waters, the story of his thorns and his arrows had preceded him, and he was everywhere turned from the doors of the shepherds. Indignant at length at the inhospitality of mankind, and tired of wandering alone, he spread his golden wings, and ascended again to his mother Venus, in heaven. Hymen continued for a while in the plains of Thessaly; but being separated from Love, he became weary, peevish and disconsolate.—His torch grew more dim every day, and the shepherds complained that even the wounds inflicted by the thorns and arrows of Cupid were often less painful than the cures offered by his companion. They entreated him to go in search of the beautiful child, whom they still loved with all his faults, and if he found him, to lure him back to their plains, where he should be deified.

Hymen sat out in search of the wandering boy, and bade a long farewell to these delightful regions. He traversed a great variety of countries; visited the frozen kingdoms of the north, the ruddy domains of the south, and the smiling retreats of perpetual spring, in the temperate zone; but could nowhere find his little mischievous, though delightful, associate. He often met those who attempted to pass for the real Love; but though they, in some degree, resembled him, they partook not of his divinity. Convinced at length that he was not any longer an inhabitant of this earth, Hymen would have joined his lost companion in the skies, but being of mortal birth, he could not ascend to the etherial regions without the permission of the Gods. He still sojourns among mankind, but has fallen into evil company, and is now generally seen in the society of wealth, ambition, vanity, and other unworthy associates. He, too, weaves garlands, and bears still his lighted torch; but his garlands are not half so fragrant and beautiful as his torch half so bright, as that of Love. P.

*For the Analectic Magazine.*

## TELEGRAPHS.

**WE** have noticed with pleasure, the exertions of Mr. Christopher Colles, to bring to perfection the mode of communicating intelligence by telegraphs. An instrument of this kind, constructed on simple and easy principles, would be highly important to this country, both in a civil and military view. Its great advantages to commercial cities are sufficiently obvious; and it would enable government to communicate with almost inconceivable celerity with all the important points, however distant, where danger was to be apprehended, and guarded against. The mode of conveying intelligence, by preconcerted signals, appears to have been known from the remotest antiquity; it is mentioned in the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus*, and *Polybius* describes the methods then in use. It seems to have been neglected by the moderns, until reinvented by the Duke of York, afterwards James II. of England, while commanding the British fleet, in the Dutch wars of Charles II. His plan was by means of flags, and is still in use, almost without improvement, in the navy of Great Britain, and has been adopted, with some alterations, in ours. At the commencement of the war of the French revolution a telegraph was invented which would transmit any words whatever. The number of signals for this purpose need not exceed that of the letters of the alphabet and the numerals, with a few monosyllables of frequent occurrence. Indeed, by adopting the stenographic mode of writing, sixteen letters are all that are necessary. The French telegraph consists of a large moveable arm, with two others, also moveable, at its extremities; and its number of signals is about thirty-six. The telegraph invented a short time afterwards in England, consists of six shutters, fixed in a frame, and is capable, in its simplest combinations, of thirty-six changes also. These appear to be as many as are absolutely requisite for spelling words and giving numbers. The late Lord Nelson carried the system of telegraphic signals to very great perfection; his last famous order was conveyed, at the

same instant, to every ship in the fleet. The means he used have never been made public, and from the small number and high naval rank of the individuals to whom it is necessary to intrust the secret, they may long remain hidden.

The instrument invented by Mr. Colles consists of five points, with a moveable arm, like the finger of a watch, and three shutters, the combined movements of which are capable of seventy different signals; a number more than is requisite for any purposes of letters or figures. From the decimal arrangement produced by points of the star, and its intermediate spaces, it can be made with much more quickness than either the English or French, where no regular scale of numbers is adopted, but all the signs are purely arbitrary. By changing the unit point of the star, or the mode of expressing the tens by the shutters, the arrangement of the signals may be altered at pleasure, so as to prevent their being read by any but persons employed in their management.

The chief disadvantage to which this kind of telegraph is liable, is, that it will be necessary, in a chain of them, to have two instruments at each intermediate station; as each will only give signals in one direction: this would cause some trifling increase in the expense, above the French or English constructions, which communicate both ways; but it would be amply compensated by the greater ease of making the signals, and the small acquirements necessary in the signal officers.

We recollect seeing an account of a telegraph invented in Sweden, on the principle of the binary arithmetic of Leibnitz: this would be simpler in its construction than the decimal arrangement of Mr. Colles; but the use of the signals would require a proficiency in mathematical knowledge, which might not always be procured; and which would prevent its use for common purposes: and though the number of changes in the signals would certainly be less, yet many more repetitions would be necessary, to convey the same intelligence. Upon the whole, we feel authorized to say, that we can recommend the telegraph of Mr. Colles as the most simple we have ever met with, and combining all the advantages which can be looked for in that instrument. It is with pleasure that we seize this opportunity of calling public attention to this humble, but meritorious individual. We have long noticed his

persevering and cheerful devotion to the arts, in spite of all the disadvantages of poverty and old age: while others, of far less pretensions, have been claiming and receiving honours and rewards, he has been quietly enriching his country, but not himself, by ingenious and useful inventions, of which others have sometimes got the credit, and almost always the profit. We hope that his present invention may meet with the approbation of government, and that patronage be extended to the inventor which has been fully earned, by a long life of valuable labour. R.

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## JUNIUS.

[The following letter we have received from a gentleman, whose name, were we permitted to use it, would give weight and value to the information communicated. As a late publication of a complete edition of Junius has revived public curiosity concerning the real author, every thing that may tend to throw a gleam into the darkness and mystery by which his name is still surrounded, must be interesting to the literary world.]

DEAR SIR,

In the last number of the *Analectic Magazine*, I observed a review of Woodfall's *Junius*. The perusal of it recalled to mind a conversation I had some years ago with a gentleman concerning the author of those celebrated letters. The late Mr. John Banister, of Rhode Island, (to whom I allude,) was, in the beginning of the American war, in England. Being a young man of family, property, convivial habits, and a royalist, he was, as I have understood, well received there. He informed me that he had been very intimate with Mr. (now Count) Rumford, at that time private secretary to Lord George Germain, (formerly Lord G. Sackville,) and that Mr. R. had assured him, that Lord George was really the author of the "Letters of Junius;" that he, Mr. R., had even seen the manuscripts. I, at that time, did not credit the information, as I had made up my mind to the belief that the author was Lord Chatham, and I was unwilling to tear from the brow of this illustrious statesman, the least of the laurels with which a youthful fancy had decked him. I do not wish to give more importance to this information than it deserves. After the lapse of more than thirty years, Mr. B. who when I knew him was not a literary man, might

have connected very early the reports of the day with his acquaintance with Mr. Rumford. But, on the other hand, these gentlemen were young, fugitives from their country, and from the same neighbourhood. A confidence more unlimited would naturally be formed in these circumstances, than in others accompanied with greater similarity of taste. Count Rumford is probably, therefore, the man from whom we may expect to receive the secret. He can have no reason, if called on, to refuse to gratify the public, nor should he hesitate to rescue the memory of his patron from the dishonour of his actual reputation. The author of "Junius' Letters" could not have been guilty of cowardice at the battle of Minden.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

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### CAPTAIN LAWRENCE.

SINCE the publication of our biographical sketch of this lamented officer, a letter has been put in our hands, from Commodore Bainbridge, contradicting the statement of his having dissuaded Capt. Lawrence from encountering the Shannon; and mentioning that he did not see Capt. L. for several days previous to his sailing. The hasty manner in which the biography was written, though it is a poor apology for incorrectness, may account for any errors that may occur. In fact, we did but consider ourselves as pioneers, breaking the way for more able and wary biographers who should come after us: who might diligently pursue the path we had opened, profit by the tracks we had left, and cautiously avoid the false steps we had made.

The facts respecting the battle were almost all taken from notes of a conversation with one of the officers of the Chesapeake which were afterwards revised and acknowledged by him. Some it is true, were cautiously selected from the current reports of the day, according as they bore the stamp of probability, and were supported by the concurrence of various testimony. These may occasionally be somewhat misstated, but we believe that in general they are materially correct. That any blame could ever attach

for a moment to the conduct of Capt. Lawrence, in encountering the Shannon, though superior in equipment, we never insinuated, or supposed. On the contrary, we admired that zeal for the honour of his flag, and that jealousy of his own reputation, that led him, in the face of obvious disadvantages, to a battle, which men of less heroism would have declined without disgrace. The calculating, cautious-spirited commander, who warily measures the weapons, and estimates the force of his opponent, and shuns all engagements, where the chances are not in his favour, may gain the reputation of prudence, but never of valour. There were sufficient chances on the side of Lawrence to exculpate him from all imputation of rashness, and sufficient perils to entitle him to the highest character for courage. He who would greatly deserve, must greatly dare, for brilliant victory is only achieved at the risk of disastrous defeat, and those laurels are ever brightest, that are gathered on the very brink of danger.

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## THE LAY OF THE SCOTTISH FIDDLE:

### A TALE OF HAVRE DE GRACE.

A LITTLE work, "supposed to be written by Walter Scott, Esq." with the above title, has just issued from the press, under the fashionable modern form of a poem *with notes*: the late period at which it was put in our hands prevents us from entering into a particular account of it. The writer appears to have more than one object in view. At first, his intention seems to be merely to satirize and parody the writings of Walter Scott, which have lately had such an all pervading circulation in the fashionable world; but in the course of his work, he seems disposed to extend his lash to the follies and errors of his countrymen; to advocate the present war; and to retaliate, in a good-humoured way, on the British invaders in the Chesapeake, for their excesses at Havre de Grace. But though ridicule and merriment appear to be the leading features, the work is occasionally diversified by little passages of pathos and feeling; the descriptions of American scenery, and American manners, are touched off with much truth of pencil and felicity of manner, and

there are several veins of thought, that would do credit to of a more elevated and sober character.

There are, however, some traces of political satire disc in this volume, which, though managed with great good we regret that the revising hand of the author had not exp as they are calculated to awaken angry feelings in some b and to injure the interests of a work, which would otherwise l with pleasure and approbation throughout the union.

We subjoin a few extracts, hastily made, as specimens nature and merits of the work.

The introduction is somewhat of a parody on the intro to Mr. Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel; instead of a harp are presented with a fiddler.

“ THE way was long, though ’twas not cold,  
But the poor bard was weak and old,  
And carried scor’d upon his front  
Of many a year the long account.  
His *Fiddle*, sole remaining pride,  
Hung dangling down his ragged side,  
In faded bag of flannel green,  
Through which the well carv’d head was seen  
Of gaping lion, yawning wide,  
In regal pomp of beastly pride.  
The last of all the race was he,  
Who charm’d the ear with tweedle dee.  
For lack-a-day ! full well I ween  
’The happy times he once had seen,  
When in the merry capering days  
Of olden time he tun’d his lays,  
’Mong gallant lads, or jolly sailors,  
And play’d “ the de’el amang the tailors,”  
Had given place to other glee,  
And different strains of harmony.  
“ The bigots of this iron time  
“ Had call’d his harmless art a crime ;”  
And now, instead of dance and song  
Pricking the night’s dull pace along,  
And sprightly gambols deftly play’d  
By rustic lad and gleeful maid,



And all that decks the cheek of toil  
 With nature's warm and heartfelt smile :  
 No sound is heard borne on the gale,  
 In village lone or rural dale,  
 But canting, whining, nasal notes,  
 Twanging through hoarse and foggy throats,  
 Ascending up the startled sky,  
 Mocking the ear of deity  
 With nonsense blasphemous and wild ;  
 While wretches, of their peace beguil'd,  
 Scare the dull ear of drowsy night  
 With screams that boding screech owls fright  
 And hollow moans, that seem to flow  
 From damned souls in shades below.  
*Love-feasts* are held at midnight's hour,  
 When fancy wields her potent power,  
 And to the trembling wretch's eyes  
 Sepulchres ope, and spectres rise,  
 Gaunt forms, and grisly shapes appear,  
 And sweet religion turns to fear.  
 A fiddler now (no wight so poor)  
 May beg his bread from door to door,  
 Nor tune to please a peasant's ear,  
 Those notes that blithe King Cole might hear.

" A little dog with gentle speed,  
 Though not of black St. Hubert's breed,  
 Led by a string this man of wo,  
 Whose faltering steps, all sad and slow,  
 Seem'd hastening towards that long, long home,  
 Where rich and poor at last must come.  
 Why didn't that puppy walk behind ?  
 Alas ! the fiddler was stone blind,  
 And might not find his way alone,  
 Ev'n though meridian sun had shone.  
 Betide him weal, betide him wo,  
 In summer heat or winter snow,  
 Or when the cutting midnight blast  
 Around the leafy forest cast,  
 And withering frost launch'd on the air  
 Laid the sweet face of nature bare ;

When man and nature seem'd combin'd  
 With biting frost and whistling wind,  
 To waste his poor remains of life  
 In anxious toil and fruitless strife ;  
 Still that same dog ne'er shrunk the while  
 From nature's frown, or woo'd her smile ;  
 But faithful to his wonted trust,  
 More true than man, than man more just,  
 He led the wight, from day to day,  
 Unharm'd through all his darksome way.  
 In lonely shed, at brightning blaze,  
 In dewy fields, or hard highways,  
 Or under branch of spreading tree,  
 Where'er his lodgings chanc'd to be,  
 Still that same little faithful guide,  
 Stretch'd at his feet or by his side,  
 While the poor houseless wanderer slept,  
 His guardian watch for ever kept." P. 13—17.

The following description of American scenery is given  
 enemy's entering the Susquehanna.

### X

" And now they came in gallant pride,  
 Where Susquehanna's noble tide,  
 In silent pomp, is seen to pay  
 Its tribute to the lordly bay.  
 And on its beauteous margin spied  
 The little town, in rural pride,  
 Reposing in the folded arms  
 Of peace, nor dreaming of those harms,  
 Which fortune, in her fitful spite,  
 Decreed should come that fatal night.

### XI.

" The sun low in the west did wane,  
 And cross the level of the plain ;  
 The shadow of each tree the while,  
 Seem'd lengthen'd into many a mile ;  
 The purple hue of evening fell  
 Upon the low sequester'd dell ;

And scarce a lingering sunbeam play'd  
Around the distant mountain's head.  
'The sweet south wind sunk to a calm,  
The dews of evening fell like balm;  
The night-hawk, soaring in the sky,  
Told that the twilight shades were nigh;  
The bat began his dusky flight,  
The whip-poor-will, *our* bird of night,  
Ever unseen, yet ever near,  
His shrill note warbled in the ear;  
The buzzing beetle forth did hie,  
With busy hum and heedless eye;  
The little watchman of the night,  
The fire-fly, trimm'd his lamp so bright,  
And took his merry airy round  
Along the meadow's fragrant bound,  
Where blossom'd clover, bath'd in dew,  
In sweet luxuriance blushing grew.

## XII.

"O Nature! Goddess ever dear,  
What a fair scene of peace was here!  
What pleasant sports, what calm delights,  
What happy days, what blameless nights,  
Might in such gentle haunts be spent  
In the soft lap of bland content!  
But vain it is that bounteous heav'n  
To wretched man this earth has given;  
Vain, that its smiling face displays  
Such beauties to his reckless gaze.  
While this same rash malignant worm  
Raises the whirlwind and the storm,  
Pollutes her bosom with hot blood,  
'Turns to rank poison all her good,  
And plays before his maker's eyes,  
The serpent of this paradise." P. 71—73.

The following picture is admirably descriptive of a cumpkin in love; the scenery is delightfully managed.

### VII.

“Close in a darksome corner sat  
A scowling wight, with old wool hat,  
That dangled o’er his sun-burnt brow,  
And many a gaping rent did show;  
His beard in grim luxuriance grew;  
His great toe peep’d from either shoe;  
His brawny elbow shown all bare;  
All matted was his carrot hair,  
And in his sad face you might see,  
The withering look of poverty.  
He seem’d all desolate of heart,  
And in the revels took no part.  
Yet those who watch’d his blood-shot eye,  
As the light dancers flitted by,  
Might jealousy, and dark despair,  
And love detect, all mingled there.

### VIII.

“He never turn’d his eye away  
From one fair damsel passing gay;  
But ever, in her airy round,  
Watch’d her quick step, and lightsome bound;  
Wherever in the dance she turn’d,  
He turn’d his eye, and that eye burn’d  
With such fierce spleen, that sooth to say,  
It made the gazer turn away.  
Who was the damsel passing fair,  
That caus’d his eyeballs thus to glare?  
It was the blooming Jersey maid,  
That our poor wight’s tough heart betray’d.

### IX.

“By Pompton stream, that silent flows,  
Where many a wild flower heedless blows  
Unmark’d by any human eye,  
Unpluck’d by any passer by,

There stands a church, whose whiten'd side  
Is by the traveller often spied,  
Glittering among the branches fair  
Of locust trees, that flourish there.  
Along the margin of the tide,  
That to the eye just seems to glide,  
And to the list'ning ear ne'er throws  
A murmur to disturb repose,  
The stately elm majestic towers,  
The lord of Pompton's fairy bowers.  
The willow, that its branches waves  
O'er neighbourhood of rustic graves,  
Oft, when the summer south wind blows,  
Its thirsty tendrils playful throws  
Into the river rambling there,  
The cooling influence to share,  
Of the pure stream, that bears imprest  
Sweet nature's image in its breast.

## X.

" Sometimes, on sunny sabbath day,  
Our ragged wight would wend his way  
To this fair church, and lounge about  
With many an idle sun-burnt lout,  
And stumble o'er the silent graves;  
Or where the weeping willow waves,  
His listless length would lay him down,  
And spell the legend on the stone:  
'Twas here, as ancient matrons say,  
His eye first caught the damsel gay,  
Who in the interval between  
The *services*, oft tript the green,  
And threw her witching eyes about,  
To great dismay of bumpkin stout,  
Who felt his heart rebellious beat,  
Whene'er those eyes he chanc'd to meet.

## XI.

" As our poor wight all listless lay,  
Dozing the vacant hours away,

Or watching with his half shut eye,  
 The buzzing flight of bee or fly,  
 The beauteous damsel pass'd along,  
 Humming a stave of sacred song.  
 She threw her soft blue eyes askance,  
 And gave the booby such a glance,  
 That quick his eyes wide open flew,  
 And his wide mouth flew open too.  
 He gaz'd with wonder and surprise  
 At the mild lustre of her eyes,  
 Her cherry lips, her dimpled cheek,  
 Where Cupids play'd at hide and seek,  
 Whence, many an arrow well, I wot,  
 Against the wight's tough heart was shot.

## XII.

"He follow'd her where'er she stray'd,  
 While every look his love betray'd;  
 And when her milking she would ply,  
 Sooth'd her pleas'd ear with Rhino-Die,  
 Or made the mountain echoes ring  
 With the great feats of John Paulding;  
 How he, stout moss-trooper bold,  
 Refus'd the proffer'd glittering gold,  
 And to the gallant youth did cry,  
 'One of us two must quickly die.'

## XIII.

"On the rough meadow of his cheek,  
 The scythe he laid full twice a week,  
 Foster'd the honours of his head,  
 That wide as scrub-oak branches spread,  
 With grape-vine juice, and bear's grease too,  
 And dangled it in cel-skin queue.  
 In short, he tried each gentle art  
 To anchor fast her floating heart;  
 But still she scorn'd his tender tale,  
 And saw, unmov'd, his cheek grow pale,  
 Flouted his suit with scorn so cold,  
 And gave him oft the bag to hold." P. 88—94.

## SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

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### THE BANQUET CONDEMNED, A MORALITY FROM THE FRENCH OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

AMONG the quaint little moral dramas of former times, was a piece with the above title. It opens with the following personages dining themselves at table.

*Good Company.*—*I drink your health.*—*I pledge you.*—*Fre-quent repetition.*—*Supper.*—*Pastime.*—*Gluttony.*—*Daintiness.* These gay fellows are watched through a window by others very ill-disposed towards them. *Apoplexy, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Pleurisy, Colic, Squinancy, Hydropsy, Jaundice, Gravel,* and others of the same nature, not less formidable, grotesquely habited, and armed with bludgeons. After some time, *Supper*, who betrays his guests, admits the whole cohort of enemies. A dreadful battle ensues.

The table is overthrown, and its contents dashed to shivers.—At this instant enters a personage more traitorous still than *Supper*; this is *Banquet* himself, who affects to protect the jolly company, seats them again at table, and they begin to revive; but are once more surprised by the diseases, who prevail against them *fatally.* *Good Company* is the only one who escapes; and resorts to dame *Experience* with his complaints. This sage dame causes *Supper* and *Banquet* to be arrested by *Sobriety, Medicine, Phlebotomy, Fasting*, by whom they are led away to prison. He afterwards holds council with Hippocrates, Galen, Avicenna, and Averroes. The criminals are condemned. *Remedy* passes sentence on them. *Banquet* is executed.

*Supper* is pronounced not guilty, as to himself; but by reason of his having admitted too great a number and variety of dishes on the table, he is sentenced to wear a badge on his arm, of leaden colour down the whole front of his sleeve; and forbid to approach any person, modestly and moderately taken, nearer than the distance of six hours, at the least.



## BIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS OTWAY.

THOMAS OTWAY was born March 3d, 1651, at Trotton, near Midhurst, Sussex, upon the borders of the river Arun; being the only son of the Rev. Humphrey Otway, rector of Wolbeding, in the same county. He was educated at Wickeham school, Winchester, and originally intended for the church. At the age of eighteen, he entered at Christ Church College, Oxford, early in the year 1669. His connexions here appear to have been highly respectable; but the narrow circumstances in which he was placed by the sudden death of his father, compelled him to leave the university, without taking a degree. In 1671, he came to London, unprovided with any regular means of subsistence. After an unsuccessful essay on the stage, he sought the patronage of men of rank and fashion, to whom his social qualifications rendered him highly acceptable. Among his friends were, the young Earl of Plymouth, a natural son of the king, and the notorious Earl of Rochester.

He spent some time in a course of dissipation, and at length roused himself to attempt dramatic composition. His first production, entitled *Alcibiades*, was written in the heroic couplet, and had some success, although it gave no promise of future eminence. His abilities were probably repressed by a compliance with the absurd custom, inapplicable to the English language, but at that time popular, of composing in rhyme; a style first introduced in compliment to the depraved taste of the king, who allowed himself to be too much swayed by continental influence, both in poetry and politics. *Don Carlos*, written also in rhyme, was performed the next year, and met with uncommon encouragement; less owing to intrinsic merit, than to the patronage of the Earl of Rochester, who was led, at that period, by some capricious motive, to bestow his favour on Otway, in opposition to Dryden, although he afterwards lampooned the former. In the next year, 1677, he produced *Titus and Berenice*, and the *Cheats of Scapin*. The first of these pieces was imitated from Racine; the latter from Molière.

The encouragement which French literature received during the reign of Charles II. was not, probably, beneficial to our own, since it repressed the exertions of native genius, and imposed upon the nation, especially in dramatic composition, a taste not congenial with its character. English audiences were oftener indebted, for theatrical entertainment, to Racine, Corneille, or Molière, than to Shakspeare, and our other early dramatists; and the stage was gradually filled with pieces which deviated more and more from

ie chasteness and simplicity of nature. Hence proceeded the romantic attachment to rhyming, or heroic plays, cherished and diffused by the writers of that period, with little regard to the legitimate end of tragedy: for how seldom can the heart be interested, where the language bears no resemblance to that of nature, and where the characters and sentiments are equally hypothetical!

Passions too fierce to be in fetters bound,  
And nature flies him like enchanted ground.

*Prol. to Aurengzebe.*

With this declaration of the impotence of rhyme, Dryden (once its strenuous advocate) abandoned the use of it in tragedy; and as his example was much regarded by his contemporaries, the odour for heroic plays was superseded by a more just and rational style.

In 1678 he went to Flanders, with the army commanded by the Duke of Monmouth; having obtained a cornet's commission in a new regiment of horse, by the interest of the Earl of Plymouth. Before his departure, he had made his first effort in comedy, under the title of *Friendship in Fashion*, which appeared in 1678.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that the same powers which constitute a good writer of tragedy, are not sufficient of themselves to ensure success in the other department of the drama, which depends upon the exertion of talents essentially different. This will, therefore, diminish our surprise at the disproportion of Otway's powers in tragedy and comedy. But in judging of his efforts in the latter, we adopt a rule which he was compelled to disregard. A happy improvement in morals has purified the stage, and proscribed licentiousness; but in Otway's time, indecency, so far from being in disrepute, was an indispensable quality in a comedy; one, in short, succeeded without it. Writers must conform their taste to that of their audience. If, therefore, the legislators of the drama applauded those scenes most, where grossness constituted the obvious feature, we may charitably suppose that authors often sacrificed, unwillingly, their judgment to their interest. The torrent of immorality, thus unchecked by those to whom it belonged to resist its first encroachments, soon polluted the stage: mirth was excited by profanity, and ribaldry was esteemed as wit. No proof of the depravity of taste to which we allude, can be more convincing, than that "*Friendship in Fashion*," certainly a most immoral play, is reckoned by Langbaine a very diverting one, and stated to have met with general applause.

The troops, to which he was attached, being recalled, he returned home in a state of extreme penury, aggravated by the disadvantageous mode of payment to which government had recourse for the discharge of the military appointments.

Poverty was not the only cause of disquietude to Otway. He cherished a hopeless passion for Mrs. Barry, an actress of considerable eminence, respecting whom we shall take occasion to say more hereafter.

Being now returned to his native country, he published, in 1680, *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*, on which he had been occupied while he was abroad. Considerable part of this play was borrowed from Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*; and it was written with a reference to the political troubles of the author's own times. In the same year appeared *The Poet's Complaint of his Muse*; and also *THE ORPHAN*. This work was an indisputable proof of his supreme command over the passions, of which some evidence had broken forth in different parts of *Caius Marius*. In this place the editor justly censures the vulgar and envious ribaldry which Voltaire has aimed at this play. The strictures of this writer we remember to have read several years ago with profound contempt. The mode of criticism that he adopts is, to disfigure the harmony of English blank verse, by translating it into French prose, and to supply vulgarity where it is wanting. In this malignant attempt, he failed as ingloriously as he had already done in his attack on Shakspeare. The punishment for his sacrilege to our immortal monarch of the drama awaited him from a female hand;\* and he cowered under the castigation that he had merited.

His next literary birth was *The Soldier's Fortune*, in 1681; which, although it obtained extraordinary success, and produced both profit and reputation to the theatre, appears to have given more pleasure to the public than profit to the author.

Otway, notwithstanding, appears now to have felt sufficiently the irksomeness of his profession. It is not difficult to conceive the pangs which he endured, with a spirit not yet inured to want, or subdued by adversity. Exposed by his situation, as an author, to the shafts of malice; alternately elevated with promises, and dejected by scorn and neglect; caressed for his wit, and despised for his poverty; we must not wonder that these complicated vexations and disgusts should engender those gloomy feelings which he describes in the epilogue!

With the discharge of passions much opprest,  
Disturb'd in brain, and pensive in his breast,  
Full of those thoughts which make th' unhappy sad,  
And by imagination half grown mad,  
The poet led abroad his mourning muse," &c.

The groundwork of the plot of *Venice Preserved*, the author's next play, which came out in 1682, with a very prosperous result.

\* Mrs. Montagu's Essay on Shakspeare.

taken from an historical work of St. Real. This play, like *Marius*, was written with a view to party satire, as well as moral interest; and requiring more vigour of character, and a firmer tenor of sentiment, than the subject of *The Orphan*, it affords a visible test of the improvement that Otway's powers were receiving as experience and life gradually advanced.

Notwithstanding the poet's assiduity in composition, he was almost constantly involved in poverty. The author's share of the profits of the theatre was, at that time, much inferior to the sum now derived from a successful drama; and Otway's habits, not, perhaps, favourable to the practice of economy, together with the exhausted state of his finances, that these, for no reason to think, were often anticipated before they arrived. In the epilogue to "*Caius Marius*," he talks of offering to ~~pay~~ *third day for fifty pounds*. With poverty came all those attendant ills which a generous spirit feels more acutely than mere privation: neglect; wrongs real and imaginary; the altered conduct of friends: but, above all, he secretly pined under that cruel passion, whose stubbornness refused to yield to the provoking scorn. Besides these evils, the obscure allusions contained in the epilogue to "*Venice Preserved*," indicate many enemies his writings had produced, and his apprehensions of their resorting to some dastardly method of revenge.

Poets in honour of the ~~truth~~ should write,  
 With the same spirit brave men for it fight;  
 And tho' against him causeless hatreds rise,  
 And daily where he goes of late, he spies  
 'The scowls of sullen and revengeful eyes;  
 'Tis what he knows with much contempt to bear,  
 And serve a cause too good to let him fear;  
 He fears no poison from an incens'd drab,  
 No ruffian's five-foot sword, nor rascal's stab;  
 Nor any other snares of mischief laid,  
 Not a Rose-alley cudgel-ambuscade;  
 From any private cause where malice reigns,  
 Or general pique all blockheads have to brains.

Perhaps the accumulated disgusts arising from these different causes, renewed in Otway an attachment to his early habits of idleness; and if we do not arm our minds with stoical apathy, our compassion for the frailty of human nature will incline us to regard this constitutional infirmity of our author as entitled to some excuse, from his severe sufferings. When nature seems to sink beneath the pressure of distress, and not a ray of hope can penetrate the gloom of futurity, mankind are often driven by despair to seek a refuge from intolerable thought in the smiles of the present. Thus it fared with poor Otway: he saw himself banished, for ever, from the mild delights of life, and snatched away from the transient joys which intemperance afforded. It

\* The attack upon Dryden.

is a precipice, the paths to which, though often trod, are still imperceptible.

The *Atheist*, a sequel to the *Soldier's Fortune*, and his last dramatic production, was represented in 1683, or at the beginning of 1684. At the death of Charles II. in February, 1685, Otway followed the example of his cotemporaries, and offered his poetical incense to his successor. This adulation produced no beneficial result to its author; and the term of his mortal career was at hand.

Deeply involved in pecuniary engagements, Otway had, for some time past, withdrawn from the importunate clamours of his creditors to an obscure public-house,\* the sign of the Bull, on Tower-hill. It was at this place, remote from the knowledge of those who could assist him, that he expired, at the premature age of 34, on the 14th April, 1685. From thence his body was conveyed to the church of St. Clement Danes, and there deposited in a vault.

Varying accounts have been circulated of the immediate cause of his death, but the following narrative seems to be now authenticated:

Our author had an intimate friend who was murdered in the street. To revenge the deed, he pursued the assassin, who fled to France. Otway followed him, on foot, as far as Dover, where he was seized with a fever, occasioned by the fatigues he had undergone, which soon carried him to his grave in London.† How must every mind of sensibility exult that this record has been rescued from oblivion! Such a sacrifice to affection is highly creditable to the moral character of our author, and shows that the ardour of private friendship, which glows with so much enthusiasm in "The Orphan" and "Venice Preserved," was not a fiction of the poet, but entered, in a very remarkable degree, into the character of the man.

As a specimen of the editor's critical remarks, we subjoin the ensuing passages:

"We find that the chief objections to Otway's tragedies are, that they do not conform strictly to the rules of the drama; that the language wants elevation—the *ampullas et sesquipedalia verba* of Horace—and that some of the scenes are debased by unseasonable mirth. The instances of the first are unimportant; and he has already been resigned, for the latter offence, to the severity of criticism. But with regard to the language, he was confined, by his subjects, to a familiarity of style; for the pathetic

\* This gave rise to the ill-natured remark of Dennis, that "Otway died in an ale-house."

† "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope," vol. ii. Spence derived the anecdote from Dennis, the critic. The name of Otway's friend was Blakiston. At his return to London, he drank water, which occasioned his death.

sentiments of distress would be very unsuitably clothed in an ornamented diction.

*Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.*  
HOR.

“Some parts, however, of the dialogue of ‘*Venice Preserved*’ are highly poetical; but Otway’s skill was almost wholly displayed in the pathetic; in the plaintive language of distress, and the soothing tones of affection.

“The only writers who approach him in this respect are Southern and Rowe. ‘*The Fatal Marriage*’ of the former exhibits distresses almost too strong for the feelings; but the sentiments want that peculiar tenderness, which, in Otway, produces a sorrow combined with the most exalted pleasure. The uniform harmony of numbers, for which Rowe is so much admired, somewhat enervates his sentiments, and produces an effect not altogether consonant with genuine sympathy. Rowe acquired, by art and industry, an excellence which Otway derived immediately from nature. In the works of the latter, we must not seek those charms which are supplied by study and application; but it may be doubted whether, by a larger acquaintance with critical knowledge, they would not have lost in energy what they might have gained by regularity and accuracy: as the vigour of a plant is sometimes destroyed by an over-solicitude to restrain its luxuriance.”

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#### ACCOUNT OF THE PERSIANS.

[From Kinneir’s Memoir of the Persian Empire.]

“THE Persians are a remarkably handsome race of men: brave, hospitable, patient in adversity, affable to strangers, and highly polished in their manners. They are gentle and insinuating in their address, and, as companions, agreeable and entertaining; but, in return, they are totally devoid of many estimable qualities, and profoundly versed in all the arts of deceit and hypocrisy. They are haughty to their inferiors, obsequious to their superiors, cruel, vindictive, treacherous and avaricious, without faith, friendship, gratitude or honour. It has, however, been justly remarked, that imperfections will be universally found to sully the human character, in a country where injustice is proverbial, and where confidence and integrity too often lead to ruin. Frugal in his diet, robust in his constitution, capable of enduring astonishing fatigue, and inured, from his infancy, to the extremes of heat and cold, to hunger and thirst, nature seems to have formed the Persian for a sol-

dier. But as, according to the ancient customs of this people, it is deemed degrading to a person, who has money sufficient to purchase a horse, to serve on foot, the infantry of *Persia* has been, from the earliest ages, contemptible, whilst her numerous bodies of irregular cavalry have, more than once, carried terror and defeat amidst the disciplined legions of *Rome*.

“The dress of the Persians appears to a stranger to be, in some degree, effeminate; although, perhaps, in reality, it is not so much so as that of any other Eastern nation. It consists of a long robe, reaching nearly to the feet, and a high cap, which, when covered with a shawl, has some resemblance to the ancient tiara. A sash is bound round the waist: in this a small dagger is stuck; and no person ever conceives himself dressed without his sword. The custom of shaving, practised in former times by the natives of the *East*, and looked upon by Europeans as an act of effeminacy, is now completely reversed. The modern European considers a long beard as the emblem of barbarism, but the Persian regards it as a mark of beauty and wisdom. To talk disrespectfully of his beard, is the greatest insult that can be offered to a native of this country; and an attempt to touch it, would probably be followed by the instant death of the offender.

“The dress of the women is extremely simple. It is composed, in the summer season, of a silk or muslin shift, a loose pair of velvet trousers, and *ulkhaliq*, or vest. The head is covered with a large black turban, over which a Cashmerian shawl is gracefully thrown, to answer the purpose of a veil. In the cold weather, a close-bodied robe, reaching to the knees, and fastened in front by large gold buttons, is worn over the vest. This is made of velvet, or *kimcob*, and sometimes ornamented with jewels.

“The natives of *Persia* do not recline on cushions in the luxurious manner of the Turks, but sit in an erect posture on a thick felt, called a *numud*. They have seldom or ever fires in their apartments, even in the coldest season; and in order to be warm, fold themselves in a fur pelisse, or a *barounee*, which is a handsome robe of crimson cloth, lined with shawls or velvet. Like other oriental nations, they rise with the sun; and, having dressed and said their prayers, take a cup of coffee, or perhaps some fruit. They then enter upon the business of the day, if they have any; and if not, smoke and converse until about eleven o'clock, at which time they usually have their breakfast, and then retire into the *haram*. Here they remain until about three o'clock, when they return into the hall, see company, and finish their business; for with these people the most important affairs are discussed and transacted in public. Between nine and ten the dinner, or principal meal, is served up. This chiefly consists of *pillans*, and of mutton and fowl, dressed in various ways, of which, however, they eat but moderately.



Wine they never taste before company ; although, in private, they are the most notorious drunkards, and invariably drink before they eat. They are passionately fond of tobacco, which they smoke almost incessantly, from the moment they rise until it is time to retire to rest ; it constitutes, indeed, the principal source of amusement to a man of fortune ; and were it not for his *calean*, I am at a loss to imagine how he could possibly spend his time. In this respect, indeed, there seems to be something peculiarly inconsistent in the character of the Persian. When without an inducement to exertion, he resigns himself entirely to luxury and ease ; and the same person who, with his *calean* in his mouth, would appear to pass the day in a state of stupor, when roused into action and mounted on his horse, will ride for days and nights without intermission. Hunting and hawking, as well as various gymnastic exercises, are their favourite amusements. By these means, their bodies become hardened and active ; and as they are taught to ride from their youth, they manage their horses with great boldness and address. They frequently use the warm bath, but seldom change their linen.

“The Persian women are comparatively less handsome than the men ; but as a stranger and a christian has seldom or ever an opportunity of seeing ladies of rank, his opinion, of course, is formed, in a great degree, from those of the lower classes.

“Georgian slaves are preferred to all others. These women are extremely beautiful and full of animation, but excel more in the grace and elegance of their persons than in the regularity of their features. They are sometimes brought from their native country by the Armenian merchants, as an article of trade ; but the greater part of them are carried away by the Persian armies, in their *chupons*, or predatory incursions into *Georgia*. Their price varies according to the supply of the market ; and when I was at *Tauris*, in 1810, a young and beautiful Georgian girl could be purchased for about eighty pounds sterling.”

Of the horses of this country Mr. K. speaks with admiration ; also of the sheep, the poultry and the game ; but the beef is coarse, and is eaten by the lower classes only. The revenue does not much exceed three millions : the tax on land yields, probably, about two thirds of this sum ; the remainder is derived from imposts, and duties on merchandise. The military power is an undisciplined rabble, unfit to contend with regular European troops.

They seldom shed much blood in their engagements ; and Mr. K. mentions a battle fought while he was in the country, that lasted *four days*, yet, although ten thousand men were engaged on each side, and the conflict terminated in a complete route, the *whole* loss was but *five men* killed and wounded. Predatory excursions are the favourite warlike exploits of the Persians ; what ra-

vages they occasion may be conjectured, though but faintly, from the following instances. The first describes the manners of four Persian chiefs, who are brothers, but at variance.

“To enable the reader to form some faint idea of the detestable system which has reduced these fine countries to their present state of barbarism, I will here relate an anecdote of one of these chiefs, whom Mr. Monteith and myself had occasion to visit, in our way from *Shuster* to *Shiranauz*, in the month of March, 1810, at the time when the first crops were ready for the sickle. Our road lying through the district of *Ram Homuz*, and not far from the villages of three of the brothers, we alternately became their guests. On the second day, at the house of the youngest of the four, and just as we had finished our breakfast, he came into the room armed and equipped, as if prepared to set out on an expedition. In the course of conversation, he inquired how we had been treated by his relation on the preceding day, and without giving us time to reply, added, that as he knew him to be a *scurvy dog*, and incapable of exercising the rights of hospitality, he would give us ample revenge, by loading our cattle (if we would allow them to accompany him in his intended excursion) with as much wheat and barley as they were able to carry. We thanked him for his generosity, but told him, that as we had no reason to complain of the manner in which we had been entertained by his brother, we could not possibly avail ourselves of his kind offer. He shortly afterwards withdrew, and, mounting his horse, issued forth at the head of his adherents. He was absent the greater part of the day, and returned, towards the close of the evening, with an immense booty. The quarrels of these chiefs not unfrequently prove fatal to themselves and to their followers. They are, in that event, summoned to attend the tribunal of the *Beglerbeg* of *Bebahan*, and he whose suit is sustained with the largest sum of money, is in no fear of losing his cause.”

Such are the internal enemies of their own kin, and their own country; which the government is too weak or too slothful to punish!

The following are proofs that the external relations of this people, or at least of their border provinces, are in a state as barbarous as among the most savage tribes of the most savage nations.

“The road from *Cashan* to *Koom* winds principally along the edge of the *Great Salt Desert*, through a level country, depopulated and laid waste by the inroads of the *Turkomans*. It was the custom of these barbarians, previous to the reign of the present king, to make incursions into *Persia*, in parties not exceeding forty or fifty men; when, after plundering the villages and massacring the male inhabitants, they carried off the women and chil-

dren as slaves. For this purpose, each Turkoman was attended by two horses, which were as regularly trained for these *chupows*, or plundering expeditions, as the racers in *England* are to run at *Newmarket*; and it is an astonishing fact, that these horses have been known to perform a journey of seven or eight hundred miles in as many days.

“The following account, given by a person who accompanied Hyder Shah, the present sovereign of *Bokhara*, in one of his plundering expeditions, may give the reader some idea of the manner in which those predatory excursions are conducted. He commenced his journey from *Bokhara*, and by forced marches reached Merv Shah Jehan in ten days. Here leaving all his baggage, he advanced with twenty thousand horses, and after three moderate marches reached the banks of *Tudsen*. In these marches the troops mounted at break of day, and rode till four or five o’clock in the evening, when they fed their horses and took some refreshment. They always carried seven days’ barley for their horses, and a sort of biscuit and jelly made from grapes for themselves. They also carried several days’ water, of which they drank but sparingly, and only allowed their horses a small quantity once every twenty-four hours. They mounted again after evening prayers, and rode till midnight. When they reached the town which they intended to attack, they dismounted, and remained quiet till morning, when the gates were opened and the inhabitants came out with their cattle, &c. The city was then given up to plunder, and the men carried into slavery. Shah Hyder has made ten expeditions of this kind into *Khorassan*. He received a tenth of the plunder, and the remainder is divided equally amongst his followers.”



#### DEFENCE OF THE POETRY OF HAMMOND.

No writer in our language has written with more tender elegance than Hammond, if a living author perhaps be excepted; and though it were said that his love, his woes, his sighs, and his prayers, were fictitious; that he threatened to kill himself when he meant to live, and that he sung of being in despair when he was perfectly happy and contented, it would not therefore follow that his imagination was not soft and persuasive; that his language was not melodious and appropriate, or that his images were not, in the highest degree, affecting and pathetic. If praise be denied to him whose topics are imaginary, though his descriptions are natural, to whom shall it be given? Poetry is perfect in proportion as it is an accurate representation of life, of things that are real and probable; and if it can be shown, as surely it may be shown, that authors have

written upon fictitious subjects, with a warmth and expression which the reality could not have inspired in a higher degree, the greatest praise will be due to that skill which hides the art by which we are made to believe in representations that have no foundation but in the poet's fancy.

Tickell, in his elegy upon the death of Addison, has these lines:

Slow comes the verse that real grief inspires;  
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?

And the question is asked with a plausibility of truth which deceives the reader into an assent of what is implied by it. But if there be any justice in the opinion, that what we feel most we can best express, I see no reason why the deepest grief should not be uttered with the deepest pathos. At all events, if neither visionary nor real sorrows can be truly depicted; if the one must be frigid, and the other insufficient, where are we to look for that which poetry has always been supposed capable of giving—a vivid transcript of our feelings? We must reform our notions of the power of language to express the sentiments of the heart, and receive words only as tokens of imaginary value.

Johnson, whose mental perception was often as defective as his visual one, has attempted to deride the plaintive effusions of Hammond's muse, by talking of their pedantry; but I suppose no reader will be disposed to defer very implicitly to his opinions upon a question of amatory feeling. The first requisite to excellence is to understand the subject we are discussing; and I doubt if Johnson knew much of love in its refined state. His was a mind formed to embrace the vast, but not to seize the minute; and though he wrote verses which mentioned love in all its languishing sensibility of desire, I suspect his images were borrowed from writers who had been faithful to nature, and whom to imitate, therefore, could not be to err. What his notions of this passion were, may be easily inferred from various parts of his writings; especially from *Rasselas*, and his observations upon Pope's *Elegy on the Death of an Unfortunate Young Lady*. Yet, it is upon record, that he was susceptible of amorous fondness; of a sort of sensual dalliance, which is quite distinct from love in its state of purity. Such lascivious endearments have not even the quality of Pope's description of lust, which,

Through some certain strainers well refined,  
Its gentle love that charms all woman kind.

Let us not wonder that such a man should indistinctly comprehend the delicate sentiments of a writer like Hammond, or that he should have pronounced of his elegies that they have "neither

passion, nature, nor manners," which surely he could not have done had he read, or if he read, had he been capable of feeling, the beautiful strain of thought and expression which peculiarly distinguishes the thirteenth elegy. Is there not nature also in the following stanza :

Let others buy the cold, unloving maid,  
In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part ;  
While I their selfish luxury upbraid,  
And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.—*Elegy II.*

May we not believe there is truth in the following :

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd,  
My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace ;  
No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,  
Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face.—*Elegy IV.*

And is there not passion in these stanzas :

Ah, gentle door, attend my humble call,  
Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray ;  
So all my curses far from thee shall fall,  
We angry lovers mean not what we say.

Remember now the flow'ry wreaths I gave,  
When first I told thee of my bold desires ;  
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful slave,  
Venus will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youth who see not where they tread,  
She shows the virgin how to turn the door ;  
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,  
And not a step betray her on the floor.

The fearless lover wants no beams of light,  
The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way ;  
Sacred he wanders through the pathless night,  
Belongs to Venus, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling winds, and beating rain,  
Nor heed cold watchings o'er the dewy ground ;  
If all the hardships I for love sustain,  
With love's victorious joys at last be crown'd.—*Elegy V.*

That Johnson should have attempted to degrade such poetry as this, may displease, but need not excite our surprise, when we recollect that Burleigh thought Spenser a mere ballad-maker ; that Locke regarded Blackmore as the greatest genius, except Milton, which this country had produced,\* and that Gray, in a letter to

\* See his correspondence with Mr. Molineux, who says, in a letter to Locke, "Mr. Churchill favoured me with the present of Sir Richard Blackmore's King Arthur. I had read P. Arthur before, and read it with admiration, which is not at all lessened by this second piece. *All our English poets (Milton excepted) have been more ballad-makers in comparison to him.*"—To this, Locke replied, "I shall, when I see Sir R. Blackmore, discourse him as you desire. *There is, I with pleasure find, a strange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine.*" And in another letter, he says that Sir Richard shows *as great strength and penetration of judgment, as his poetry shows flights of fancy.*

Mason, speaks of the *Nouvelle Heloise* of Rousseau in terms of ridicule and sarcastic contempt. Such are the diversities of opinion among mankind; and so utterly may one man differ from the rest of his fellow creatures upon a question of mere taste.

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#### DESCRIPTION OF THE HUMMING-BIRD.

[From a review of Dr. Shaw's General Zoology.]

THE brilliant and lively race of humming-birds, so remarkable at once for their beautiful colours and diminutive size, are the peculiar natives of the American continent, and adjoining islands, and, with few exceptions, are principally confined to the hotter regions. Their vivacity, swiftness, and singular appearance, unite in rendering them the admiration of mankind; while their colours are so radiant, that it is not by comparing them with the analogous hues of other birds that we are enabled to explain with propriety their peculiar splendour, but by the more exalted brilliancy of polished metals and precious stones; the ruby, the garnet, the sapphire, the emerald, the topaz, and polished gold, being considered as the most proper objects of elucidation.

It is not, however, to be imagined that all the species of humming-birds are thus decorated: some being even obscure in their colours, and, instead of the prevailing splendour of the major part of the genus, exhibiting only a faint appearance of a golden green tinge, diffused over the brown or purplish colour of the back and wings. The genus is of great extent, and, in order that the species may with greater readiness be investigated, it has been found necessary to divide them into two sections, viz. the curve-billed, and the straight-billed. The exact limits of the two divisions are, however, difficult to determine.

The mode of life in the humming-birds appears to be uniform. They live by absorbing the sweet juices of flowers, which they extract with their tubular tongue, and though small insects are said to have been sometimes observed in their stomachs, yet this seems rather accidental than regular or natural.

A magnificent work has lately appeared on this genus, by Messrs. Viellot and Audebert, in which a laudable attempt has been made to exhibit the splendour of the natural colours, by means of powder or shell gold, impressed on the plates. It must be confessed that it has not succeeded, in all instances, as completely as might be wished. The work, however, is extremely valuable, not only as containing good figures of the major part of the established species, but also of numerous varieties, and is preceded by an elabo-

rate and ingenious disquisition, relative to the structure of the feathers, and many other particulars.

It may not be unamusing to the reader to place after this the parallel account of Buffon, which, though not in the most full-dressed style of the author, contains one or two passages which remind one of Sterne's wig "immersed in the ocean," when contrasted with the more English style of Dr. Shaw. We quote Buffon from an English translation, not happening to have the original at hand.

"Of all animated beings, the fly-bird (*Oiseau mouche*, angl. humming-bird) is the most elegant in its form, and the most brilliant in its colours. The precious stones and metals polished by our art *cannot be compared to this jewel of nature*. Her miniature productions are ever the most wonderful; she has placed it in the order of birds, *at the bottom of the scale of magnitude*; but all the talents which are only shared among the others, nimbleness, rapidity, sprightliness, grace, and rich decoration, she has bestowed profusely upon this little favourite. The emerald, the ruby, the topaz, *sparkle in its plumage*,\* which is never soiled by the dust of the ground. It inhabits the air; it flutters from flower to flower; it breathes their freshness; it feeds on their nectar, and resides in climates where they blow in perpetual succession.

"It is in the hottest part of the new world that all the species of fly-birds are found. They are numerous, and seem confined between the two tropics; for those which penetrate in summer within the temperate zones make but a short stay. They follow the course of the sun; with him they advance and retire; *they fly on the wings of the zephyr, to wanton in eternal spring*."

At this, methinks, we hear a French critic exclaim, exquisite, beautiful, delightful vein of eloquence! Not so the more phlegmatic English. The bird-orator proceeds:

"The Indians, struck with the dazzle and glow of the colours of these brilliant birds, have named them *the beams or locks of the sun*.† The Spaniards call them *tomineos*, on account of their diminutive size, *tomine* signifying a weight of twelve grains. I saw, says Nieremberg, one of these birds weighed with its nest, and the whole together did not amount to two *tomines*. The smaller species do not exceed the bulk of the great gad-fly, or the thickness of the drone. Their bill is *a fine needle*, and *their tongue a delicate thread*: their little black eyes resemble two brilliant points; the feathers of their wings are so thin as to look transparent; hardly can the feet be perceived, so short are they and so slender; and these are little used, for they rest only during the

\* Just now they were unequal to it.—*Rev.*

† Laet. Ind. Occid. L. 5. p. 256.



night. Their flight is buzzing, continued and rapid. Marcgrave compares the noise of their wings to the *whirr* of a spinning-wheel; so rapid is the quiver of their pinions, that, when the bird halts in the air, it seems at once deprived of motion and life. Thus it rests a few seconds beside a flower, and again shoots to another *like a gleam*. It visits them all, thrusting its little tongue into their bosom, and *caressing them with its wings*; it never settles, but it never quite abandons them. Its playful inconstancy multiplies its innocent pleasures; for the dalliance of this *little lover of flowers never spoils their beauty*."

Bravo, M. le Comte! a little French gallantry to crown all! Goldsmith, though an excellent poet, is not half so poetical. He says, with more precision perhaps than any other describer:

"They who imagine they have a complete idea of the little tribe of Manikin birds, [he probably includes the Creepers,] from the pictures we have of them, will find themselves deceived, when they compare their draughts with nature. The shining greens, the changeable purples, and the glossy reds, are beyond the reach of the pencil; and very far beyond the coloured print, which is but a poor substitute to painting."—*Anim. Nature, Birds, Part IV. Chap. 6.*

Dr. S. has very properly cautioned his readers that they are not to expect an equal degree of brilliancy in all the humming-birds, and that some are even of dusky colours. Nor are they all so very minute in size. The topaz-throated humming-bird, the most splendid of the tribe in plumage, is at least equal to the wren in the size of its body: and if measured from the bill to the extent of the two longest tail feathers, is not less than eight or ten inches long. Buffon abhorred artificial system, the consequence of which sapient opinion is, that he has made endless confusion. In the part of his work now before us, he has separated the colibris from the fly-birds, though in the original language of Brazil they have but one common name; and are in fact not to be distinguished.

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#### THE TITLE OF ESQUIRE.

[From the European Magazine.]

SIR,

THE decision of the court of common pleas, on a late occasion, respecting Esquires, will, no doubt, spread a very great alarm among that very numerous and unlimited body, although perhaps it will surprise no person of legal or heraldic knowledge. By that decision, a man in trade,\* who was titled Esquire, was not suffered

\* A brewer at Richmond.

to justify bail, because he had assumed a title to which he had no right; and by the same decision, I should presume, that all other legal instruments, in which the same title (without a right) occurs, must be invalid.

If one consequence of this decision shall be a diminution in the number of Esquires, it will surely be followed by a great depreciation of personal vanity; by which, however, the public at large will be great gainers. We are literally overrun with Esquires; and if some measures are not adopted to lessen their numbers, a species of equality will be established, more harmless, perhaps, but surely as absurd, as that with which the French Revolution once threatened the world. Besides the general manufacture of Esquires, there are sundry times, when an extra number are let loose upon the public, either by an insolvent act, or—at the Old Bailey—by proclamation.

Let us not, however, suppose that Esquire is a title of no value, because it has been so very liberally bestowed on those who have not a right to it. On a careful inquiry, I am inclined to doubt, whether our nominal Esquires, whose titles are to be found on the backs of letters, and in subscription lists, are above a century old. I doubt, indeed, whether they can be traced quite so far. It has fallen to my lot to inspect an immense quantity of manuscript correspondence during the above period; but I have not been able to trace Tradesmen Esquires much above 70 or 80 years. Before that time, the title belonged to a certain class, or certain classes of persons, whom I shall now enumerate, and reserve what I have to say respecting the new Esquires for another letter.

That much ignorance should prevail on this subject, is not more wonderful than ignorance on any other subject, where the means of knowledge are neglected. Not many weeks are passed since we heard of the shocking barbarity of taking a dead corpse out of a coffin, from an idea that it might be arrested. If we err in a matter so clearly decided, we must not be surprised at mistakes to which long custom has given somewhat of the appearance of propriety.

The title of Esquire is a title of honour, above a gentleman, and below a knight. It served anciently to denote such as were bearers of arms, or carried the shield, (*armigeri* or *scularii*;) and was accordingly considered as a name of charge and office only. It stands upon record, however, that this degree was, in the reign of Henry IV. an order conferred by the king, by putting about the party's neck a collar of SS. and giving a pair of silver spurs. Gower, the poet, appears from his effigies in St. Saviour's church, Southwark, to have been an Esquire by creation. On the accession of Henry V. a statute was passed, which ordained, that in all

cases where process of outlawry lay, the additions of the estate, degree, or profession, of the defendant should be inserted; this made it necessary to ascertain who was entitled to this degree; and it is now universally agreed, by those who are conversant in titles of honour, that there are seven sorts of Esquires.

1. Esquires of the king's body, limited to the number of four, and well known at St. James's; so that it is not necessary to describe more particularly this very small number.

2. The eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons successively.

3. The eldest sons of the youngest sons of barons, and others of the greater nobility.

4. Such as the king invests with the collar of SS. as the king at arms, heralds, &c. There are some modifications in this class, which, for my general purpose, are not necessary to be specified.

5. Esquires of the knights of the bath, being their attendants on their installation: these must bear coat-armour according to the law of arms, and are Esquires for life, and so are their eldest sons.

6. Sheriffs of counties and justices of peace, (with this distinction, that a sheriff, in regard to the dignity of the office, is an Esquire for life, but a justice of the peace only so long as he continues in the commission,) and all those who bear special office in the king's household, as gentlemen of the privy chamber, carvers, sewers, cupbearers, pensioners, serjeants at arms, and all that have any near or special dependence on the king's royal person, and are not knighted: also captains in the wars, recorded in the king's lists. (This includes generals, colonels, &c.)

Lastly, 7. Counsellors at law, bachelors of divinity, law, and physic: mayors of towns are reputed as Esquires, or equal to Esquires, though not really so. It is also a privilege to any of the king's ordinary or nearest attendants, who if he serve in the place of an Esquire, he is absolutely an Esquire by that service; for it is the place that dignifies the person, and not the person the place.

Now, Sir, as these are the only persons who have a right to the title of Esquires, I shall leave it to your readers to determine how many of our new Esquires possess the above right.

I am, Sir, yours,

BLUEMANTLE.

## LITERATURE OF THE GREEKS.

[From the Edinburgh Review of Mad. de Staël.]

Not knowing any thing of the Egyptians and Phoenicians, Mad. de Staël takes the Greeks for the first inventors of literature—and explains many of their peculiarities by that supposition. The first development of talent, she says, is in poetry; and the first poetry consists in the rapturous description of striking objects in nature, or of the actions and exploits that are then thought of the greatest importance. There is little reflection—no nice development of feeling or character—and no sustained strain of tenderness or moral emotion in this primitive poetry; which charms almost entirely by the freshness and brilliancy of its colouring—the spirit and naturalness of its representations—and the air of freedom and facility with which every thing is executed. This was the age of Homer. After that, though at a long interval, came the age of Pericles: when human nature was a little more studied and regarded, and poetry received, accordingly, a certain cast of thoughtfulness, and an air of labour—eloquence began to be artful, and the rights and duties of men to be subjects of investigation. This, therefore, was the era of the tragedians, the orators, and the first ethical philosophers. Last came the age of Alexander, when science had superseded fancy, and all the talent of the country was turned to the pursuits of philosophy. This, Mad. de Staël thinks, is the natural progress of literature in all countries; and that of the Greeks is only distinguished by their having been the first that pursued it, and by the peculiarities of their mythology, and their political relations.

The state of society in these early times, was such as to impress very strongly on the mind those objects and occurrences which formed the first materials of poetry. The intercourse with distant countries being difficult and dangerous, the legends of the traveller were naturally invested with more than the modern allowance of the marvellous. The smallness of the civilized states connected every individual with its leaders, and made him personally a debtor for the protection which their prowess afforded from the robbers and wild beasts which then infested the unsubdued earth. Gratitude and terror, therefore, combined to excite the spirit of enthusiasm; and the same ignorance which imputed to the direct agency of the Gods the more rare and dreadful phenomena of nature, gave a character of supernatural greatness to the reported exploits of their heroes. Philosophy, which has led to the exact investigation of causes, has robbed the world of much

of its sublimity; and by preventing us from believing much, and from wondering at any thing, has taken away half our enthusiasm, and more than half our admiration.

The purity of taste which characterizes the very earliest poetry of the Greeks, seems to us more difficult to be accounted for. Mad. de Staël ascribes it chiefly to the influence of their copious mythology; and the eternal presence of those Gods—which, though always about men, were always above them—and gave a tone of dignity or elegance to the whole scheme of their existence. Their tragedies were acted in temples—in the presence of the Gods, the fate of whose descendants they commemorated, and as a part of the religious solemnities instituted in their honour. The legends, in like manner, related to the progeny of the immortals: and their feasts—their dwellings—their farming—their battles—and every incident and occupation of their daily life being under the immediate sanction of some presiding deity, it was scarcely possible to speak of them in a vulgar or inelegant manner; and the nobleness of their style, therefore, appeared to result naturally from the elegance of their mythology.

Now, even if we could pass over the obvious objection, that this mythology was itself a creature of the same poetical imagination which it is here supposed to have modified, it is impossible not to observe, that though the circumstances here alluded to may account for the raised and lofty tone of the Grecian poetry, and for the exclusion of low or familiar life from their dramatic representations, it will not explain the far more substantial indications of pure taste afforded by the absence of all that gross exaggeration, violent incongruity, and tedious and childish extravagance, which are found to deform the primitive poetry of most other nations. The Hindoos, for example, have a mythology at least as copious and still more constantly interwoven with every action of their lives: but their legends are the very models of bad taste; and unite all the detestable attributes of obscurity, puerility, insufferable tediousness, and the most revolting and abominable absurdity. The poetry of the northern bards is not more commendable: but the Greeks are wonderfully rational and moderate in all their works of imagination; and speak, for the most part, with a degree of justness and brevity, which is only the more marvellous, when it is considered how much religion had to do in the business. A better explanation, perhaps, of their superiority, may be derived from recollecting that the sins of affectation, and injudicious effort, really cannot be committed where there are no models to be at once copied and avoided. The first writers naturally took possession of what was most striking, and most capable of producing effect in nature and in incident. Their successors, consequently, found these occupied; and were obliged, for the credit of their

originality, to produce something which should be different, at least, if not better, than their originals. They had not only to adhere to nature, therefore, but to avoid representing her exactly as she had been represented by the ancients; and when they could not accomplish both these objects, they contrived, at least, to make sure of the last. The Greeks had but one task to perform: they were in no danger of comparisons, or imputations of plagiarism; and wrote down whatever struck them as just and impressive, without fear of finding that they had been stealing from a predecessor. The wide world, in short, was before them, unappropriated and unmarked by any preceding footstep; and they took their way, without hesitation, by the most airy heights and sunny valleys; while those who came after, found it so seamed and crossed with tracks in which they were forbidden to tread, that they were frequently driven to make the most fantastic circuits and abrupt descents to avoid them.

The characteristic defects of the early Greek poetry are all to be traced to the same general causes—the peculiar state of society, and that newness to which they were indebted for its principal beauties. They describe every thing, because nothing had been previously described; and encumber their whole diction with epithets that convey no information. There is no reach of thought, or fineness of sensibility, because reflection had not yet awakened the deeper sympathies of their nature; and we are perpetually shocked with the imperfections of their morality, and the indelicacy of their affections, because society had not subsisted long enough in peace and security to develop those finer sources of emotion. Those defects are most conspicuous in every thing that relates to women. They had absolutely no idea of that mixture of friendship, veneration, and desire, which is indicated by the word love, in the modern languages of Europe. The love of the Greek tragedians is a species of insanity or frenzy—a blind and ungovernable impulse inflicted by the Gods in their vengeance, and leading its humiliated victim to the commission of all sorts of enormities. Racine, in his *Phædre*, has ventured to exhibit a love of this description on a modern stage; but the softenings of delicate feeling—the tenderness and profound affliction which he has been forced to add to the fatal impulse of the original character, show, more strongly than any thing else, the radical difference between the ancient and the modern conception of the passion.

The political institutions of Greece had also a remarkable effect on their literature; and nothing can show this so strongly as the striking contrast between Athens and Sparta—placed under the same sky—with the same language and religion—and yet so opposite in their government and in their literary pursuits. The ruling passion of the Athenians was that of amusement; for, though

Aristotle, proceeded upon the radical error of substituting hypothesis for observation. That eminent person first showed the use and the necessity of analysis ; and did infinitely more for posterity than all the mystics that went before him. As their states were small, and their domestic life inelegant, men seem to have been considered almost exclusively in their relation to the public.—There is, accordingly, a noble air of patriotism and devotedness to the common weal in all the morality of the ancients ; and though Socrates set the example of fixing the principles of virtue for private life, the ethics of Plato, and Xenophon, and Zeno, and most of the other philosophers, are little else than treatises of political duties. In modern times, from the prevalence of monarchical government, and the great extent of societies, men are very generally quite loosened from their relations with the public, and are but too much engrossed with their private interests and affections. This may be venial, when they merely forget the state by which they are forgotten ; but it is base and fatal, when they are guided by those interests in the few public functions they have still to perform. After all, the morality of the Greeks was very clumsy and imperfect. In political science, the variety of their governments, and the perpetual play of war and negotiation, had made them more expert. Their historians narrate with spirit and simplicity ; and this is their merit. They make scarcely any reflections ; and are marvellously indifferent as to vice or virtue. They record the most atrocious and most heroic actions—the most disgusting crimes and most exemplary generosity—with the same tranquil accuracy with which they would describe the succession of storms and sunshine. Thucydides is somewhat of a higher pitch ; but the immense difference between him and Tacitus proves, better, perhaps, than any general reasoning, the progress which had been made in the interim in the powers of reflection and observation, and how near the Greeks, with all their boasted attainments, should be placed to the intellectual infancy of the species. In all their productions, indeed, the fewness of their ideas is remarkable ; and their most impressive writings may be compared to the music of certain rude nations, which produces the most astonishing effects by the combination of not more than four or five simple notes.



## ON THE SALT MINES OF WIELICKA, IN POLAND.

[Partly extracted from the *Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris*, for the year 1762.]

WHEN naturalists travel, they behave in a different manner from other travellers, particularly by diminishing the marvellous, which the latter, not duly informed, or for want of accuracy and attention in their observations, seem to take a pleasure in blending with a great number of points in natural history. This diminution, however, does not deprive any of the objects of their real value, being often more than compensated by important observations, which eyes accustomed to natural inquiries know how to substitute to the fables which descriptions of this sort have been loaded with.

The narrative of M. Guettard's journey into Poland will furnish us with examples of what is here advanced; but one of the most striking is the description of the famous salt mines of Wielicka, which he had an opportunity of examining. Few travellers have gone near these mines without visiting them; but, it seems, the chief view of all of them, in the accounts they have given, was to carry, as it were, the reader out of the world, and feed his curiosity with mere illusions. The imagination of poets never produced any thing so singular as what most travellers have said of these mines. Some have made abodes of them nearly resembling the hills of Homer and Virgil; others have seen there glittering palaces, with all sorts of precious stones, and worthy of being mansions for the gods of Olympus: others, in fine, have observed there rivers, towns, churches, and a numerous people all born in those subterraneous cavities, and of which several have died far advanced in years, without having ever seen the light of day. In a word, the love of the marvellous, together with the fertile or affrighted imagination of travellers, have made such dissimilar pictures of these mines, that one would never believe they designed to represent the same object. Several who had not the courage to go down into them, have given, for observations of their own, what was only a mere hearsay, which, perhaps, they afterwards embellished with some touches of their own creative fancy: so that we shall soon see what the sober senses of a naturalist had good reason to retrench in such brilliant or terrible descriptions.

The salt mines of Wielicka are under a mountain on which is built the city which gives them its name. There is a descent to those mines by nine wells; and here the salt is drawn out, and the labourers ascend and descend by the help of cable, about which is twisted a rope, forming a sort of stirrup-girth, whereon they sit. One may also go down by ladders placed along the

sides of the wells. Those who have not a mind to expose themselves to the danger of going down in this manner, may make use of stairs, very well built, of stone and brick, and about 300 toises from one of the wells. These stairs have 470 steps, and it was by that M. Guettard descended. These mines are nothing different from those commonly met with, except that the air is much wholesomer in them. The banks of salt lie at a pretty considerable depth, and, after piercing a considerable thickness of ground, the first lay or stratum is entirely of the same sand whereof a great part of the soil of Poland is composed; underneath are several strata of clay, somewhat different in colour, and more or less mixed with sand and gravel; some of them have none, and the miners call them *halda-midlarka*, or soapy earth. Some of these strata of earth are disseminated with marine bodies, particularly shells, which are almost all of a small size. Being come to a certain depth, the strata of earth are separated by lamina, or plates of stone, which their little thickness has made to be considered as slates, but which are real calcareous stones, having nothing common with slate, but by being thin and in plates. From space to space are also found blocks of stone of an iron gray colour. The Count de Schober, who wrote minutely of those mines, assures us of having seen some strata of earth separated by a kind of alabaster; but M. Guettard did not see any of this sort. The last beds of clay are also separated by a still more singular substance, which is a kind of plaster. This stone, at first sight, represents a collection of teeth of some animal, converted, as it were, into plaster; but the extent of those strata does not allow of such a conjecture to be adopted. An idea may be had of this substance by imagining a soft paste, drawn out and twisted into long handles, holding to, and sometimes several of them lying upon, one another. So soon as the miners have perceived this stone, they are sure of soon finding the banks of salt, which they do effectually. All the materials that form the different strata just mentioned are not always ranged horizontally; those strata rise and sink frequently, but it is not till they have been all pierced that the miners arrive at the real banks of salt, which lie commonly at the depth of 300 feet. Some salt, however, is met with in the last strata of clay, and formerly this clay was washed to extract it by evaporation; but the scarcity of wood has occasioned this work to be discontinued; yet the pieces that are found large and transparent enough are employed for some small works in imitation of crystal. Immediately under the strata of clay are found banks of salt, but of little extent and thickness, and even frequently blocks of salt standing alone, and placed obliquely in the clay; but immediately after the real banks of salt are met with. The extent of those banks is absolutely unknown. Galleries have been pierced therein of 800 or

100 feet, without finding the end. The same uncertainty takes place in regard to their thickness, for it greatly varies; but it is certain that excavations thirty or forty feet high are found in these mines, which had been dug into one and the same mass of salt, without reaching out of it. This enormous mass has an inclination of about 45 degrees, but does not everywhere follow this direction, being sometimes horizontal, and sometimes according to the contours of different mountains under which it extends. The substance of this salt is pretty hard, and its colour of a clear gray, or pretty fair white; it is commonly opaque; but some pieces are found more or less transparent, and when examined attentively by good glass, are seen entirely composed of small cubes, the figure as it is known which is affected by sea salt in its crystallization: it therefore resumes the same figure when, after being dissolved in water, it is crystallized anew; and the waters which sometimes appear in rooms or places that have been neglected or abandoned, form there, at length, masses of salt, wherein is found the same texture. Sometimes, in the midst of masses of the whitest salt, are found considerable parts of a more or less blackish substance, which appears to be rotten wood. This wood, exposed to the flame of a candle, catches fire easily, and is as easily extinguished, leaving a smell of rancid oil. M. Guettard has been assured, that the pyrites has been sometimes in this salt, which is not surprising, the clays found in and about the salt being sufficient to produce it.

The inclination of the banks of salt to the horizon, which, according to M. Guettard's observations, proceeds to about 45 degrees, obliges the miners to form different stages in the excavations of the mines; the galleries even stoop towards the bottom of the mines, terminating in pretty spacious yards, crossways, or chambers, in which are now left some pillars for securing the vault, and preventing any falling in, which the want of this precaution, and the enormous weight those vaults are loaded with, sometimes occasion. It is in some of the more distant chambers that the wells are pierced which have a communication from one stage of the mine to another; and it is through these wells, by the means of axle-trees, wound round with cables and drawn by horses, that enormous masses of salt are raised from the lower stages, and, after being rolled into the galleries, are lifted up, through the wells, to the surface of the ground. These horses, of which now, within these few years, a numerous breed has been kept up, in order to spare the men in the hardest and most laborious parts of the work, never go out of the mines, at least as long as they are in a condition for service; and commodious stables have been dug for them in the mass of salt. The water oozing from the earth, and found commonly at the beginning of the mine, is taken care of, and conveyed properly to serve them for drink. In or near the same yards, or crossways,

where the above-mentioned wells are, stairs have been made, which have a communication from one stage to another. In going down those stairs, as well as going through the inclined galleries which lead from one crossway to another, openings to the right and left of several other galleries are met with, all leading to other works of the mine. No inconveniency is felt therein; the air is pure and wholesome; all parts are kept very clean; and the only disagreeable thing is the dust which is sometimes raised by the working of the mine and the horses' hoofs. It must not, however, be forgot, that there is sometimes a serious accident occasioned by the sudden explosion of an inflammable vapour, which, collecting in some parts, especially in the deserted rooms, and catching fire from the lighted candles the labourers are obliged to carry about with them, put them in danger of their life by the violence of the explosion: but, happily, those accidents are not very frequent. The Polish piety has even gone so far as to form chapels in those subterraneous abodes, where mass is celebrated on certain days of the year. The greatest and largest of these chapels is that which is dedicated to St. Anthony; it is thirty feet in length, twenty-four in breadth, and eighteen in height. The altar, the twisted pillars that serve as ornaments to it and the sanctuary, the other pillars that sustain the vault, the crucifix, and the other ornaments of the altar, with the figures of angels, those of St. Francis, St. Anthony, and Sigismond King of Poland, are all of salt; so that this place alone is a singular rarity, and the sight of it may well compensate the trouble of descending to those subterraneous regions. Those who work at these mines remain there only about eight hours, at the expiration of which time they come up, and are relieved by others. The hard labour required for hewing out the blocks of salt, and other purposes, would not permit them to continue there longer. It is computed that, one year with another, between twelve and thirteen million pounds of salt are taken out of these mines, which are sold in Poland and some neighbouring countries, when 20,000 tons of it have been sent to the nobility of Great and Little Poland.

M. Guettard, not content with observing the situation and interior of those mines, has likewise made some reflections on the cause which might have produced so enormous a heap of salt in the bowels of the earth. He thinks that it is owing to the waters of the sea, which have covered this whole country to the mountains, at the foot of which the mines are placed, either in the time of some particular inundation, or in that of the universal deluge, had there deposited first the salt they contained, according as they were diminished by evaporation; afterwards the different clays and species of calcareous stones which separate the banks; and, lastly, the sand which they had brought with them. This con-

jecture is founded on the uniformity of the position of the strata, which is only interrupted by some sinuosities resembling the undulations of a fluid over the position of all these different matters, which is such that the heaviest is always under the rest; over the figure of the grains of sand, which seem to have been rolled; and over the shells, and other marine bodies, found dispersed therein. All those characters scarce leave any room to doubt but that those mines had been formed by a deposite of matters suspended in a fluid, and afterwards deposited on a primitive earth, which they covered with a great number of new strata. As to the beds of plaster and alabaster, and the shards of calcareous stones sometimes found mingled in those different strata, they can afford no objection against M. Guettard's opinion, as their formation may be much posterior to that of the mines, and they may have had their origin in clefts or cavities which the deposited matters had left between them, according as they received consolidation, and dried up.

It follows, from this opinion of Mr. Guettard, that the subterraneous heaps of salt, which, according to common notions, give saltiness to salt springs, ought to be always at the foot of high mountains; but this objection, if made, would not be one in effect, but rather a proof of M. Guettard's opinion; for, indeed, almost all salt springs are placed in this manner, and are so found all along Mount Karpack in the space of a hundred leagues and upwards. The salt mines of Salzburg, and those in Calabria, the salt springs throughout Germany, that of Salies in Bearn, the salt wells of Salins, in Franche-comté, of Dieuze, Chateau Salins, and Rozieres in Lorraine, are all placed in the same manner at the foot of high mountains: and, what is more remarkable, all those springs are surrounded with beds of earth and clay without any rock, and those beds form undulations, and are somewhat inclined to the horizon: all which characters seem to indicate earths formed by sediments. This kind of proof has even appeared so strong to M. Guettard, that he thinks, if careful researches were made in the environs of salt springs, mines of sal-gem or rock-salt, might, perhaps, be found, like those of Wielicka. And, indeed, naturalists seem to be agreed, that the salt water of wells and springs is indebted only for its saltiness to the banks of salt it meets with and dissolves in its route. The whole business would be then to find this repository. Hitherto, the discovery of saline banks has been by a sort of mere chance: why, then, should we not profit of the insight given us by M. Guettard's observations, to make the same research by principles and the help of theory they seem to point out. Digging into mountains above those springs might, if judiciously conducted, lead the more surely to this discovery, because it seems, from all the observations M. Guettard has been able to

make on this subject, that, in all the places where mines of salt are found, they are constantly covered with beds of the same matter. It would, therefore, be easy to know if one was on the right road long before being come to the real banks of salt. And this important discovery would, if it took place, be a fruit of M. Guettard's journey.

M. N. G.

## CHARACTERS OF THE JUDGES OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

[From Heath's Chronicle of the Civil Wars.]

**COLONEL THOMAS HARRISON**, the son of a butcher, at Newcastle-under-line, in Staffordshire, once servant to Mr. Hulker, an attorney. He betook himself to the army in the beginning of the wars, and, by preaching, and such like sanctity, came to be a major, where his pragmatistical spirit, cherished by Cromwell, preferred him to a colonel, and the custody of the king's person when taken from the Isle of Wight; which he most irreverently abused, by no less saucy behaviour than treasonable speeches. He was afterwards the great captain of all the schismatiques, especially fifth-monarchy-men, in whose love, and no others, he died, and was expectedly executed at Charing-Cross, in that expiatory month of October, 1660.

**John Carew**, brother of Sir Alexander Carew, beheaded in 1644. This person was no doubt deluded by the mistaken impulses of Satan for those of the spirit, being a rank fifth-monarchist, and so predisposed against all government and authority, which he helped to strike at in the death of the king.

**John Cook**, the solicitor of the high court, whose plea (charitably taken) is his best character—that his crime was not out of malice, but avarice; being a poor man, and in a wanting condition, before he undertook this most scelerate piece of service. Better be out of practice than in such as this.

**Henry Ireton**, commissary-general of horse, Cromwell's second, espoused his daughter as well as his designs—so, like father-in-law, like son-out-law, and venterised in the same manner, and at the same time—1660.

**Hugh Peters**, the shame of the clergy, a pulpit-buffoon, a seditious, abominable fellow, trumpet to this pageantry of a high court of justice, the most unparalleled ecclesiastic in all story or times.

**Thomas Scott**, a brewer's clerk, then turned country attorney, and, by countenance of the grandees, was chosen a recruit for the



ugh of Wickham, in the county of Buckingham; no violent enemy of the king, that he wished for no other epitaph or inscription on his grave, than "Here lies Thomas Scott, one of the king's judges;"—but he should first have wished for a grave.

Gregory Clement, a merchant, who procured and purchased a seat in parliament, by the same means as he did his lustful decheries, for the notoriety of which his fellow villains discarded their company. He contributed to the destruction of his sovereign that he might reign in his own wickedness.

Daniel Astell, a kind of country-mercator, in Bedfordshire, obeyed the call (as he said) of the pulpits, and went forth some small officer to fight against the mighty, after many traverses was made lieutenant-colonel, and employed by Cromwell, out of favour to him, he ready way to greatness, to be captain of the guard at the king's trial; where he made his janizaries, by blows and threats, cry out Justice and Execution. He was guilty of a great deal of blood in Ireland, and had gotten a pretty foul estate.

Colonel Thomas Pride, a brewer, to which he ascended from a yeoman, by the same steps as from thence he became a lord; he was a resolute, ignorant fellow, but of very good success, and therefore fit to partake with Cromwell, and to venture on that prime and deadly work of garbling the parliament for him. That done, he received any employment from his master, and was put upon this, which he discharged with as much brutishness.

Francis Allen, once a goldsmith, in Fleet-street, where he leaped into a pretty estate by marrying his mistress; was chosen member of the long parliament, and adhered to the jesuits for their conversion of him; was made one of the treasurers at war, a customer, and had Crow-house given him, and held it *in capite regis*; for that murder, was made one of the committee for sale of his majesty's lands, &c.

Anthony Stapely, a Sussex gentleman, and colonel, and governor of Chichester, strangely wrought into this wicked conspiracie.

Nicholas Love, Doctor Love's son, of Winchester, chamberlain with the Speaker Lenthall, made one of the six clerks of council; a violent enemy against the king and his friends, from the very beginning of our troubles, and an army-partaker in this terrible act.

Cornelius Holland, a servant to Sir Henry Vane, and preferred him to the Green Cloth, in the king's household. His father was a poor man, and died a prisoner in the Fleet; but this fellow got a vast estate by his disloyalty against a good master, whom he not only robbed but murdered.

John Hewson, a broken shoemaker, who by degrees rose to be colonel, a fellow fit for any mischief, and capable of nothing else,



as his story will declare, and, therefore, no wonder that he was a partaker in this impiety. He is since dead, in exile, and buried, by report, at Amsterdam.

Thomas Wait, a Rutlandshireman, a recruit to the parliament, chosen by the army's influence, and, from a mean person, made by them governor of Burleigh, by which means he became engaged to their interests and designs.

John Allured, a soldier of fortune, promoted (for his hand in this villany) to be a colonel; died just before his majesty's restitution.

## POETRY.

we been favoured with the following song in manuscript. It is from the pen of ROBERT BURNS, and has never before been published.]

WHEN first I saw my Jeany's face  
I could na' think what aill'd me,  
My heart gaed fluttering, pit a pat,  
My een had nearly faul'd me.  
She's ay sae neat, sae trim and tight;  
Ilk grace does round her hover;  
Ae look depriv'd me o' my heart,  
And I became her lover.

She's ay ay sae blythe and gay,  
She's ay sae blythe and chearie,  
She's ay sae bonnie, blythe and gay;  
O gin I were her doarie!

Had I Dundas's whole estate,  
Or Hopetoun's pride to shine in,  
Did warlike laurels crown my fate,  
Or softer bays entwining;  
I'd lay them all at Jeany's feet  
Could I but hope to move her,  
And prouder than a peer or knight,  
I'd be my Jeany's lover.  
She's ay ay, &c.

But nair I doubt some happier swain  
Has gain'd my Jeany's favour,  
If aye, may every bliss be her's,  
Though I can never have her.  
But gang she east, or gang she west,  
'Twixt Nith and Tweed all over,  
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,  
She'll always find a lover.  
She's ay ay, &c.

## THE YEARS TO COME.

My transient hour, my little day,  
Is speeding fast, how fast ! away ;  
Already hath my summer sun  
Half its race of brightness run.  
Ah me I hear the wintry blast,  
My " Life of Life " will soon be past ;  
The flush of youth will all be o'er,  
The throb of joy will throb no more.  
And fancy, mistress of my lyre,  
Will cease to lend her sacred fire.  
My trembling heart—prepare, prepare  
For skies of gloom, and thoughts of care.  
Sorrows and wants will make thee weep,  
And fears of age will o'er thee creep.  
Health that smiled in blooming pride,  
Will cease to warm thy sluggish tide.  
The shaft of pain, the point of wo,  
Will bid the current cease to flow.  
And who, alas, shall then be nigh,  
To sooth me with affection's sigh ?  
To press my feeble hand in their's  
To plead for me in silent prayers,  
And cheer me with those hopes that shed  
Rapture o'er a dying bed.  
Days of the future cease to roll, .  
Upon my wild affrighted soul ;  
Mysterious fate, I will not look  
Within thy dark eventful book ;  
Enough for me to feel and know,  
That love and hope must shortly go ;  
That joy will vanish, fancy fly,  
And death dissolve the closest tie.  
E'en now, while moans my pensive rhyme,  
I list the warning voice of time ;  
And oh this sigh, this start of fear !  
Tells me the night will soon be here.

# ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR OCTOBER, 1813.

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*Historical Sketch of the Last Years of the Reign of Gustavus the 4th, Adolphus, late King of Sweden, including a Narrative of the Causes, Progress, and Termination of the late Revolution: And an Appendix, containing Official Documents, Letters, and Minutes of Conversations between the late King and Lieut. Gen. Sir John Moore, Gen. Brune, &c. &c. Translated from the Swedish. 8vo. Pp. 384.*

**HIS** is altogether a very singular work. It undoubtedly may be regarded as the defence of the party which dethroned the King of Sweden; and there can be as little question that it was, if not under the patronage, at least by the connivance, of the present government. Those for whom it professes to speak, those who have permitted, and therefore approved of, its publication.

II. *New Series.*

lication, are royalists by profession, if not in principle. The former were at all times friends of the monarchy—and courtiers; the latter may be supposed to have something of the zeal of new converts—converts, too, who have adopted a faith singularly beneficial to themselves. Yet does this book abound in the very purest principles of resistance, urged in their most unpalatable form, because illustrated by recent examples. “The following pages,” says its author, “are principally addressed to the present times, in order to dissipate groundless prepossessions, and to prove that the causes of the great events which they have witnessed, are not to be sought for in deep-laid and long-concerted plans, but in the criminal abuse of power and inordinate ambition.

“It is entreated that the reader will determine with himself, whether he consider it to be the duty of a king to prefer the welfare of his people to every other consideration, or the duty of the people to disregard the obvious interests of their country, and to sacrifice their lives and fortunes to the personal resentments of their monarch. Should any one be of the latter opinion, let him not peruse the following work: the sentiments which it contains must be to him unintelligible—and we think it unnecessary to undertake to prove what no despot has yet ventured openly to deny.” P. 3, 4.

Now, we certainly are not “of the latter opinion.” On the contrary, we consider the principle of resistance as the very corner-stone of free governments;—as that on which they are founded, and which keeps them standing. It requires to be kept, indeed, in its proper place. It is one of the more delicate topics of political discussion;—it is, as Mr. Fox was wont to say, a doctrine that ought to be preached rather to kings than to their subjects; and for this reason we should hold the task of defining lawful resistance, and specifying the cases to which it should be applied, to be one attended both with extreme difficulty, and much real mischief. But the general position may safely be maintained, that there are acts of the rulers which make resistance a duty. What those acts are it would indeed be dangerous to settle by any general reasoning: but as often as cases occur which may be thought to justify resistance, there can be no harm in discussing them, with the view of ascertaining whether they do so or not. Now, the reign of the late King of Sweden has been supposed to furnish an example of this kind; and the real object of the work before us is to prove, by a detail of facts, that the conduct of that monarch called upon his subjects to depose him. Into this inquiry we may at the present moment safely enter. Like all sovereigns who have ceased to be kings *de facto*, Gustavus has lost his admirers and followers: he is no longer the “real opposer of Bonaparte,” and “the

liberator of Europe." The innumerable eyes which four years ago were turned towards him, cannot now discern whereabouts he has taken shelter ;—and instead of being ready to tear us in pieces for whispering any thing to his disadvantage, as all the monopolists of profitable loyalty would have been at that time, we doubt not they are now as careless as they are ignorant whether he was justly or unjustifiably dethroned ; and it is notorious, that they have long ago transferred their hopes and admiration to an upstart general of Bonaparte, who drove the "magnanimous Hero of the North" from the kingdom of his ancestors.

There seems to be no reason for doubting the authenticity of this work. The publisher, we presume, has a copy of the original Swedish, and can prove it to have been published in Stockholm. He infers, from the state of the press there, that it must have come out under the auspices of the government whose defence it espouses—though composed in language often very unlike that which might be expected from the court of an absolute monarch. The bulk of the facts contained in it, however, do by no means belong to the class of secret history : and the Appendix of original documents, which, it seems, in the original was very large, contained, for the most part, papers which had publicly appeared in other countries, and is therefore reduced greatly in the translation.—One fact is stated in the prefatory advertisement, which must rest on the authority of the anonymous translator, or of his publisher, that the act of abdication was composed by Gustavus IV. himself ; and that the accounts of his interviews with General Moore and General Brune were corrected by his own hand. It is a statement of some moment, and should unquestionably have been better authenticated, at least by a reference to some name.

This work opens with reflections, or rather references to facts, respecting the share taken by Gustavus in the war which was preparing almost from the conclusion of the treaties of Luneville and Amiens. No power in Europe, it is justly observed, had so little interest as Sweden in the renewal of hostilities ; and none was so little adapted, by situation and circumstances, to take any share in them. She had perhaps some interest, though not of a very honourable kind, in the renewal of a maritime war between the other states ; but by this she could only gain as long as she remained neutral herself. To count upon her gaining by the continental war, would have been ridiculous ; but no man of common sense could pretend that she had the smallest chance of doing any thing else than expose herself to contempt, as well as certain loss, and the greatest risk of destruction, by affecting to take a part in the quarrels of the greater powers. A prince of ordinary prudence would have taken these obvious points into his consideration. But they chiefly related to the interests of the kingdom—and the

neglect of them must, in the first instance, ruin his country :—and therefore Gustavus foolishly thought they were below his notice—forgetting that his own ruin could not long be delayed after his people should be undone. His motives for interfering in the affairs of Germany were all personal and selfish. He was desirous, we are told, and *all* his state papers prove it, of humbling a person, who, from a private station, had “dared to aspire to sovereignty :” he was in hopes “of sharing in the glory of restoring the family of the Bourbons ;” and he expected the same success that attended his illustrious ancestor, whom he resembled literally in nothing but the name. The present publication is peculiarly delicate in one respect ; it begins no earlier than the subject requires. Every one acquainted with the Swedish history, from the period when the regency of the Duke of Sudermania (the present king) ended, must be aware, that if personal attack had been the object of the work ; or even if, in prosecuting its real design—the vindication of Gustavus’s expulsion—great pains had not been taken to give only those things which were necessary for proving the case, a vast deal of condemnatory matter might easily have been collected, and would greatly have assisted the defence of the party opposed to the unhappy prince.

Having been seized with the silly desire of making a parade of warlike measures, (for it never seems to have gone much beyond this point,) he hurried away to Germany in July, 1803, and remained there about a year and a half. The total neglect of his kingdom during this period is all that is laid to his charge by the authors of the work before us. They abstain from any account of his conduct while rambling up and down the German courts, where it is very well known he only exposed himself to ridicule by his extravagant pretensions—his unavailing personal abuse of Bonaparte, whom he always treated with contempt—and his little pertinacious squabbles about matters of etiquette. He then, unfortunately, made himself personally known to almost all the statesmen, who might otherwise have only communicated with him through some judicious and able negotiators. Indeed, from what has been seen of princes in modern times, one is frequently tempted to think them of the class of persons who gain extremely by making themselves scarce. However, Gustavus thought otherwise ; and having no small idea of his military genius, as well as political acumen, he used to treat all the coteries of Germany with his resolutions to destroy Bonaparte and restore the Bourbons.

Upon the “lamentable death of the Duc D’Enghien,” (the expression is a remarkable one considering from whence it proceeds,) Gustavus instantly recalled his minister from Paris, and prohibited all political intercourse with France. “He was even



strongly inclined (we are told) to declare war against that powerful country ;” and required the aid of Russia and England, we presume, as little auxiliaries in his Swedish majesty’s quarrel. This fume, however, evaporated ; and the French mission was still suffered to remain in Stockholm, until the *Moniteur* mentioned the behaviour of Gustavus disrespectfully ; whereupon the mission was ordered out of the country, and all French and Danish newspapers prohibited, together with some English ones—and, in general, every journal where unwelcome remarks were to be found. With his usual inconsistency, however, he suffered the commercial intercourse to remain uninterrupted ; and he received constant irritation from the forbearance of the French government, under all his little ebullitions ; for he construed it, nor was he much mistaken, into a sign of contempt. In truth, he was treated as a child by all parties ; for all were aware of his imbecility, and only smiled at his own seeming ignorance of it.

Unhappily this royal personage was not a child (in power of doing mischief at least) in his own country. Bonaparte assumed the title of emperor ; the King of Prussia recognised it, and sent him the order of the Black Eagle ; and Gustavus, indignant at having so low a fellow for his associate in the order, lost not a moment in sending back his own to Berlin. This led to the recall of the Prussian mission from Sweden. The Emperor Alexander having sent to Stockholm the badge of a Swedish order, worn by Paul, Gustavus refused to receive it because the bearer was not of a sufficient rank. He likewise sent back a Russian minister who was travelling through Sweden ; and, by way of a conquest and extension of territory, he painted with the Swedish colours the Russian side of a bridge on the frontiers of Finland. The Russian government took offence at this piece of decoration, and a considerable sum was spent in putting Swedish Finland in a state of defence : but, in the end, Russia thought it better to let Gustavus have his own way ; and, instead of making war, concluded a treaty with him, in which it would be hard to determine whether the two high contracting parties showed most folly or criminality in neglecting the obvious interests of their respective subjects. The chief stipulation was, that the King of Sweden should command a joint expedition against the Batavian Republic, composed of 25,000 Swedes and 15,000 Russians—and that war with France should be immediately declared, apparently without any other coöperation. Indeed the dream in which Gustavus lived, and lost all recollection of his real existence, or of the age of the world in which France and Sweden were, seems on this occasion to have been extended to the Russian court.

When the negotiation with England was far advanced, and the

subsidy on the point of being concluded, he had well nigh withdrawn from the coalition, because he could not admit of any other reason for the war being assigned, than the restoration of the Bourbons. But every thing with this small king appears to have been "*very near*" and *threat* and *almost*. The subsidy was agreeable, and the treaty was completed. Some money was paid for the fortifications at Stralsund; and England was to pay for 12,000 men, of whom only 10,000 were ~~to~~ *serve*. This treaty was signed during the war in Swabia; and its object was to send an army of Russians and Swedes into the north of Germany. Their combined force scarcely amounted to 25,000; but they had many thousand copies of an "ostentatious proclamation" by Gustavus, and another by Louis XVIII.

The King of Prussia had not as yet declared himself; and every thing turned upon him. Accordingly a numerous corps of foreign ministers, all sent on special missions, were then collected at Berlin. Frederick William was beset by the greatest powers in the world. England, France, Austria and Russia, assailed him unceasingly with the most tempting offers, and held out the most alluring alternatives. In this delicate and hesitating state was he placed—all those mighty nations awaiting in breathless suspense the fate of their coalitions and campaigns from his resolution—when the valiant Gustavus, at this critical moment, thought proper, of himself, unasked, without concert or communication, to send the Prussian monarch a letter, peremptorily desiring to know his intentions, and announcing to him that a combined Russian and Swedish army was going to take possession of Hanover! Immediately before the arrival of this epistle, the Emperor of Russia, then in person at Berlin, had in a manner secured the coöperation of Frederick William;—and the Prussian minister, aware that Gustavus knew nothing of this important change when he wrote, and alarmed at the consequences the letter might produce, withheld the delivery of it; while the Swedish minister who had been sent with it, despatched the strongest representations to his master (now arrived at Stralsund) to recall it. Gustavus, however, would not listen to such a proposition, but wrote on the despatches with his own hand, that his minister should inform the Prussian secretary, "*Que le Roi de Suede n'etoit pas fait pour que ses lettres ne fussent pas reçues.*" This, we fancy, he thought a piece of infinite decision; and expected that it would gain him the credit of having determined the King of Prussia, the world not being aware that his resolution had been previously formed. The Swedish minister softened these expressions, and used them as his own. He was immediately recalled. The Emperor of Russia, too, was accused by Gustavus of helping to stop the

erent of his anger, or, at least, of not having done his utmost to hasten the delivery of his insane letter; and to punish him, he positively refused to command the combined army. He also refused to send any of his troops "till he had in writing the expression of Prussia's sentiments," and "was so much irritated, that nothing could pacify him, till the Russian minister, Alopæus, received the letter, and promised to send it."

We have given this anecdote at length, because it marks, better than any general description, the kind of man whom the Swedes had to deal with, and the Swedes to suffer under. But there is scarcely a page of the narrative before us that is not illustrative of the same character—varying between drivelling and madness, through all the stages of caprice, vanity, enthusiasm and fury; but never passing the bounds of personal distinction, or exhibiting, even in its utmost extravagance, any symptoms of a rashness uncontrolled by fear. To appear a great man was this weak prince's perpetual object; and to attain it, he was inclined to do just enough to set himself a dream, and to give a slight pretext for issuing proclamations and edicts. No better illustration of this can be conceived, than his proceedings on the occupation of Lauenburg. During the negotiations with Berlin, and after having well ascertained that his troops would not be molested, he approached them towards Lauenburg. He went into the most minute details himself, always fancying that he had a universal military genius, though ignorant of the very rudiments of war. "The governor-general," (as we are told,) "and others acquainted with the country, were not consulted concerning the order of march; and thus it often happened, that the troops were ordered to take up their quarters in places which were nowhere to be found but on paper. Thus, battalions of guards, and the king's regiment, were left without shelter on the 26th of November, and in the most dreadful weather. The same improvidence existed with regard to provisions; and those who were ordered to form magazines were left ignorant where they were to be situated." P. 21.

After a delay of five weeks, arising from such miserable folly, the Swedish army were ordered to march; and a body of troops was sent on Harburg, where they were commanded by the king to double the customs, and appropriate one half to the military chest. This occasioned many complaints, being directly contrary to the treaty of Westphalia, which was so constantly appealed to in the Swedish proclamations. It was accordingly repealed, and the "*measure*" abandoned, after yielding, with much difficulty, the sum of twenty-six rix-dollars, or about 4*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* to the Swedish conqueror. While he was thus carrying out his great plans in the north, that upstart creature, whom he

had treated with such dignified contempt under the name of Mr. Bonaparte, took occasion to destroy the Austrian and Russian armies at Austerlitz. The immediate consequence of this discourteous and low-bred behaviour was, that the Swedish army was left alone upon the wrong bank of the Elbe, unsupported by either Russians, Prussians, or English, and in the certainty, if it were worth any body's while, of being surrounded and taken. The English had left Hanover to its fate; and their minister represented to the King of Sweden the folly of making any further attempt, under existing circumstances, to defend it. Gustavus considered that this was the fit moment for him to assume the title of "*Protector of the Territory of Lauenburg.*" "For this reason" (continues our author) "he required that the King of England should officially desire him to retreat. It was in vain to represent, that by this step, the King of England would, as Elector of Hanover, appear to authorize the occupation of this country by Prussia. Gustavus Adolphus had resolved to await the determination of the court of London, and, rather than retire, expose himself to an attack from the Prussians, who continued to advance. The only answer, therefore, which he made to such representations, was, 'They may either wait or fight.' He himself had, however, the prudence to retire to Ratzeburg; leaving Count Lowenhjelm with less than 1,800 men, with orders to fire on the Prussians should they attempt to cross the Elbe." P. 24. 26.

His grand idea seems now to have been the securing his *new conquest* of Lauenburg. So he proposed that he should retain it till a general peace; and had formed a plan of declaring it a Swedish territory till then. He withdrew all his troops, however, except a few squadrons of horse, which he left under Count Lowenhjelm, in the full confidence of the Prussians not attacking them. But on receiving accounts of the offensive and defensive alliance between Prussia and France, and the consequent incorporation of Hanover with the former, Gustavus retired himself, and left his unfortunate squadrons, with a pompous proclamation, that any attack on them should be considered in the same light as if it had happened in the Swedish territories. The end of this strange piece of campaigning is thus described:

"The disgust which the King of Sweden had conceived on being deprived of the command of the Russians under General Tolstoy, was particularly manifested on their retreat. Their commander was informed of the position of the Swedes both in Mecklenburg and on the Elbe; and Count Lowenhjelm was strictly ordered to fire the instant he saw a Russian advance. The Russian army must either make a circuitous march of several days, or pass the narrow neck of Jaud occupied by the Swedes, which in that part was not an En-

English mile in breadth. After many inquiries, Count Lowenhjelm at length learns that the motive for these orders was an apprehension which the king entertained, that a Prussian corps followed the Russians; but upon the count's being assured that this was not the case, the Russians were allowed to pass. The king could not be persuaded to recall his troops, although the King of Prussia declared his intention of occupying the German territories of the King of England, in consequence of an agreement with France; and although the Russian minister remonstrated against the longer occupation of a country which it was impossible to defend. At length the Prussians took possession of Lauenburg, and surrounded the little troop of Swedes, which did not exceed 300 men. The Swedes fired first; the Prussians abstained from taking an inglorious advantage of their superior strength, and treated the Swedes with the greatest delicacy. The Prussian commanders, in eight parleys, represented that their king did not wish to attack Sweden; and when the Swedes, finding themselves surrounded, attempted to force a passage, the Prussians opened their ranks, and paid them military honours. After the troops had reached Wismar, an offer was made to return two dragoon horses which had been taken; but the King of Sweden insisted that they should be looked upon as prisoners of war. The English minister declared that no blame could attach to his court in this affair, or its consequences, as he had often advised the Swedes to abandon Lauenburg, and the Swedes had first fired upon the Prussians. But nothing seemed to exasperate Gustavus Adolphus so much as the little importance with which the court of Berlin seemed to consider his declarations and opposition. He had in vain hoped and expected an attack on Pomerania, and would undoubtedly have declared war, could he have supported his declaration with an adequate force: but he was obliged to content himself with maritime hostilities." P. 28—30.

It is perhaps necessary to inform the reader, that this Lauenburg, about which he has heard so much, consists of two hamlets, of extremely vile sandy soil, and a few dozen of the most indifferent houses or cottages. It belongs to Hanover; but even the persons most attached to that important country, are said scarcely to have been aware of its existence, until reminded of it by the sudden and violent liking for it now displayed by Gustavus. (P. 33.) He was resolved at all events, it should seem, to retain it; and he agreed to raise the blockade of the Prussian ports, on condition of the Prussian troops leaving Lauenburg. The war which ended in the speedy destruction of Prussia was now beginning; and Gustavus, and his armies, and his conquests, were too inconsiderable to occupy the attention of either party. As soon as the fate of Prussia was decided, his first impulse was to send his whole army to reinforce his handful of men in Lauenburg; but the apprehension of Pomerania being invaded prevented him. He therefore sent orders to his troops to evacuate Lauenburg, and retreat

towards Stralsund. But they were sent too late: for these troops had already been obliged to retire to Lubeck, and were there taken prisoners. When Gustavus was informed of their having begun their retreat, he despatched orders to his commander, to leave sixty dragoons in Lauenburg; with peremptory injunctions that they should "not evacuate the country till they were surrounded and overpowered by the enemy." This notable letter never reached its destination; but it was translated and communicated to the English minister. The capture of the *army of Lauenburg* (three hundred strong) only served to increase the great conqueror's hatred to Bonaparte. He refused all offers of accommodation, although the most favourable terms were proposed; it being clearly the interest of France to remain at peace with Sweden, and no less so of Sweden to be at peace with France. Among other offers was one of an increase of territory. Indeed, the interest of France always appeared so clearly to be in favour of augmenting the power of Sweden as a counterpoise to Russia, that the reader will find this point expressly stated in a former number of our journal, (see Ed. Rev. for July, 1807,) where we suggested the probability of the two countries not remaining long hostile, and of Sweden being won over by an accession of territory, or a restoration, to speak more properly, of her former dominions. We did not certainly calculate on Gustavus persisting so long in his ineffectual schemes, nor on the catastrophe to which his obstinacy led.

As it turned out, however, the destruction of Prussia only made Gustavus resolve to prosecute the restoration of the Bourbons with new vigour; and as the English ministers had at length discovered that they had to do with one, who, to use the language of our author, "whatever were his accomplishments, was at least no hero"—one who "did not possess science to command, or courage to share the danger of the field"—they refused to increase the subsidy. Gustavus, however, was a financier, as well as a warrior. He now chose to consider himself as having a claim upon Russia; and he stopt the Russian subsidy, then at Gottenburg, on its way from England to St. Petersburg. In the mean time, the French seemed resolved not to attack Pomerania, let Gustavus do his utmost to irritate them. They barely took a position within the frontier—endeavoured to negotiate—were refused—and then offered an armistice, and to withdraw their forces. Every proposal was rejected with contempt. But the hero of Lauenburg did not venture actually to attack them. They withdrew of themselves: and he then made a sort of attempt on their rear guard; took a few prisoners and stores, with a hospital; and, elated with his triumph, ordered *Te Deum* to be sung in all the churches. The French being thus compelled to chastise him, turned round upon the Swedes and defeated them—after a most gallant resist-



ance by that brave army, who only wanted a chief of talents and courage to show themselves worthy of their descent;—and thus an armistice was forced on them, whether their ridiculous king would or no. There were various opinions and doubts as to this truce. Some criticised the terms of it; others regretted it had not, in the delicate state of the war, been delayed a short time. The Russians predicted the fall of Colberg as likely to follow; the English were discontented with it; but Gustavus, consistent to the last, was only offended at the instrument calling Napoleon emperor and king. He ordered the words not to be used in the Swedish papers, and made his general inform the French marshal that such expressions would not be tolerated in any future transaction.

We cannot afford room for attending so closely on the steps of this infatuated prince, during the remaining part of his reign. The contemplation of folly, and unsupported extravagant pretension, is, when long continued, a very disgusting task. We shall therefore content ourselves with selecting some traits not hitherto sufficiently noted by the public in his character and conduct.

The work before us, repeatedly, and without any hesitation, charges him with a deficiency of personal courage; nor is there any passage in his life, as far as the world are aware of, which tends to refute the charge. This must certainly be esteemed a circumstance of some weight, considering the opportunities which he had of exposing himself to danger, if not of signaling himself. The following note relates to this subject.

“During the retreat, the king sent to General Brune and proposed an armistice:—The general answered that as the war had not yet lasted thirty-six hours, such a proposal was rather premature from one who aspired to imitate Charles XII.

“Gustavus Adolphus was the first who reached Stralsund, and had not been exposed to the possibility of danger; yet he endeavoured to persuade some people that he had received a contusion in the leg from a musket-ball; and, as a proof of the fact, he exhibited a red spot on his leg, and a corresponding blemish on his boot, which refused to receive the usual polish. This story was sanctioned by the authority of an officious surgeon; but as it seemed to make little impression, it was soon forgotten.” P. 57, 58.

His strange enthusiasm is said to have assumed the form of religious fanaticism. He got hold of a commentary on the revelations, which seems to have turned his brain. He persuaded himself that the letters of Bonaparte's name composed the mystic number 666, the number of the beast; that Napoleon was therefore the beast whose dominion should be of short duration, and for whose discomfiture he himself was the chosen instrument of providence. He was very particular in his directions to his ministers, &c. that



his name should be written *Neapoleon*, because this spelling was required to support the calculation. He ordered one day 888 oaks to be cut down for the navy, in the royal park; and people were a good deal puzzled to find what might be the reason for this MEASURE till they found in the commentary that 888 is stated as a sacred number. When a Russian prince was sent to treat with him at his *palace* of Lauenburg, he favoured him with the apocalypse, and afterwards sent him a letter to Berlin containing nothing but a chapter on the beast, translated into French from the Swedish bible; and when he was reminded of the risk he ran in ordering the troops at Rugen to fire on the English, he answered that nothing could happen without the permission of heaven. He also openly relied on supernatural assistance when the French, unopposed, were making their approaches to destroy Stralsund. With all this fanaticism he had so little of the real spirit of religion, that he was induced to listen to certain plans much against his will, merely because, from hatred to Denmark, he anxiously desired the success of the expedition to Copenhagen; and after the English convention had settled the evacuation of Zealand, he proposed, as a very *honourable* mode of executing it, that the army should pass over to Scania, and from thence again invade the island.

As soon as the treaty of Tilsit had put an end to the war in Germany and Poland, it might have been expected that Gustavus would undertake some enterprise, single-handed, against all the continent;—but he contented himself with getting into a passion at the Emperor Alexander for giving Bonaparte the order of St. Andrew. He resolved to send back the decorations of it which he had formerly received from Catharine; and wrote a letter to the emperor, enclosing a copy of his letter on a similar occasion to the King of Prussia. This notable epistle, however, was not sent;—nevertheless, in the course of a few months, after refusing every offer of accommodation with France, and coöperation with Russia, he contrived to plunge his unfortunate country into a war with that powerful neighbour, which threatened its existence as an independent state. The events of the campaign which ensued, and the near approach of an overwhelming force to the Swedish capital, though by a very circuitous route, are too well known to detain us here.

To the Russian war were added hostilities with Denmark; and, as if Sweden had not enough on her hands in other quarters, the king, by way of imitating Charles XII. must needs invade Norway. Yet in the midst of all this extended and voluntary warfare, he was wholly without any plan for conducting it; and when men of experience ventured to suggest the expediency of arranging some uniform and concerted scheme of operations, he only replied, that

the necessary orders should be ready on every emergency!—The only step taken towards more active measures, was a demand of more money, and of an auxiliary force from England, which the past experience of Gustavus's *wisdom* and *vigour* might have taught our government to refuse, had it been possible for us, at any time, or under any circumstances, to resist the temptation of spending money, and intermeddling to a small extent with a little expedition. The work before us states, that the troops were demanded for the express purpose of coöperating in the Norwegian expedition; that the English ministry, after much hesitation, in order “to gratify, in some measure, the wishes” of Gustavus, agreed to send 10,000 men, on condition of their being under the separate command of their own general, and not being required to act at so great a distance from their shipping as to interrupt the communication with it. Gustavus agreed at once to these terms; but at the same time sent orders to prevent the troops from landing until General Moore, their commander, should agree to place them at the king's disposal, and not to re-embark them without a certain notice. The notice was agreed to; but the English government resolutely adhered to the condition of the separate command, and as resolutely prohibited the troops from embarking in a new attack on Zealand, the conquest of which was now become our *heroic ally's* most favourite project. Hence the animosity which speedily broke out against England—scarcely, if at all, inferior to this wise monarch's hatred of France.

. The singular treatment of General Moore was the beginning of this rupture. Upon the wisdom of the plan which sent that gallant and most able person to Sweden, we shall make no comments. Our readers have seen with what kind of ally he was designed to coöperate; and they may probably be of opinion that the authors of the scheme showed about as much judgment in adopting it, as they did fairness towards their predecessors in perpetually accusing them of imbecility and want of vigour for not having intrusted fleets and armies to Gustavus the year before—those accusers being certainly in full possession of all the passages in Gustavus's life which have now been described. But General Moore was sent; and as it would have evinced a folly quite equal to the royal Swede's, if our government had reposed any confidence in that infatuated prince, the general was directed to proceed, so as to afford him no real assistance, and, without a miracle, no kind of gratification or satisfaction. This was the chief object of the expedition. It was merely to maintain a show of vigour at home, and (in the words of the work before us) “to gratify, in some measure, the wishes” of Gustavus. It failed most signally; for the people of England, who paid for it, only knew of its arrival by hearing of its having produced a quarrel with the prince whom

it was sent to gratify ; and they therefore received as little satisfaction from it as he did. Gustavus quarrelled with General Moore because he would not disobey the positive orders under which he acted, and surrender the guidance of the army to the insane or drivelling councils of the Swedes. The account of the interview in this volume is so singular, that we must pause a little upon it. Like other great princes, Gustavus fancied he could carry every thing by his own power of conference—"of talking folks over," as the phrase is ;—and he was pleased to draw up, or at least revise, a minute of an interview, which had completely failed indeed, but still redounded so much to his credit as a *talker*—as to deserve to be recorded among the greater exploits of his reign.

Gustavus had declared, that "he never would permit the English to land ; and that he considered the very proposal as an insult, which he hoped never to hear again." The general, not quite approving of the plan of keeping his army on board of their transports until some symptoms of reason should appear in the king, expressed his resolution to sail for England, if they were not permitted to land. This determination being communicated through the British minister, an interview between the king and the general took place. The matters chiefly to be noted in this conference are, General Moore's calm and steady behaviour, and the king's obstinacy and impertinence, even by his own narrative.

The result of the conference was, that the general most civilly and respectfully represented the necessity of his return to England. The king begged him to delay at Gottenburg as long as possible. The general agreed to do so, that he might oblige his majesty, and await fresh instructions ; and he notified also, that he should proceed to Gottenburg, and not remain in Stockholm. This was indeed announced in the courtly form of a request to be permitted to join his army at Gottenburg. But immediately after this interview, a closer attention to his instructions suggested to him the necessity of delaying as short a time as possible the return of the troops. This he announced in the most respectful manner ; stating, that he should still proceed "leisurely to prepare for his departure ; and in the mean time communicate the orders which might arrive." Gustavus immediately broke out into the following vigorous and able note.

*Palace of Haga, 24th of June, 1808.*

"This is a new and unexpected insolence of General Moore, for which he cannot appeal to any instruction ; as, during the interview, he desired and received my orders to remain with the troops under his command on the Swedish coast, till new instructions should arrive from England. General Moore, therefore, for this disrespectful conduct, shall be personally answerable to me ; and for this reason shall receive

commands not to leave Stockholm without my permission, or being sent home to England by the king his master.

“GUSTAF ADOLPH.” P. 314.

The British minister of course protests, and sends home a courier with an account of this unheard-of arrest. The king, however, will not release General Moore without an apology: and being told that such a demand was out of the question, he said he did not require actually an *apology*; but that General Moore should use certain expressions to explain his conduct, and should fully affirm that it was not his intention to fail in his respect to the king.” And if he had succeeded in detaining our gallant tryman, no doubt he would have put forth a *bulletin*, describing his achievement; and probably have ordered an illumination. But fortunately the general contrived to get away, and fled to England with his army, leaving Gustavus to look out elsewhere for new conquests. In the mean time, he was with difficulty prevented from seizing on all the English vessels in the Baltic, and laying a general embargo on them in his ports; and being but the necessity of the subsidy could have kept him from immediately declaring war against this country. He took an invincible dislike to the English minister, for obeying the dictates of his court, and proposing to him that peace so fatal to the interests of Sweden, but so odious to Gustavus, as if he looked as if he could do nothing in war. Nor could anything have appeased him, had not the English admiral luckily captured a Russian vessel, and sent her flag as a present to Gustavus, who was infinitely mollified by this compliment, and sent it as a present to the King of England!

Like every truly weak prince, Gustavus was perpetually interfering in all the departments of his government—and, in all, doing mischief. He could do every thing himself, and nobody else could do any thing. Nor would this have signified, had his attention been confined to those things which were suited to his capacity; as the details of patronage, the arrangement of his household, the dresses of himself and his troops. On these subjects, indeed, especially the latter, he was busy in the extreme, like all petty princes. After describing his regulations for a levy, the king before us adds, “But nothing was of so much importance to the king, as the *uniform* to be employed; and one of the orders concerning the new levies, long before they were organized, was to *new model and ornament their hats*.” (P. 179.) But happily he did not confine himself to such frivolities. After exhausting the country by a rigorous conscription, he took care to regulate himself with the clothing department; and managed to keep the men sick and dying for want of clothes, while he was discussing the patterns.

Many things were, by way of vigour, despatch and secrecy,

done by him, and, we presume, his little knot of courtiers, without even letting his ministers know of them; and their success was pretty nearly what might have been expected. Of these measures was the embargo on English shipping. He had long resolved to make peace with Denmark, that he might break with England; but the plan was to keep at war also with Russia and France.

“The order for an embargo on the English ships was not communicated to the cabinet till the day after it was despatched; and then the king had already altered his mind. It was represented to his majesty that counter orders ought in that case immediately to be sent; but the king said that there was no occasion to be so precipitate. The counter orders were, therefore, delayed eighteen hours after the courier who had been sent with orders for the embargo. But the king, in order to conceal his design even from his ministers, had not required a proper pass for the first courier, who was thus delayed upon his journey, while the other who followed him travelled with the utmost diligence. The embargo, therefore, only lasted five hours.” Note, p. 169, 170.

When every thing else was going wrong, it is to be supposed that the finances could not continue in a very flourishing state.

Their situation was, in fact, as bad as possible. The ministers were afraid to explain the extent of the evil to him, because “his opinion of the inexhaustible resources of his country, and pretensions of unlimited sacrifices from his people, made it be apprehended, that, were other means to fail, he would take some desperate step, either against the bank, or the property of individuals.” However, in spite of all this care, he took to banking, and proposed a scheme of “circulation by means of tokens.” Having referred his plan to a “committee of finance,” (for they had this among their other blessings,) the honourable members were pleased to disapprove of it; and the king, being enraged at them, and angry at the difficulties of the times, immediately dissolved them. A new committee was named; and they having begun their labours (as such bodies are in the very indelicate practice of doing) with statements of distress, arrears, difficulties, &c. the king reprimanded them for so consuming their time, and desired they would set about discovering new funds. Without pursuing further these sickening details, we shall extract the summary given in the work before us, of what immediately preceded the revolution to which they led. It seems that great pains had been taken to keep the people in the dark, as to the real state of the country, and the measures and conduct of the rulers. But the events soon opened their eyes.

“Affection for their king is as natural to the Swedes as hatred to an aristocracy: and the personal misconduct of the king was generally

ascribed to the incapacity of his ministers. The great political mistakes of Gustavus Adolphus were little known to the Swedish public: all the sources of information were stopped. The importation of foreign books and journals was in general prohibited: those which were permitted to enter the country were severely censured: and the liberty of the press was entirely annihilated. Through these and other means, public opinion was yet in favour of the king. Even the losses sustained in the commencement of the war, far from disheartening, rather fired the courage, and roused the resentment of the people; and the consequences of this animation were soon evident in the successes of the army.

“ But towards the autumn of 1808, the opinions of men began to change. During summer, all the energies of the country were called forth and excited to the utmost; and then allowed either to remain inactive, or were employed in the most injudicious enterprises. It now became evident that the personal hatred of Gustavus Adolphus to the French emperor was the only cause of the war; and there was little reason to hope the termination either of the cause or of the effect. The soldiers began to dislike and despise a king who expected from them impossibilities, while he declined to share the toils and dangers which he imposed. Some acts of injustice irritated individuals; and the treatment of the new levies excited the resentment and compassion of the people at large. Many patriotic men expressed their conviction that the time was now come when a revolution was absolutely necessary to save their country; but they suffered themselves to be persuaded that the attempt would yet be premature. It was hoped that the loss of Finland would abate the king's ardour for war—that he would himself be convinced of his error, and at last permit his dismembered country to enjoy a necessary repose. But such hopes were without foundation; preparations were made for another campaign, and the most absurd plans of operation were proposed. The most alarming reports of the intended partition of Sweden began to prevail, but made no alteration in the king's conduct. The imminent danger exalted in every man's bosom the love of his country; and it now became the duty of every good subject to endeavour to save what yet remained of the ancient independence of Sweden, and to withdraw allegiance from a king who despised the welfare of his people.” P. 201—203.

The revolution was brought about by a coöperation of many persons in Stockholm, united to save their country from this inevitable destruction—and of the western army. Measures for effecting it had been for some time in agitation; and they were known to so many persons in the capital as to be the common topic of conversation. Yet so universally deserted was the unhappy king, that no one ever thought of giving him notice of these singular proceedings. When a prince has justly offended his country—when the bulk of his people are ready to throw off their allegiance in self-defence—he is apt vainly to look towards his



army, and to expect security from its disciplined fidelity. A confidence in its protection is also but too frequently one of the flattering visions which dance before his eyes, and beguile him to his ruin, while the danger is yet at a distance. But the history of the world presents us with no instance of a *native* army justifying such calculations, or forming an exception to the feelings and conduct of their countrymen at large. The first hint that Gustavus received of the revolution was the arrival of a courier to announce that the western army had broken up from its quarters, and was marching towards Stockholm. We conclude these extracts, and this article, with the following selection of passages, which contain a very spirited account of the revolution.

“ On Sunday, the 12<sup>th</sup> of March, an extra post arrived with the proclamation of the western army, and a full account of their proceedings. The king was panic struck. In the afternoon he went from Haga to Stockholm. As soon as he entered the palace, the gates were shut—guards were placed at the different entrances of the town, who were commanded strictly to examine every person who entered, and allow no one to leave Stockholm. In the evening, an account of the approach of the western army was sent to all the public establishments. The night was passed in despatching the most contradictory orders. All the great officers of state were ordered to repair to Nyköping. The military were to depart from Stockholm, and one of the German regiments, with some artillery, was destined to oppose the western army. Baron Rozenblad, secretary of state, was called from his bed, and ordered to raise as much money as he could, by the sale of bills on England; and he in vain represented that at such an hour no business of that kind could be transacted. The commissioners of the bank were commanded to assemble at seven o'clock in the morning, and the proper officers were ordered to use every effort to collect the greatest possible number of horses.” P. 213, 214.

The departure of the king from Stockholm would have been the signal for a civil war—and the preparations for it were therefore calculated to call forth the instant exertions of the confederates to save their country.

“ The reputation which Baron Adlercreutz had acquired in the last campaign in Finland, pointed him out as the most proper person to lead the way in so dangerous an enterprise; and he willingly accepted the post of honour. The baron had a conference during the night with some officers, whom he appointed to meet him in the morning at the palace. He himself, and several others, were commanded to attend the king at eight o'clock in the morning of the 13<sup>th</sup> of March.

“ The unusual circumstance of shutting the gates of the palace, occasioned some surprise even in the lower classes of inhabitants; but, with those who were in the secret, all was confusion. General Helvig,



master of the ordnance, was commanded at his peril to have some artillery prepared to follow the king, although there were no horses proper for the purpose to be procured in Stockholm. The regiments in town were ordered to different places to be provided with ammunition and provisions; but were allowed so short a time that the provisions could not be distributed. Baron Rozenblad was sent to the commissioners of the bank to inform them of his majesty's desire to receive part of the money in their care, and to inquire of them whether they supposed the remainder to be in security. From this message, the king's intention might have been guessed; but it became evident, when his majesty afterwards said that 'he might as well take the money as leave it to the rebels.' The commissioners answered, 'that they had received their trust from the states of the kingdom, without whose authority they did not conceive themselves at liberty to surrender any part of the property of the bank, and that they did not suppose the bank to be in any danger.' It was easy to foresee the consequences of this answer; but before Baron Rozenblad could return to the palace, the revolution was accomplished.

"Baron Adlercreutz, Count Klingspor, Colonel Silfversparre, and many other officers, who had been informed of the intended revolution, assembled in the palace at eight o'clock in the morning. Upon inquiry Baron Adlercreutz was informed that only four of the life-guards remained in the palace, the rest having gone to prepare themselves for the journey. Little danger could be therefore apprehended from them, and about fifty officers were now in and about the palace, who were resolved to hazard the utmost extremity. The king had before ordered the gates to be shut, and no one was now permitted to leave the palace: officers were stationed in different parts, and a great number were assembled in the room adjoining the king's bed-chamber. Count Ugglas was first called in to his majesty. Soon after his royal highness Duke Charles arrived, and went in to his majesty just as Count Ugglas came out. Baron Adlercreutz begged of the count that he would remain; but he answered that he had received orders from the king which he must immediately execute. The baron, however, insisted that the count should not leave the palace, as a moment of infinite consequence now approached; and that the king must be prevented from leaving Stockholm. The count said that he had used every endeavour with the king, but to no purpose; and begged that any further remonstrance might be offered with caution. The baron answered that it was now intended to speak to the king in a manner which he hoped would be effectual. His royal highness then came out, and Count Klingspor was called in to his majesty; and, during the conversation, strongly represented to the king the imprudence of leaving his capital. Baron Adlercreutz now judged that the eventful moment was arrived: he sent to desire those who were stationed at the gates, and other parts of the palace, to be watchful on their posts, and, having assembled a number of officers, he entered the king's room. When the door opened the king seemed surprised, and the baron approached his majesty, and began to address him—he said, 'that the public mind was in the utmost irritation from the unfortunate circumstances of the country, and particularly

from his majesty's intended departure from Stockholm: that the higher officers of state, and of the military, and the most respectable citizens, had encouraged him to represent the consequences to his majesty, for which purpose.—The king here interrupted the baron, loudly exclaiming 'Treason! you are all corrupted, and shall be punished!' The baron answered, calmly, 'we are no traitors, but wish to save your majesty, and our country.' The king immediately drew his sword, and the baron rushed upon him, and seized him round the waist, while Colonel Silversparre took the sword from his majesty. The king then vociferated, 'they are going to murder me, help! help!'—They endeavoured to reassure the king; and he promised to be more composed if they would return his sword—a request which they endeavoured to evade; and when the king obstinately insisted upon it, he was told that in this respect he could not be gratified, nor be permitted any more to interfere in the management of the kingdom.

"His majesty's outcries had alarmed some of the body-guard, who had just arrived, and servants of the palace, who endeavoured to force open the door; but not being able to succeed, they broke the upper panel with pokers and their sabres. At this moment, Baron Adlercreutz commanded the door to be opened, and rushed into the middle of the crowd—seized a sabre from a hussar—snatched from the adjutant-general his staff of office, and holding it up before him, said that he now considered himself as adjutant-general, and in that capacity commanded the guards immediately to retire. After some hesitation this command was obeyed; and several officers who were not in the conspiracy were put under arrest." P. 215—221.

The guards assembled in considerable numbers; and there was a moment when their conduct in this crisis seemed doubtful. The baron addressed them, and urged every thing that could be devised, to gain their concurrence, or at least prevail on them to be passive spectators of the scene. But they remained undetermined—and the utmost that he could obtain was a promise of remaining quiet. If they did nothing to favour the revolution, they certainly did nothing to prevent it—and the citizens of Stockholm themselves mounted guard at the bank, and provided for the security of the town, and preservation of peace. In the mean time the king contrived to escape from the room where he was confined.

"When the king's escape was discovered, the greatest confusion and dismay prevailed among the authors of the revolution; and the most terrible consequences were apprehended. Every stair was crowded with people descending to the court of the palace to endeavour to intercept his majesty's flight. Greiff, keeper of the king's game, had precipitately descended the great stair, and was the first who reached the court, and perceived the king, with his sword in his hand, making towards the only gate which had been left open. As soon as Greiff overtook him, the king made a violent push at him;

but with so tremulous and unsteady an aim, that the sword passed up the sleeve of Greiff's coat, only slightly wounding him. His sword being thus entangled, his breath gone, and his strength exhausted, the king was easily overpowered. Many had now come to Greiff's assistance; and the king, either unwilling to walk, or unable to support himself, was carried up stairs, and, by his own desire, taken into the white room. He was there set down upon the chair nearest the door, and exactly opposite to the portrait of the late unfortunate Queen of France, Marie Antoinette. The king, exhausted with his exertions, and disordered with indignation and disappointment, remained quiet the whole day." P. 223—225.

So little disposition did the people whom he had misgoverned testify in his behalf, even under circumstances of affliction, which are wont to appease resentment, and to excite pity towards our oppressors themselves, that "not the slightest displeasure was shown, and the play was attended by an unusual number of spectators."—The king was removed to another palace in the night. He there quietly signed an instrument of abdication, drawn up, it is said, by himself. Liberal provisions were made for him and his family.—They were safely conducted to a foreign country: and they now reside, it is said, in Switzerland, to the infinite relief of Sweden, and to the remarkable confutation of the ancient saying, that there is but a short step from the prison to the grave of him who has lost a crown.

We cannot close this subject without adverting to a charge which we doubt not will be brought against us by the creatures of the court. It will be said that we have dealt rudely with fallen majesty—and have not been disarmed, as we ought to have been, by the present unhappy state of the subject of this narrative. Why have we gone through our task without betraying any such emotions? Not surely because we felt less for the exiled monarch than those who would now insult him with their canting pity—but because we felt more for the people whom his misrule had for so many years afflicted. Let others confine their lamentations to the guilty—and forget, in a sort of animal sensibility, excited by the punishment, the more rational feeling of satisfaction at the performance of substantial justice. They whose pity lies in the right place will reserve it for the thousands whom his pernicious career has sacrificed to want, and wounds, and misery;—and, without shutting their ears to what may be urged in favour of the man, now that he is disarmed of his sceptre, they will rejoice that an instrument of such mischievous power in its abuse has been torn, or rather gently taken, from hands incapable of holding it harmless.

*Remorse; a Tragedy in Five Acts. By S. T. Coleridge.*

[From the Christian Observer, for April, 1813.]

IN the class of plays which we would not prohibit to our readers, we assign a high place to the subject of this review. Its appearance must be considered as an important occurrence in the annals of the English drama, for we do not hesitate to characterize it as one of the best tragedies which has been produced on our stage since the time of Otway. Unlike the ordinary dramas of the day, it relies not for its main attraction upon the illusions of scenery, the decorations of dress, or any dexterity of what is called stage effect, by which, whatever is wanting to the mind or to the ear, is compensated to the eye of the spectator. It is the production of a mind relying on its unassisted powers, and well able to rely on them; and will, perhaps, be read with even greater pleasure than it produces in the exhibition.—With numerous blemishes, and glaring inequalities, it abounds in just and original sentiment, in powerful description, in strong conceptions of character, and fervid effusions of passion. Rivalling some of the best of the German plays in their philosophical spirit and passionate energy, it has no resemblance to them in their affectation of strained and extravagant sentiment, and still less in their *sublime* inversions and suspensions of the ordinary rules of morality. It is, indeed, a work of highly moral, and, we may almost say, of religious tendency. Its general design is to exhibit the moral dangers of pride; the proneness of the descent from imaginary perfection to the lowest depths of depravity; the miseries attendant upon conscious guilt; the consolations and the rewards of virtue. It has, besides, the rare recommendation of being totally free from every stain of indelicacy, and the praise, among all other plays, peculiar (we believe) to this, of enforcing the christian duty of the forgiveness of injuries. On this last ground it is not easy to applaud Mr. Coleridge too highly. We hail with delight every attempt to infuse genuine principle into a class of composition which, of all others perhaps the most effective in the formation of character, has hitherto been exclusively employed either in cherishing the bad passions, or at best, in inculcating the heathen virtues. What christian has not lamented that the fascinations of the stage, the mingled attractions of show, and song, and dance, of graceful gesture and impressive intonation, should be so inseparably in league with a pernicious or defective moral, lending their whole influence in opposition to that sacred cause which they might be applied with irresistible effect to promote. It may, indeed, be said, that if their object were

reversed, they would lose their power: that their force is principally derived from their coöperation with the passions which they foment; and that a play which should inculcate christian sentiments would never become popular. This proposition is true, we apprehend, only to a certain extent. That such a play would be the less popular for its christianity, must, we fear, be admitted: but that it might, notwithstanding this disrecommendation, become a favourite piece with the public, is sufficiently proved by the instances of *Esther* and *Athalie*. As to these pieces, however, it must be confessed, that they have been in a great measure supported by the novelty of their pretensions; and that besides they have a character of excellence too high for any but the most exalted genius to attain: that it does not follow, therefore, because these plays have succeeded, that similar success would be often experienced by other compositions formed on the same model. Accordingly, it is not exactly on this model that we would wish plays to be formed. In the *Esther* and *Athalie*, not only the sentiments are pious, but the action and characters are entirely scriptural. Pieces constructed on this plan, having little relation to the feelings or events with which men are actually conversant, can never excite a deep interest of the dramatic kind. They will be considered merely as poetical compositions, and, as such, can never keep possession of the stage, unless they possess in this character a merit so transcendent as to atone for every other defect. We would not impose so hopeless a task on the dramatist. We permit him to portray the scenes of ordinary life, and to "catch the living manners as they rise;" but in availing himself of this his proper province, to establish his dominion over the passions, let him, at the same time, endeavour to control and purify them, by the inculcation of a genuine and christian morality. We are convinced that no play, clearly entitled in other respects to the favour of the public, would be endangered in its success by an adherence to this principle; and we think the opinion confirmed by the example of "*Remorse*." This play, we understand, has been received with a unanimity and warmth of applause due to its extraordinary merit, and apparently unchecked by the unusual purity and elevation of its moral tone.

The plot on which the piece is founded is as follows:—Don *Alvar* and Don *Ordonio*, the two sons of the Marquis *Valdez*, a Spanish nobleman, are both enamoured of *Donna Teresa*, an orphan heiress, under the guardianship of the father. *Ordonio*, perceiving that her affections are fixed on his brother, employs *Isidore*, a *Moresco*, and two others of the same nation, to assassinate him. *Isidore* is not informed of the name of the intended victim, or of his relationship to *Ordonio*, but is merely told that a mutual attachment had taken place between his employer and a lady who

had been betrothed to another person ; that this attachment had been indulged in a manner fatal to the lady's virtue ; and that it was therefore expedient for her happiness and honour, and that of Ordonio, that his rival should be despatched. Induced by this representation, Isidore undertakes the task. He besets Alvar just as he is within sight of home, after an absence of three years. A desperate conflict takes place between the assassins and their victim, and a parley ensues. Isidore, moved by the gallantry of Alvar, spares his life, upon the condition of his absenting himself for a year, and keeping his existence a secret during that period ; a restriction imposed by the Moor to enable Ordonio to reap without disturbance the fruits of his treachery. Alvar, at the same time, learns from Isidore the name of his employer, with other circumstances, which lead him erroneously to suppose that Teresa was faithless. He spends the period of his exile in war, and, being taken captive by the enemy, does not effect his return before the expiration of three years. He then returns in a Moorish disguise, determined not to take vengeance on his brother, but to raise a salutary remorse, if possible, within his breast ; and if Teresa should prove to be his wife, to leave him in quiet possession of her. That she has become the wife of Ordonio he scarcely doubts, but cannot fully persuade himself of her perfidy ; and the investigation of this point is another of the objects which he returns to accomplish.

The play begins with his reappearance. The marriage between Ordonio and Teresa had not been concluded, but had been vehemently pressed both by the father and the son. At the commencement of the play, we find Teresa firmly resisting their importunities, influenced partly by her distrust of Ordonio's character, partly by her tender and melancholy remembrance of his brother, who, at the suggestion of Ordonio, was believed both by her and the marquis to have been taken prisoner by the Algerines, and subsequently lost, with his captors, at sea. Ordonio himself, concluding that the assassination had been perpetrated, believes his brother to be no longer in existence.

Isidore, who had embraced the christian faith, is at this period seized by the inquisition, on suspicion of having relapsed to heresy. He appeals to Ordonio to bear testimony to his character, and to interfere in his protection ; and the latter, although with reluctance, finds himself obliged, by the nature of their previous connexion, to interpose in his defence, and rescue him from the grasp of the inquisition. He then takes advantage of the gratitude which this benefit had excited in the mind of the Moor to solicit him to become the instrument of a plan of further treachery. Ordonio hoped that if he could convince Teresa of the certainty of his brother's death, she would no longer be able to reject his solicit-



ations. With this view he proposes to Isidore that he should present himself to Teresa, in the assumed character of a wizard, offering to reveal the fate of her lover: that he should then declare Alvar to be no longer among the living, and, as a pledge of the truth of the assertion, should leave with her a portrait of herself, which had formerly belonged to Alvar, but of which Ordonio had contrived to obtain possession. In opening this scheme to the Moor, Ordonio incautiously betrays that the portrait had been the gift of love; and that the tale, therefore, by which Isidore had been induced to attempt the assassination, was fictitious. Isidore, who is represented as but half a villain, struck with horror and remorse at this disclosure, refuses to accede to the plan proposed; but suggests to Ordonio that he will probably find a fit instrument in Alvar, whom the Moor had noticed lurking about in his disguise, without recognising him, and whom he suspects, from his appearance and wish to elude observation, to be addicted to magic. Alvar, in the mean time, had met Teresa, and, from his conversation with her, inclines to believe her innocent; but being, by mistake, confirmed in his supposition that she had become the wife of Ordonio, determines to depart without disturbing her peace by a disclosure. In this state of mind he is met by Ordonio, who does not penetrate his disguise, and solicits him to undertake the scheme rejected by Isidore. In the conversation that ensues, Alvar accidentally learns that Teresa is still unmarried. Transported at this intelligence, he yet does not lose sight of his object of awakening remorse in his brother; and conceiving a plan by which his assumption of the character of a wizard might be made to further this object, he accedes to Ordonio's proposal. Accordingly, in the garb of a sorcerer, he presents himself before Teresa, Valdez, and Ordonio. He takes the privilege of his pretended character to "speak daggers" to his brother, invokes the departed spirit of Alvar, and contrives to exhibit before them an illuminated picture of his conflict with the assassins. At this moment the officers of the inquisition rush in, seize him as a practiser of the infernal art, and hurry him off to a dungeon.

In the mean time Teresa, whom different circumstances had before inspired with an undefined suspicion of Ordonio's guilt, is led by the scene of the incantation, and his manner of receiving the rebukes of Alvar, to entertain a firm conviction of the fact, and is overwhelmed with grief at this confirmation of her lover's fate, and with horror at the atrocity of his brother. Valdez, too, is disturbed, though he hardly knows what idea to form on the subject. Ordonio, utterly disbelieving the magical pretensions of the stranger, concludes that the secret has been betrayed by Isidore. He therefore resolves to destroy the Moor, and thinking it impossible that Alvar can escape from the punishment which awaits him



from the inquisition, he contemplates, with exultation, the period when, by the death of both his supposed enemies, he shall be left to avail himself, without further impediment, of the advantage which the now established certainty of his brother's death is likely to give him in his suit to Teresa. He accordingly allures Isidore to a gloomy cavern, and there murders him. The Moor's wife discovers both the deed and its author, and, in the frenzy of her grief, excites her countrymen, the Morescoes, to revenge.

In the mean time Alvar is visited in his dungeon by Teresa, who still believing him a stranger, but interested by his manner and appearance, and feeling compassion for his fate, resolves to set him free. In the conversation that ensues, a discovery takes place, and the lovers taste for a moment the happiness of reunion. Just then Ordonio rushes in fresh from the murder of Isidore, and offers Alvar a goblet of poison. The latter calmly repels his violence. Ignorant of the murder just committed, he hopes that if Ordonio can be made to feel remorse for his intended fratricide, the knowledge that it failed in the accomplishment may yet restore him to happiness and virtue. He therefore endeavours to stimulate him to compunction, by an indignant reprobation of his depravity. Ordonio, awed by the mystery which envelopes the stranger, and subdued by the consciousness of guilt, stands unnerved and trembling before him. Alvar then discloses himself. The disclosure comes too late to the murderer of Isidore. Infuriated by despair, he madly attempts first the life of Alvar, and then his own. His arm is arrested; but at this moment the avenging widow of Isidore appears at the head of her Morescoes. Before it can be prevented, she stabs Ordonio, who dies imploring forgiveness of his brother; and the play closes with the embrace of Alvar and Valdez.

Of this plot, the faults are too obvious to require much comment. Sufficiently long and complicated to form the basis of a novel in four volumes, in its dramatic form it imposes an unseasonable task both on the comprehension and memory of the spectator. The effort of attention which it requires, to keep in steady view the connexion of its different parts, is painful, and far exceeds that gentle stimulation of the faculties to which those whose ambition is to amuse should cautiously confine their efforts. There is something unskillful, too, in the adoption of so intricate a fable. It is in barren subjects that the hand of the master is most visible, and the dazzling fabrics of genius are generally constructed of few and simple materials.

It may also be fairly objected to this story, that the interest excited by the brothers, though different in kind, is too equal in degree, and that it is impossible to pronounce either of them the hero of the piece. In a review of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, the

want of a principal character is treated by eminent critics as a dubious fault, and the example of Milton is cited in its defence. Whatever may be the case in epic composition, it is an unequivocal defect in the drama. We cannot but think, indeed, that, in any species of writing, the interest that is divided is weakened; but in a play this is more peculiarly the case than in an epic poem, because in the former, the action is condensed into narrower limits of time and place, and the incidents are fewer. Unity of effect is therefore one of its most important objects; and it can as little bear a double hero as an episode.

We are afraid, too, that the sorcery and conjuration, on which the intrigue of this piece so much depends, will be denounced by the severe censor as below the tragic dignity. It is true that the magic is represented as deceptive merely; but it is exactly for this reason that we consider it as a paltry agent. Were we introduced to a real magician, the scene is laid in times remote enough perhaps to countenance the fiction. We do not revolt at the witches in *Macbeth*; but had Shakspeare thought proper to represent them as designing women successfully practising on the credulity of the usurper, the tragic terror of the piece had been in a great measure lost, and its whole effect deteriorated.

But the most serious charge which we have to make against the conduct of this play is, that much of its action is but feebly connected with the catastrophe. It is a dramatic rule, not founded in the pedantry of system, but in an obvious principle of good taste, that the several incidents of the plot should all coöperate towards the final result. This connexion may be more or less immediate, but it is clear that the more immediate it is, the more spirited and forcible will be the general effect. In this respect, the present play appears to us to be lamentably defective. From the appearance of Alvar on the stage, till the catastrophe takes place in the death of his brother, and his own reunion with Teresa, there is not one incident in which he is an actor (his very appearance not excepted) which has any direct and immediate effect in the production of that catastrophe. His return and disguise effect nothing, until Isidore points him out to Ordonio. His resolution to awaken his brother's penitence, and the scheme which he devises for that purpose, the invocation, and the picture, no further affect the final result than that they tend, in coincidence with other circumstances, to persuade Ordonio that he is betrayed, and, in that view, lead him to assassinate Isidore, which, by exciting the widow's vengeance, occasions the death of Ordonio himself. How remote and feeble a concatenation of incident is this! It serves fully to explain why the readers and spectators of "*Remorse*," impressed in every scene with occasional beauties of the highest order, are yet, as we have been informed, afflicted occasionally with a sensation approaching to ennui, and often yawn in the very act of admiration.

After thus cursorily stating some of our objections to the plot and action of the play, we hasten to justify the encomiums which we nevertheless have thought fit to bestow on it, by extracting some of the passages which have pleased us most.

Much of the first scene in which Teresa is introduced appears to us to be written with extraordinary energy.

*Ter.* I hold Ordonio dear: he is your son  
And Alvar's brother.

*Val.* Love him for himself,  
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.

*Ter.* I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord Valdez.  
But Heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain  
Faithful to Alvar, be he dead or living.

*Val.* Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves;  
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee,  
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts!  
Thy dying father comes upon my soul,  
With that same look with which he gave thee to me;  
I held thee in my arms, a powerless babe,  
While thy poor mother, with a mute entreaty,  
Fixed her faint eyes on mine. Ah, not for this,  
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,  
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,  
The victim of a useless constancy:  
I must not see thee wretched.

*Ter.* These are woes  
Ill bartered for the garishness of joy!  
If it be wretched with an untired eye  
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean;  
Or, in the sultry hour, beneath some rock,  
My hair dishevelled by the pleasant sea-breeze,  
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again  
All past hours of delight! If it be wretched  
To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there;  
To go through each minutest circumstance  
Of the blest meeting; and to frame adventures  
Most terrible and strange, and hear *him* tell them;  
(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid,  
Who drest her in her buried lover's clothes,  
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain clift  
Hung with her lute, and play'd the self-same tune  
He used to play, and listened to the shadow  
Herself had made)—if this be wretchedness,  
And if indeed it be a wretched thing  
To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine  
That I had died, died just ere his return!  
Then see him listening to my constancy,  
Or hover round, as he at midnight oft

- in my grave and gazes at the moon;  
 aply in some more fantastic mood,  
 e in Paradise, and with choice flowers  
 l up a bower where he and I might dwell,  
 there to wait his coming! O my sire!  
 Alvar's sire! if this be wretchedness  
 eats away the life, what were it, think you,  
 a most assured reality  
 hould return, and see a brother's infant  
 e at him from my arms?  
 hat a thought! (*Clasping her forehead.*)  
 l. A thought? even so! mere thought! an empty thought.  
 very week he promised his return—  
 r. (*abruptly*) Was it not then a busy joy? to see him  
 those three years' travels! we had no fears,  
 requent tidings, the ne'er failing letter,  
 st endear'd his absence! Yet the gladness,  
 umult of our joy! What then, if now—  
 l. O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts,  
 of conviction! I am old and heartless!  
 I am old—I have no pleasant dreams,  
 c and unrefresh'd with rest—  
 r. (*with great tenderness*) My father!  
 l. The sober truth is all too much for me!  
 no sail which brings not to my mind  
 some-bound bark in which my son was captur'd  
 ne Algerine—to perish with his captors!  
 r. Oh no! he did not!  
 l. Captur'd in sight of land!  
 you hill point, nay, from our castle watch-tow'r,  
 ight have seen—  
 r. His capture, not his death.  
 l. Alas! how aptly thou forgett'st a tale  
 ne'er didst wish to learn! My brave Ordonio  
 both the pirate and his prize go down,  
 same storm that baffled his own valour,  
 hus twice snatch'd a brother from his hopes:  
 nt Ordonio! (*pauses, then tenderly,*) Oh beloved Teresa,  
 dst thou best prove thy faith to generous Alvar,  
 nost delight his spirit, go thou, make  
 rother happy, make his aged father  
 to the grave in joy.  
 r. For mercy's sake  
 me no more. I have no power to love him.  
 roud forbidding eye, and his dark brow,  
 me like dew damps of the unwholesome night:  
 ve, a timorous and tender flower,  
 s beneath his touch.  
 l. You wrong him, maiden!  
 wrong him, by my soul! Nor was it well

*To character by such unkindly phrases  
The stir and workings of that love for you  
Which he has toil'd to smother. 'Twas not well,  
Nor is it grateful in you, to forget  
His wounds and perilous voyages, and how  
With an heroic fearlessness of danger  
He roam'd the coast of Afric for your Alvar.  
It was not well. You have moved me even to tears;*

*Ter. Oh, pardon me, my father! pardon me!  
It was a foolish and ungrateful speech:  
A most ungrateful speech! But I am hurried  
Beyond myself, if I but hear of one  
Who aims to rival Alvar. Were we not  
Born in one day, like twins of the same parent?  
Nursed in one cradle? Pardon me, my father!  
A six years' absence is a heavy thing,  
Yet still the hope survives—*

*Val. (Looking forwards) Hush! 'tis Monviedro!*

*Ter. The inquisitor, on some new scent of blood!"*

Act i. Sc. 2.

We have already noticed the inequalities of composition with which this work abounds. The preceding extract exemplifies the remark. The lines marked in italics are not only prosaic, but they are vulgar, both in the conception and the expression. Yet it will be allowed, that in parts of this scene there is merit to which no parallel could easily be found in any other modern drama.

The next passage we shall copy is part of the first scene of the second act, in which Ordonio unsuccessfully proposes to Isidore the scheme of personating a wizard. Irritated by his refusal, the former taunts him with his past guilt and the inconsistency of his present scruples. To this Isidore replies,

*" Isid. My lord—my lord—  
I can bear much—yes, very much from you!  
But there's a point, where sufferance is meanness.  
I am no villain—never killed for hire—  
My gratitude—*

*Ord. O aye!—your gratitude!  
'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done with it?*

*Isid. Who proffers his past favours for my virtue—*

*Ord. (With bitter scorn) Virtue—*

*Isid. 'Tries to o'erreach me—is a very sharper,  
And should not speak of gratitude. My lord,  
I knew not 'twas your brother!*

*Ord. (Alarmed) And who told you?*

*Isid. He himself told me.*

*Ord. Ha! you talk'd with him?  
And these, the two Morescoes who were with you?*

*Isid. Both fell in a night brawl at Malaga.*

*Ord.* (*In a low voice*) My brother!—

*Isid.* Yes, my lord, I could not tell you!  
I thrust away the thought—it drove me wild.  
But listen to me now—I pray you, listen.

*Ord.* Villain! no more! I'll hear no more of it.

*Isid.* My lord, it much imports your future safety  
That you should hear it.

*Ord.* (*Turning off from Isidore*) Am I not a man?  
'Tis as it should be! Tut—the deed itself  
Was idle, and these after pangs still idler.

*Isid.* We met him in the very place you mentioned,  
Hard by a grove of firs—

*Ord.* Enough—enough—

*Isid.* He fought us valiantly, and wounded all;  
In fine, compell'd a parley—

*Ord.* (*Sighing as if lost in thought*) Alvar! brother!

*Isid.* He offered me his purse—

*Ord.* Yes?

*Isid.* Yes—I spurn'd it.

He promised us I know not what—in vain!  
Then with a look and voice which overawed me,  
He said, what mean you, friends? my life is dear:  
I have a brother and a promised wife,  
Who make life dear to me—and if I fall  
That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.  
There was a likeness in his face to yours—  
I ask'd his brother's name: he said—Ordonio,  
Son of Lord Valdez! I had well nigh fainted.  
At length I said (if that indeed I said it,  
And that no spirit made my tongue its organ)  
That woman is dishonour'd by that brother,  
And he the man who sent us to destroy you.  
He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him  
He wore her portrait round his neck. He look'd  
As he had been made of the rock that propt his back—  
Aye, just as you look now—only less ghastly!  
At length recovering from his trance he threw  
His sword away, and bade us take his life—  
It was not worth his keeping.

*Ord.* And you kill'd him?

Oh blood-hounds! may eternal wrath flame round you!

He was the image of the Deity—(*A pause.*)

It seizes me—by hell, I will go on!

What—wouldst thou stop, man? thy pale looks wont save thee!

Oh cold—cold—cold—Shot through with icy cold!"

Nothing can be more finely conceived than this narrative. Its thrilling pathos belongs to the first class of tragic composition, and will even call to remembrance the manner of Schiller, without sustaining any injury by the association.

We now introduce our readers to the scene of the invocation the excellence of which, though in a very different style, is inferior to that of the last extract.

*(A strain of music is heard from behind the scene.)*

*Alv.* With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm  
I call up the departed! Soul of Alvar!  
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell!  
So may the gates of Paradise, unbarr'd,  
Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art one  
Of that innumerable company,  
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,  
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,  
With noise too vast and constant to be heard:  
Fittest unheard! for oh! ye numberless  
And rapid travellers! what ear unstunn'd,  
What sense unmaddened, might bear up against  
The rushing of your congregated wings?

*(Music.)*

Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head.

*(Music expressive of the movements and images that follow.)*

Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,  
That roar and whiten, like a burst of water;  
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion  
To the parch'd caravan that roams by night!  
And ye build up on the becalmed waves  
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven  
Stands vast, and moves in blackness!

Ye too split

The ice-mount! and with fragments many and huge,  
Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulfs  
Suck in perchance some Lapland wizard's skiff!  
Then round and round the whirlpool's maze ye dance,  
Till from the blue swollen corse the soul toils out,  
And joins your mighty army.

Soul of Alvar!

Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm!  
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang  
Of a half dead, yet still undying hope!  
Pass visible before our mortal sense,  
So shall the church's cleansing rights be done,  
Her knells and masses, that redeem the dead!

SONG.—*(Behind the Scenes.)*

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,  
Lest a blacker charm compel!  
So shall the midnight breezes swell  
With thy deep long-lingering knell.



And at ev'ning evermore,  
 In a chapel on the shore,  
 Shall the chanters sad and saintly,  
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,  
 Doleful masses chant for thee,  
 Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away,  
 On the yellow moonlight sea:  
 The boomen rest their oars, and say  
 Miserere Domine!\*

*Ord.* The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!  
 My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit  
 First on our sight, a passing visitant!  
 Give me more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,  
 'twere a joy to me!

*Alv.* A joy to thee!  
 What if thou heardst him now? What if his spirit  
 Entered its cold corse and came upon thee  
 With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?  
 What if (his steadfast eye still beaming pity  
 And brother's love) he turn'd his head aside,  
 That he should look at thee, and with one look  
 hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?

*Vald.* These are unholy fancies!

*Ord.* (*Struggling with his feelings*) Yes, my father!  
 He is in heaven!

*Alv.* (*Still to Ordonio*) But what if he had a brother,  
 Who had liv'd even so, that, at his dying hour,  
 The name of heaven would have convuls'd his face,  
 More than the death pang?

*Vald.* Idly prating man!  
 You hast guess'd ill: Don Alvar's only brother  
 Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!  
 He is most virtuous.

*Alv.* (*Still to Ordonio.*) What if his very virtues  
 Had pamper'd his swoln heart and made him proud?  
 And what if pride had dup'd him into guilt?  
 Yet still he stalk'd a self-created god.  
 Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning;  
 And one, that at his mother's looking-glass  
 Could force his features to a frowning sternness.  
 Young lord! I tell thee that there are such beings—  
 Rare, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,  
 To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,

\* This song was long ago surreptitiously published.

At ev'ry stir and buz of coward conscience,  
 Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites!  
 Away, away! Now let me hear more music.  
 (*Music again.*)

Act iii. Sc. 1.

The address to the spirit of Alvar is remarkable for the lofty flow of its versification, and for its highly poetical conceptions. We think there is here a visible imitation of the style of Milton; and we can bestow no higher praise than to say we think the attempt not unsuccessful. The grandeur and variety of the images, and the skill with which they are selected, remind us of some of the finest passages in the *Paradise Lost*. In this respect nothing can be more happy than the introduction of the *Lapland wizard's skiff*.—This wild and romantic appendage to the scene of terror is conceived in the true spirit of that great model, whom the author seems to have had in view.

The concluding speech of the preceding extract is characterized by remarkable energy. This, indeed, is one of the most distinguished qualities of Mr. Coleridge's style. The following passage also very forcibly expresses the stubborn pride, and self-defensive ferocity, of a bold bad man supposing himself beset by his enemies!

“ *Ord.* This, then, is my reward! and must I love her?  
 Scorn'd—shudder'd at! yet love her still? yes! yes!  
 By the deep feelings of revenge and hate,  
 I will still love her—woo her—*win* her too!  
 (*A pause.*) Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait  
 Found on the wizard—he, belike, self-poison'd  
 To escape the crueller flames.—My soul shouts triumph!  
 The mine is undermin'd! Blood! blood! blood!  
 They thirst for thy blood! *thy* blood, Ordonio!

(*A pause.*)

The hunt is up! and in the midnight wood,  
 With lights to dazzle, and with nets, they seek  
 A timid prey: and, lo! the tiger's eye  
 Glares in the red flame of his hunter's torch!  
 To Isidore I will despatch a message,  
 And lure him to the cavern!”

The cavern scene, in which the murder of Isidore is perpetrated, is finely terrific, and contains some very powerful description; but from this we can afford to make no extract. We hasten to the quotation of a few lines, of which the sentiment is so peculiarly touching, that in our sympathy we almost forget to admire the soft elegance with which it is conveyed.

In the beginning of the last act we have Alvar alone in his dungeon.

“ And this place my forefathers made for man!  
This is the process of our love and wisdom,  
To each poor brother who offends against us—  
Most innocent perhaps—and what if guilty?  
Is this the only cure? . . . . .

With other ministrations, thou, O Nature!  
Healest thy wand'ring and distemper'd child:  
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,  
Thy sunny hues, fair forms and breathing sweets,  
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,  
Till he relent and can no more endure  
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing,  
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy,  
But bursting into tears wins back his way;  
His angry spirit heal'd and harmoniz'd  
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.” Act v. Sc. 1.

We have now cited several of the passages with which we were most gratified on our perusal of this work. In order to give the reader a just notion of its merits, we ought next, perhaps, to lay before him some of those specimens of mean and flat composition by which its general character is depreciated. We think it sufficient, however, for the purpose, to remark, that they are faults principally arising from a careless remission of effort. Immediately on the close, and sometimes in the midst of a fine passage, the author's genius suddenly relaxes. His wing is unsteady, and after soaring to the skies, he is too often seen to grovel on the earth. Greater vigilance would certainly prevent these discreditable descents. Occasionally, however, his errors seem to be deliberate, and are owing not to want of care, but to perversion of taste; as, for instance, in the following perspicuous statement.

In the Future,  
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,  
The indistinguishable blots and colours  
Of the dim Past, collect and shape themselves,  
Upstarting in their own completed image,  
To scare or to reward.” Act ii. Sc. 2.

Or in this ingenious exposition of the effects of solitary confinement:

“ Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up.  
By ignorance and parching poverty,

His energies roll back upon his heart,  
 And stagnate and corrupt, till, chang'd to poison,  
 They break out on him like a loathsome plague spot."

.....

"So he lies

Circled with evil till his very soul  
 Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deform'd  
 By sights of evermore deformity."

Act v. Sc. 1.

In the preface, we are informed that this tragedy was written so long ago as in the year 1797 ;—that the person, at whose request it was undertaken, not only failed to patronise it, but, without the consent of the author, suffered it to pass into private circulation; making it, at the same time, the theme of his ridicule, and even misquoting the play and misrepresenting the author, to give his satire the keener edge ;—that he constantly neglected every request to return the manuscript ; and that the result of this injurious treatment was the suppression of the piece during the long period that has since elapsed.

This liberal patron is understood to be a gentleman distinguished for his own theatrical productions, and to whom, whatever other demerits are assignable, we have not been used to hear the praise of good nature or of good taste denied. In this instance, he appears to have been lamentably deficient in both these qualities, as well as in others much more important; and the public will not easily forgive a line of conduct, to which they probably owe not only the long suppression of Mr. Coleridge's dramatic efforts, but the publication of many of his rhapsodies and sonnets.



*A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Castlereagh, &c. &c. on the North American Export Trade during the War, &c. By Charles Lyne, 8vo. p. 46.*

*Letters addressed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Clancarty, President of the Board of Trade, on the inexpediency of permitting the importation of Cotton Wool, from the United States of America, during the present War. By John Gladstone, of Liverpool, 8vo. p. 35.*

[From the Literary Panorama, for May, 1813.]

THE war proclaimed by America against Britain, raises several important questions of policy ; some of which are rather novel in their nature or application. A country that depends on

the flourishing state of its manufactures for the support of its strength, must always be, to a certain degree, in the power of that people which furnishes the raw material of whatever fabric gives most employment to its population. To add to the present intricacy, the same country which furnishes the raw material has also been in the habit of purchasing great quantities of the manufactured goods. The cessation of intercourse with it, therefore, acts two ways: first, by depriving workmen of their accustomed supply, to reduce them to idleness and poverty; secondly, by inducing the grower to become also the manufacturer, whereby his wants being supplied, he will not renew that demand which formerly was found mutually beneficial. This is the present case between Britain and America, in respect to the finer kinds of cotton; and under these circumstances it becomes Britain to look around to every quarter from whence she can obtain a supply adequate to the purposes of that she formerly drew from America. The erection of manufactories competent to the supply of the Americans, an increasing people, may be viewed as a more remote danger; the cessation of the import of raw cotton from that country is instant. It is scarcely possible that the public, though aware of the importance of the subject, should be fully apprized of the different bearings of this inquiry, and, therefore, the information that practical men, alone, are capable of furnishing is peculiarly acceptable. From them we may at least expect to learn the actual state of things.

For instance, says Mr. Gladstone,

“ The cultivation of cotton in the United States has been nourished and extended by the demand from this country. Of late years, on an average, fully two fifths of the quantity consumed in our mills has been received from thence, consisting of about six seventh parts of boweds, [cottons,] and the remaining one seventh of Sea Islands, [cottons.] The first, with the exception of the qualities of India and Turkey, is the most inferior description used by the spinner; the last, with the exception of the cottons of Bourbon, the best that is imported: the bowed cottons until of late were only used for making the inferior kinds of goods, but their comparative lowness in price, and abundance in quantity, induced the spinners to make such alterations in their machinery, as enabled them to spin these *short staple cottons* into yarn of finer descriptions; by these means they have been used for the manufacture of such goods as were previously made from the better and long staple cottons of the Brazils and the West Indies; these goods could thus be afforded, and are sold at lower prices, but are, in point of fact, of inferior quality, and less durable in use, by which ultimately the goods must suffer in their reputation, and the maker in his interests, whenever circumstances may expose him to competition in foreign markets with those made from better cottons; but at present he may almost be said to be without a rival in the

markets that are open to him. In consequence the consumption of cotton is admitted to be at present as great as it has ever been in this country although America prohibits our goods, and Austria the import of yarn spun here of the lower qualities.

“ What I have stated respecting bowed cottons does not apply to Sea Islands; from these the best and finest descriptions of goods are manufactured, and for them it might be difficult, for some time, to find a substitute in sufficient quantity, although the usual supply does not, I believe, exceed twenty thousand bales, or about 6,000,000 pounds annually—small compared with the aggregate import.

“ The present annual consumption of cotton in the United Kingdom, is estimated to be from seventy to seventy-five millions of pounds; the stock now on hand, consisting chiefly of American, Brazil, and West India cottons is, I believe, admitted on all sides, to be fully equal to one year, and from that to fifteen months' consumption; an ordinary crop in the late Dutch and West-India Colonies exceeds twenty millions of pounds; the usual crop in the Brazils is estimated to exceed thirty millions more, and I am informed that a considerable surplus from former crops remains over in that country; to these may be added imports from Turkey, Spanish America, and captured cotton, independent of Indian supplies; these West-India and Brazil crops are now ready to ship, and in part actually shipping; the whole might be imported in the next six months, thus forming, with the stock on hand, a supply equal to near two years' consumption to be followed by succeeding crops and extended cultivation, encouraged by the protection that would then be afforded in the home market.”

That India, which supplies the finest cotton goods in the world, and has done so for ages, should not also furnish the finest species of cotton, looks very like a contradiction, and may well put theorists to a stand: but what shall we say of the introduction of the seed of the Bourbon and Sea Island cotton into the presidency of Madras, as an improvement? The produce of such *novelty*! in India, has been brought to London, has fetched the best price at market, and the cultivation of it may be expected to increase rapidly. Possibly the mode of treatment practised may partly explain this mystery. In India the cotton pod is allowed to become over ripe, and to fall on the ground, where it is swept into heaps; whereas in other countries the pod is gathered when it opens on the tree, before the strength of the fibre can be injured by over ripeness. That cottons of the very finest kinds may be raised in some parts of India cannot be doubted; but the difference of soil and exposure, must necessarily make a difference in the product. It is enough, however, for us to know that care and attention will render this article equal to any; the cheapness of labour in that country is beyond competition: and, in fact, the Chinese market is now supplied with cotton from India, and the American ships sail to China in ballast; which they would not do

if they could compete, in that market, with the production of India. Whatever may contribute to the prosperity of India demands our warmest patronage.

But there are other countries which produce cotton, and are willing to take our manufactured articles in return for it; these are surely entitled to all the advantages derivable from mutual intercourse. The Brazils, a friendly country, are welcome to whatever profit attends a larger cultivation of the plant. The West Indies furnish great quantities; and why they should not furnish much more, and of superior quality, unless there be some *natural* cause, there ought to be no political reason. The commodity might also be obtained from the Levant; but no stress of argument seems to be laid by any conversant with the subject, on the supply to be derived from that quarter. The proportions in which those countries might furnish a supply is stated by Mr. L. who says,

“ That, from different parts of the Brazils, namely, Maranhão, Pará, Paraíba, Siara, Pernambuco, Pernaíba, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, &c. places at the distance of from one to two and three months' sail at the very utmost, from Great Britain, we can bring hither about 270,000 bags of cotton wool, of various descriptions, of an average weight of 150lbs. each, making 40,500,000lbs.

“ That from our own colonies in the West Indies, of Surinam, Demerara, Berbice, Tobago, Barbadoes, Bahama, &c. we may expect about 66,635 bags, of an average weight of 290lbs. each, making 19,324,150lbs.

“ That from Surat and Bengal we may expect about 80,000 bales of an average weight of 340lbs. each, making 27,200,000lbs.

“ And thus, therefore, without counting on what we are likely to receive from the Island of Bourbon, now in our possession, or on what we may receive from the Spanish colonies, and from Turkey, and exclusive also of what we may also naturally expect by the capture of cotton in American vessels, it appears in the first place that we have now cotton wool in England to the amount of 86,800,000lbs. and that we may reasonably expect, from the places above enumerated, (if the entry of North American cotton be prevented,) the enormous quantity of 86,934,800lbs. making together the grand total of 173,734,800lbs. This, equal to the average consumption of our manufacturers for no less space of time than two years and four months and a half, carrying the period down to the very remote date of the middle of July, 1815, and moreover a portion of the additional quantity of 86,934,800lbs. is daily arriving, and the whole can and will probably be imported into Great Britain long before it be possible to consume what is now here; this, however, provided that due encouragement is given to that effect, by preventing the import of that from our enemies the North Americans; otherwise there is no ground for supposing that one half of the quantity, or any thing near it, will come.”



It is singular enough, that that description of cotton, now thought indispensable was formerly out of repute, and sold at a price so low that the spinners altered their machinery to enable them to take advantage of its cheapness. At the very worst, they can restore their machinery to its former state.

That America will manufacture when manufacturing yields a tempting profit, none can doubt; and as the raw material is a product of that country, neither power nor policy can prevent that event. But in the mean time, we also are at liberty to encourage the growth of what countries we please; and if *they* can beat America out of our market, no blame can possibly attach to us.

Mr. Lyne proceeds to argue the question of the possible drain of bullion from this country to pay the Americans, who will no longer receive our goods. We presume that this branch of the discussion is laid to rest, by the determination of the American legislature to suspend exportation, by neutrals; a measure concerning which our information will be more correct shortly. Mr. Lyne concludes his pamphlet with a copy of the memorial presented to Lord Liverpool by the merchants trading to Portugal and Brazil: who are mainly interested on this occasion.

It is not fair to come to any determination on a practical question, without having heard what the other side can allege. Much as we wish to render all our connexions and friends prosperous, the mode of accomplishing that purpose may admit of much controversy; and it certainly requires that the subject be thoroughly considered in all its bearings. America has thrown down the gauntlet; we have very reluctantly and slowly taken it up. We would not have animosity last for ever; neither would we put it into the power of America to say, "*this advantage we gained by our war with Britain.*" If after meeting with disappointments equal to those of her prime mover, Bonaparte, and after finding the balance of profit and loss against her—we mean against her happiness, peace, and concord, she inclines to renew her amity, we would meet her with frankness; but if in the mean time we have formed new connexions, have directed our commerce through other channels, and have distributed the wealth attendant on commerce to our friends in other parts of the world, let her not think that we will abandon those friends at her request; but let her consider that state of things as the result of her own policy, and for all the mortifying consequences, while she clears our will and wishes, let her thank herself, and her subserviency to the caprice of an unprincipled despot.

## ORIGINAL REVIEW.

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*n Historical Sketch of the origin, progress, and present state of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of the State of New-York.* New-York, printed by C. S. Van Winkle, 1812, pp. 52.

It is the just pride of our countrymen that an opportunity of acquiring a good education is in no other part of the world so common, or so easy of access. The disciples of Calvin introduced into Scotland, Switzerland and Connecticut, nearly at the same time, a system of education, accessible to persons in every situation in life, which is still the pride and boast of these countries. However we may feel disposed to condemn the fiery zeal of this sect of reformers, breathing destruction to the elegant and liberal arts, we must bear testimony to their usefulness in promoting the study of the severer sciences, and the general diffusion of the elements of useful knowledge. Carrying with them merely a spirit of enmity against all catholic establishments, they unconsciously effected the delivery of the countries in which they were successful, from the tyranny of scholastic institutions, and overturned those dogmas so prejudicial to science which long custom had sanctified, and even incorporated in the religious creed. For nothing are we more indebted to them than for the establishment of schools, not placed nor governed according to the caprice of ill-formed and interested founders, but distributed by law, proportionably to the number of inhabitants; forming a part of the constituted authority, and a powerful engine of government; powerful, however, from its limitations and effects, only unto good. This system of education appears to have spread, previous to the revolution, through all the eastern, and many of the middle states, and has since

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been adopted, by positive laws, in nearly every state of the union. To its wide diffusion appears to be owing that regularity in idiom, and that purity of expression, in the lower classes, throughout every part of this country, which is so much the astonishment of foreigners. While each of the kingdoms which compose the British empire; while every county, every petty district of country, has its own peculiar dialect; while every department of France has its *patois*; while the Saxon, the Austrian, and the Palatine Germans find difficulty in understanding each other, the natives of the different parts of the United States are more easily distinguished by the physical effects of climate on their constitution and appearance, than by any variety in their language; and this throughout approaches more nearly to the purity of written English, than the usual dialect of any part of the British nation, except the learned and noble orders.

The proverbial shrewdness of that portion of our countrymen vulgarly denominated Yankees, is set off, even in the lowest classes, with a polished language and address, totally different from the blunt manners and uncouth jargon of the natives of Yorkshire, in England, who resemble them in many striking characteristics. A few peculiarities do undoubtedly exist in most parts of the union, but they are rather in the use of particular words, than in general idiom. They are fast disappearing; and as attention and criticism are more and more directed towards purifying our orthography and elocution, we may confidently anticipate that they will, in a little while, be entirely eradicated. Even those words that are so unmercifully scourged, both by English writers, and critics of our own country, as *Americanisms*, do yet deserve a fair examination, before we give them up to condemnation. We do not allude to those coined by our diplomatic men, and epic poets; those are base coin, which do not pass current with the nation, and the guilt of which must rest on the heads of those that utter them. But there are certain words in common use among us which are stigmatized as being of American birth, but which, in fact, are used by us in the very sense in which they were employed by the best writers under Elizabeth and James I. They were brought over to this country in the early periods of the settlement, by those intelligent persons who fled hither from religious persecution. If, in the revolutions and capricious changes

of modern literature, these words have gone out of fashion, the charge of altering the language rests with British authors, not with us; and it betrays their own ignorance of their native tongue and standard works, to censure as innovations what we merely preserve unchanged from our common ancestors.

The reign of Anne is deservedly considered as the Augustan age of English literature. At that time, besides authors of the first genius, they possessed a language alike weeded from the cumbersome load of classical affectation that prevailed at the first revival of letters, and the imitation of French puerilities, which disgraced a later era. To the authors of this age we must still refer for many of the best models of style, and certainly for authorities for all pure and classical English words. The magnificent verbosity of Dr. Johnson, though in his own writings always respectable, and sometimes even admirable, from the lofty and enlarged mind which breathes throughout it, becomes ridiculous in his imitators, who frequently cover mere trifles and flimsy thoughts, under the ponderous mass of syllables, of *sesquipedalia verba*. Far as the English writers have deviated from the sterling simplicity of their language, we cannot but confess that ours have run still further into the same faults. A general affectation has prevailed among them of introducing, not the peculiarities of our colloquial idiom, but the most sonorous words of Latin or Greek origin to be met in the works of the English Lexicophanes, and phrases taken almost at random from several modern languages. Such practices as these in individuals cannot be stigmatized as a national idiom; they must die with their inventor; but they will probably be succeeded by other habits of writing not less revolting to the ear of taste. The cause of this must be looked for in our national education, so favourable to the intelligence of the mass of the people, but almost entirely unfit for fostering high advances, in either polite literature, or general science, at that age when alone the principles of good taste can be acquired. The result is, that we often find, in this country, accurate and extensive belles lettres learning, acquired by severe labour, at an advanced period of life, without correcting any formerly acquired habits of thinking, of conversing, or of writing. A most memorable instance of this we lately met with in a gen-

tleman, whose powers of mind and classical attainments reflect honour on the learned institution with which he is connected; this gentleman interrupted the course of his examination on Horace's Art of Poetry with a story, not bad in itself, of blue lions and red boars; breaking a train of thoughts worthy of his own reputation, and his elegant author, with the coarsest of Joe Miller's jokes; and yet, strange to relate, he was no stranger to the precept

—————"Servetur ad imum  
Qualis ab inepto processerit, et sibi constet."

Reading, writing, arithmetic, the rudiments of latin, and a trifle of geometry, are within the reach of every man in the eastern states who has the inclination to acquire them. In consequence, the intelligence of the population is greater than perhaps in any other country in the world. But in the true principles of equality, no distinction is made in the early stages of education, between him who is to guide the plough, and him who is to direct the affairs of state. Bred side by side, on the same form, they have the same habits both of grammatical construction in their conversation, and of pronunciation. To be sure they are separated soon; the one continues his studies, the other retires to that manual labour for which he is intended; but vicious habits of speaking and writing are contracted, which can never be entirely conquered. Thus, in proportion as the education of the mass of the people is better than in most European nations, that of persons intended for the liberal professions, for conducting the affairs of the nation, for exercising the legislative, judicial, and executive functions, is worse. The splendid talents and acquirements which have now and then appeared among us, are rather proofs of the immense progress that may be made, under even the worst circumstances, by unassisted genius, than of any adequate public education. Previous to our struggle for independence, our lawyers of eminence, our physicians, and the divines of the episcopal church, were either educated in the mother country, or obliged to conform themselves to its standard. Clergymen of other denominations were of necessity compelled to keep pace in their attainments with that church, or sink, by comparison,

public esteem ; persons of fortune and influence, more particularly from the southern states, went to Europe to complete their education : and thus it happened that at the breaking out of the revolutionary war, we had in the country, generals, financiers, legislators, and politicians, able to direct our steps in the career of liberty, through a contest with the then most powerful nation of Europe. This war produced effects on the interests of literature : more serious than are usually attendant on wars. Nearly the whole of the followers of the learned professions throughout the colonies, either drew their swords in defence of their country, Americans, or, if Britons, bade adieu, in disgust, to a people whose abuse their prejudices stigmatized as rebellious. The sacred function of ministers of a gospel of peace was no bar to the highest degree of party-rancour, nor any protection in the universal cry of *tyranny* on the one hand, or *rebel* on the other. Scanty and precarious indeed were the means of instruction of the rising generation ; so much so, that we have been in the habit of remarking, that those persons who boast of having been “rocked in the cradle of party mid the storms of a revolution,” show stronger evidence of a neglected education than either their elder or their younger countrymen.

On the return of peace, when public tranquillity and public prosperity were restored, attention was awakened to the languishing state of literature and education, and exertions were made in almost all parts of the union to revive them, and to restore what was lost ; though the immense distance to which we had fallen seemed to forbid all hopes of an approach, for many years, to a European standard.

The means adopted for these ends were various. In the eastern states they trusted to the resources of learning that were still left them : in the middle states encouragement was held out to learned foreigners, with considerable success, particularly in the branches of ethics and mathematics. But the greatest desideratum was in classical literature ; this had never, in its best times, risen to any height, but was now at the lowest ebb. We must confess that we are no advocates for a system of education, which would condemn our youth to the drudgery of merely committing to memory the words and terms, the scanning and parsing of the ancient languages ;

or of digging Greek roots, without any further advantage or improvement; though even this, as furnishing severe and active employment to a young mind, is not without its use; but we wish to see among our countrymen an accurate and intimate acquaintance with the ideas, the spirit, and the elegant turn of expression, of those authors, whose works must ever be considered as the most perfect models of fine writing. It is such an acquaintance alone that is admitted, throughout all Europe, as the test of a finished education. Mere bookworms, the dealers in the nice distinctions of words, or the hidden and little noticed meanings of particles and prepositions, we hold in little value, but we look up with respect and esteem to the real and accomplished scholar.

It is with regret, therefore, that we notice the unsatisfactory state of classical education in our colleges. In some it is flimsy and superficial, calculated to make empirics and dabblers; in others, a mere groundwork, which, as the opportunity of raising a superstructure thereon is not furnished, causes perhaps a greater waste of time than the first. We do not mean to say that exertions have not been made to remove these objections, particularly in the college at New-York, where a series of lectures on philology have for a year or two been conducted by an able hand; but the innovations in that seminary appear to have been made with more zeal than prudence; and calculated rather to raise the reputation of that college than to advance the real interests of learning. One of the great errors committed by our legislators, is the chartering such a multitude of colleges which confer degrees. In the British empire, where there are fifteen millions of people; where a much greater numerical proportion than with us pursue the liberal arts; where there is a numerous beneficed clergy, and a nobility, which, though perhaps not contributing to the literary glory, yet does certainly furnish a great part of the support of the learned institutions in that country, there are only seven colleges: of these seven, moreover, three are confined in their utility to their own immediate vicinities; so that Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh and Dublin, may be considered as the only universities capable of exerting an important influence on general literature. This circumstance produces in each of them a concentration of talent which is the glory of that country. In France, also, the number of learned



institutions of eminence is few. But with us the case is exactly the reverse. Though learned men are few, yet seminaries of learning of the highest pretensions abound; the consequence of which is, that many of them, invested with all the powers and dignities of colleges, will not bear a comparison with the grammar-schools of England, or the second grade of French schools. We copy from an advertisement (for even colleges advertise) the requisites for entering a college in the state of New-York; they are Virgil, Cicero, the Gospel of John in the Greek, and Webber's Arithmetic; and on this excellent foundation they will in four years' time build all the classical, mathematical, philosophical and ethical information, which is thought necessary for any liberal profession whatever. We must, indeed, confess, that very few years are gone by since such a preparation was considered sufficient throughout the union; and then we often met with bachelors of fifteen years of age, and masters of arts at eighteen; and these, we must do the justice to say, not inferior in attainments to their elder brethren. Nor are we perfectly sure that such qualifications would not be sufficient in some colleges of higher reputation and older standing.

The elementary education being thus happily provided for, plenty of colleges instituted, and their honours made as cheap, both in expense of time and money, as possible, it became necessary to render our country independent of Europe by providing courses of instruction in what are called the learned professions, and more particularly (as better care is usually taken of our bodies than our souls) in the science of medicine. The course of a medical education, throughout this country, is, we understand, an attendance on the lectures of some college for three years, during which time the candidate is entered as student or apprentice of some practising physician. At the end of this term a thesis is written (in English doubtless, for the benefit of such of the professors as have forgotten their latin) and publicly maintained by the candidate, who is never unsuccessful, and who, at the close of the examination, is complimented with all the rights and privileges appertaining to the degree of doctor of medicine. As in all other courses of education, where lectures are the chief mode of conveying instruction, every thing depends upon the application and memory of the student;

nor are there any checks upon inattention and stupidity. Many physicians, educated in this way, sink to the level of country practitioners, navy and army surgeons, and surgeons' mates, and even village apothecaries, in which capacities they lead a kind of indirect cannibal life, living on the carcasses of their fellow beings, and quietly swelling the list of weekly interments, without any danger from the laws; this being a class of offences, in which the legal maxim, *ignorantia neminem excusat*, is not enforced. But some candidates there be of more aspiring views; these, after having drained dry the little college at home, resort to Europe to finish their medical education. To this end they spend a year or two, nay, even take a degree, in Edinburgh; walk the London hospitals; visit the Hunterian museum, and adore the gilded pill which beams in Warwick Lane. Some even push to Paris and Rome, and having attended the garden of plants, cut up a number of subjects, explored the Palais Royal, attended lectures, theatres, operas, dined at the principal restaurateurs, and learned to distinguish *Vin de La Fite* from *Chateau Margeaux*, return, laden with knowledge, to astonish their simple countrymen, who have never stirred from home. For such aspiring spirits, the dull routine of practice, though very convenient in a pecuniary point of view, offers no inviting charms; they will stop at nothing less than the chair, the robes, and the honours of a professor. But here comes the rub: all cannot be professors, nor can each professor have the good fortune to be allotted to that branch of the art in which he thinks himself most calculated to shine. New institutions must arise to accommodate those who cannot find room in the old. These new ones, after a while, split, from similar causes, and others arise, until, at last, we have more colleges than can find students. And now, alas, begins the fatal dissensions, the jealousies and backbitings, that take place, when learned bodies come in contact, and jostle each other. Could their disputes be managed so as merely to excite, in the different competitors, a spirit of emulation, or could they be so arranged and accommodated as to form one institution, in which the whole talents of the faculty could be collected, New-York might soon boast of its medical school, second to none in the United States. But, unfortunately, the disastrous ambition of being

first, destroys the very principle of coöperation. Each man would rather stand a cipher by himself, than form a connexion with any neighbouring units, and share the aggregate importance. Each man, instead of courting an alliance with his learned cotemporaries, and forming an honourable bond of mutual advantage and respectability, looks round him among men of still smaller intellects, or more subservient dispositions, who will be content to follow in his train, and among whom he may look great by comparison. These evils, we fear, will continue to exist so long as colleges are multiplied and suffered to spring up like fungi. Nothing is easier than to get a charter from the well meaning, but scantily educated, country gentlemen who form the mass of a state legislature, and who think that the interests of science are promoted in a city by the multiplication of colleges, the same as the knowledge of spelling and reading are in the country, by multiplying school-houses. A charter once granted, it is easy to stock a college with professors, who, if deficient in profound knowledge, are, on the other hand, extremely reasonable in their terms; if they do not fit the student for rigorous examinations, they, at least, suit the examinations to the capacity of the student; and thus, by what are called *extraordinary facilities*, make out, in a very tolerable manner, to supply the place of essential requisites.

As to any general combination of medical science in New-York, the prospect at present seems more remote than ever. The very next winter, we understand, three formidable bodies are to take the field; one entrenched among the gray walls of Alma Mater, another bearing as a banner a fresh parchment charter from the Regents of the University, while a third masks its batteries, and wears the colours of a neighbouring state. Our politicians have often speculated on the possibility of fighting against two enemies, who were also enemies to each other, or of warring in a triangle—as unprofitable a business apparently as reasoning in a circle; but we have never seen it reduced to practice before.

The foregoing desultory ideas, and many more, which, for prudential reasons, we suppress, arose in our mind on looking over the pamphlet the title of which is prefixed to this paper. As to the work before us, however, and the college of which it gives the

history, we shall pass them by in perfect silence ; for which wary conduct, we have not merely the example of more experienced reviewers, but we have sufficient strong reasons of our own to authorize us. We are well aware that let us speak on the subject as we may, either praise or censure are sure to make us enemies. The learned college would never forgive us if we presumed to find fault, and should we dare to praise, we have all the rest of the medical world upon our backs ; even if avoiding Scylla on the right, and Charybdis on the left, might we not run on a shoal more formidable than either ? The maxim *medio tutissimus ibis* will not save us. We do not pretend to decide when doctors disagree. Besides, physicians are dangerous enemies ; we cannot tell when our lives may be at their mercy. We stand in awe of pills and syringes, patent draughts and pulvis jacobii ; of insidious cathartics and secret sudorifics. Gallipots and phials, lancets and amputating knives, present themselves in deadly array, and the portentous pestle and mortar even now, clang in our affrighted ears. Quitting the lofty tone, therefore, of reviewers, we most humbly beg pardon for whatever they may have seen amiss in this article. Ye mighty masters of the healing art, spare us—bring us your aid when fevers burn ; when colics wring, and gout and rheumatism gnaw, and we in return will spare you—though you may lay yourselves open and become vulnerable at every pore, we will not attack you. Though you be divided among yourselves, we will not attempt to unite you by giving you a common enemy.

R.

# SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

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## BRITISH LITERATURE.

[From the Edinburgh Review of Mad. de Staël.]

WE come now to the literature of the north—by which name Mad. de Staël designates the literature of England and Germany, and on which she passes an encomium which we scarcely expected from a native of the south. She startles us a little, indeed, when she sets off with a dashing parallel between Homer and Ossian; and proceeds to say that the peculiar character of the northern literature has all been derived from that patriarch of the Celts, in the same way as that of the south of Europe may be ultimately traced back to the genius of Homer. It is certainly rather against this hypothesis, that the said Ossian has only been known to the readers and writers of the north for about forty years from the present day, and has not been held in especial reverence with those who have most distinguished themselves in that short period. However, we shall suppose that Mad. de Staël means only, that the style of Ossian reunites the peculiarities that distinguish the northern school of letters, and may be supposed to exhibit them such as they were before the introduction of the classical and southern models. We rather think she is right in saying that there is a radical difference in the taste and genius of the two regions; and that there is more melancholy, more tenderness, more deep feeling and fixed and lofty passion, engendered among the clouds and mountains of the north, than upon the summer seas or beneath the perfumed groves of the South. The causes of the difference are not perhaps so satisfactorily stated.

Mad. de Staël gives the first place to the climate.

Les rêveries des poètes peuvent enfanter des objets extraordinaires; mais les impressions d'habitude se retrouvent nécessairement dans tout ce que l'on compose. Eviter le souvenir de ces impressions, ce seroit perdre le plus grand des avantages, celui de peindre ce qu'on a soi-même éprouvé. Les poètes du midi mélangent sans cesse l'image de la fraîcheur, de bois touffus, des

ruisseaux limpides à tous les sentimens de la vie. Ils ne se retracent pas même les jouissances du cœur, sans y mêler l'idée de l'ombre bienfaisante, qui doit les préserver des brûlantes ardeurs du soleil. Cette nature si vive qui les environne, excite en eux plus de mouvemens que de pensées. C'est à tort, ce me semble, qu'on a dit que les passions étoient plus violentes dans le midi que dans le nord. On y voit plus d'intérêts divers, mais moins d'intensité dans une même pensée; or c'est la fixité qui produit les miracles de la passion et de la volonté. Les peuples du nord sont moins occupés des plaisirs que de la douleur; et leur imagination n'en est que plus féconde. Le spectacle de la nature agit fortement sur eux; et elle agit, comme elle se montre dans leurs climats, toujours sombre et nébuleuse." P. 254, 255.

Another characteristic is the hereditary independence of the northern tribes—arising partly from their scattered population and inaccessible retreats, and partly from the physical force and hardihood which their way of life, and the exertions requisite to procure subsistence in those regions, necessarily produced. Their religious creed, too, even before their conversion to christianity, was less fantastic, and more capable of leading to heroic emotions than that of the southern nations. The respect and tenderness with which they always regarded their women, is another cause (or effect) of the peculiarity of their national character; and, lastly, their general adoption of the protestant faith has tended to confirm that character. For our own part, we are inclined to ascribe more weight to the last circumstance than to all the others that have been mentioned; and that not merely from the better education which it is the genius of protestantism to bestow on the lower orders, but from the necessary effect of the universal study of the scriptures which it enjoins. A very great proportion of the protestant population of Europe is familiarly acquainted with the bible; and there are many who are acquainted with scarcely any other book. Now, the bible is not only full of lessons of patience, and humility, and compassion, but abounds with a gloomy and awful poetry, which cannot fail to make a powerful impression on minds that are not exposed to any other, and receive this under the persuasion of its divine origin. The peculiar character, therefore, which Mad. de Staël has ascribed to the people of the north in general, will now be found, we believe, to belong only to such of them as profess the reformed religion; and to be discernible in all the communities that maintain that profession, without much regard to the degree of latitude which they inhabit, though at the same time it is undeniable, that its general adoption in the north must be explained by some of the more general causes which we have shortly indicated above.

The great fault which the French impute to the writers of the

north, is want of taste and politeness. They generally admit that they have genius ; but contend that they do not know how to use it ; while their partisans maintain, that what is called want of taste is merely excess of genius, and independence of pedantic rules and authorities. Mad. de Staël, though admitting the transcendent merits of some of the English writers, takes part, upon the whole, against them in this controversy ; and, after professing her unqualified preference of a piece compounded of great blemishes and great beauties, compared with one free of faults, but distinguished by little excellence, proceeds very wisely to remark, that it would be still better if the great faults were corrected—and that it is but a bad species of independence which manifests itself by being occasionally offensive : and then she attacks Shakspeare, as usual, for interspersing so many puerilities, and absurdities, and *grossièretés*, with his sublime and pathetic passages.

Now, there is no denying that a poem would be better without faults ; and that judicious painters use shades only to set off their pictures, and not blots. But there are two little remarks to be made. In the *first* place, if it be true that an extreme horror at faults is usually found to exclude a variety of beauties, and that a poet can scarcely ever attain the higher excellencies of his art, without some degree of that rash and headlong confidence which naturally gives rise to blemishes and excesses, it may not be quite so absurd to hold, that this temperament and disposition, with all its hazards, deserves encouragement, and to speak with indulgence of faults that are symptomatic of great beauties. There is a primitive fertility of soil that naturally throws out weeds along with the matchless crops which it alone can bear ; and we might reasonably grudge to reduce its vigour for the sake of purifying its produce. There are certain savage virtues that can scarcely exist in perfection in a state of complete civilization ; and, as specimens, at least, we may wish to preserve, and be allowed to admire them, with all their exceptionable accomplishments. It is easy to say that there is no necessary connexion between the faults and the beauties of our great dramatist ; but *the fact* is, that since men have become afraid of falling into his faults, no one has approached to his beauties ; and we have already endeavoured, on more than one occasion,\* to explain the grounds of this connexion. But our *second* remark is, that it is not quite fair to represent the controversy as arising altogether from the excessive and undue indulgence of the English for the admitted faults of their favourite authors, and their persisting to idolize Shakspeare, in spite of his buffooneries, extravagancies, and bombast. We admit that he has those faults ;

\* See our remarks on Franklin, vol. VIII. p. 329, &c. ; and on Burns, vol. XIII. p. 250, &c.



and, as they are faults, that he would be better without them : but there are many things which the French call faults, which we consider as beauties. And here, we suspect, the dispute does not admit of any settlement, because both parties, if they are really sincere in their opinion, and understand the subject of discussion, may very well be right, and for that very reason incapable of coming to any agreement. We consider taste to mean merely the faculty of receiving pleasure from beauty ; and, so far as relates to the person *receiving* that pleasure, we apprehend it to admit of little doubt, that the best taste is that which enables him to receive the greatest quantity of pleasure from the greatest number of things. With regard to the author again, or artist of any other description, who pretends to *bestow* the pleasure, his object, of course, should be, to give as much, and to as many persons, as possible ; and especially to those who, from their rank and education, are likely to regulate the judgment of the remainder. It is his business, therefore, to ascertain what does please the greater part of such persons, and to fashion his productions according to the rules of taste which may be deduced from that discovery. Now, we humbly conceive it to be a complete and final justification for the whole body of the English nation, who understand French as well as English, and yet prefer Shakspeare to Racine, just to state, modestly and firmly, the fact of that preference ; and to declare, that their habits and temper, and studies and occupations, have been such as to make them receive far greater pleasure from the more varied imagery—the more flexible tone—the closer imitation of nature—the more rapid succession of incident, and vehement bursts of passion of the English author, than from the unvarying majesty—the elaborate argument—and epigrammatic poetry of the French dramatist. For the taste of the nation at large we really cannot conceive that any other apology can be necessary ; and though it might be very desirable that they should agree with their neighbours upon this point as well as upon many others, we can scarcely imagine any upon which their disagreement could be attended with less inconvenience. For the authors, again, that have the misfortune not to be so much admired by the adjoining nations as by their own countrymen, we can only suggest, that this is a very common misfortune ; and that, as they wrote in the language of their country, and will probably be always most read within its limits, it was not perhaps altogether unwise or unpardonable in them to accommodate themselves to the taste which was there established.

Mad. de Staël has a separate chapter upon Shakspeare ; in which she gives him full credit for originality, and for having been the first, and perhaps the only considerable author, who did not copy from preceding models, but drew all his greater

conceptions directly, from his own feelings and observations. His representations of human passions, therefore, are incomparably more true and touching, than those of any other writer; and are presented, moreover, in a far more elementary and simple state, and without any of those circumstances of dignity or contrast with which feeble artists seem to have held it indispensable that they should be set off. She considers him as the first writer who has ventured upon the picture of overwhelming sorrow and hopeless wretchedness;—that desolation of the heart which arises from the long contemplation of ruined hopes and irreparable privation;—that inward anguish and bitterness of soul which the public life of the ancients prevented them from feeling, and their stoical precepts interdicted them from disclosing. The German poets, and some succeeding English authors, have produced a prodigious effect by the use of this powerful instrument; but nothing can exceed the original sketches of it exhibited in *Lear*, in *Hamlet*, in *Timon of Athens*, and in some parts of *Richard* and of *Othello*. He has likewise drawn, with the hand of a master, the struggles of nature under the immediate contemplation of approaching death; and that without those supports of conscious dignity or exertion with which all other writers have thought it necessary to blend or to contrast their pictures of this emotion. But it is in the excitement of the two proper tragic passions of pity and terror, that the force and originality of his genius are most conspicuous; pity not only for youth and innocence, and nobleness and virtue, as in *Imogen* and *Desdemona*, *Brutus* and *Coriolanus*—but for insignificant persons like the *Duke of Clarence*, or profligate and worthless ones like *Cardinal Wolsey*;—terror, in all its forms, from the madness of *Lear*, and the ghost of *Hamlet*, up to the dreams of *Richard* and *Lady Macbeth*. In comparing the effects of such delineations with the superstitious horror excited by the mythological persons of the Greek drama, the vast superiority of the English author cannot fail to be apparent. Instead of supernatural beings interfering, with their cold and impassive natures, in the agitations and sufferings of men, Shakspeare employs only the magic of powerful passion, and of the illusions to which it gives birth. The phantoms and apparitions which he occasionally conjures up to add to the terror of the scene, are in truth but a bolder personification of those troubled dreams, and thick coming fancies, which harrow up the souls of guilt and agony; and even his sorcery and incantation are but traits of the credulity and superstition which so frequently accompany the exaltation of the greater passions. But perhaps the most miraculous of all his representations, are those in which he has portrayed the wanderings of a disordered intellect, and especially of that species of distraction which arises from excess of sorrow. Instead of being purely terrible, those scenes are, in his

hands, in the highest degree touching and pathetic; and the wildness of fancy, and richness of imagery which they display, are even less admirable than the constant, though incoherent expression of that one sentiment of agonizing grief which had overborne all the faculties of the soul.

Such are the chief beauties which Mad. de Staël discovers in Shakspeare; and though they are not perhaps exactly what an English reader would think of bringing most into notice, it is interesting to know what strikes an intelligent foreigner, in pieces with which we ourselves have always been familiar. The chief fault she imputes to him, besides the mixture of low buffoonery with tragic passion, are occasional tediousness and repetition—too much visible horror and bloodshed—and the personal deformity of Caliban and Richard III.; for all which we shall leave it to our readers to make the best apology they can.

Mad. de Staël thinks very poorly of our talent for pleasantry; and is not very successful in her delineation of what we call humour. The greater part of the nation, she says, lives either in the serious occupations of business and politics, or in the tranquil circle of family affection. What is called society, therefore, has scarcely any existence among them; and yet it is in that sphere of idleness and frivolity that taste is matured, and gayety made elegant. They are not at all trained, therefore, to observe the finer shades of character and of ridicule in real life; and, consequently, neither think of delineating them in their compositions, nor are aware of their merit when delineated by others. We are unwilling to think this perfectly just; and are encouraged to suspect that the judgment of the ingenious author may not be altogether without appeal on such a subject, by observing, that she represents the paltry flippancy and disgusting affectation of Sterne, as the purest specimen of true English humour; and classes the character of Falstaff along with that of Pistol, as instances of that vulgar caricature from which the English still condescend to receive amusement. It is more just, however, to observe, that the humour, and in general the pleasantry, of our nation, has very frequently a sarcastic and even misanthropic character, which distinguishes it from the mere playfulness and constitutional gayety of our French neighbours; and that we have not, for the most part, succeeded in our attempts to imitate the graceful pleasantry and agreeable trifling of that people. We develop every thing, she maintains, a great deal too laboriously; and give a harsh and painful colouring to those parts which the very nature of their style requires to be but lightly touched, and delicately shaded. We never think we are heard unless we cry out;—nor understood, if we leave any thing untold:—an excess of diffuseness and labour which could never be endured out of our own island. It is curious enough, indeed, to observe, that men who

have nothing to do with their time but to get rid of it in amusement, are always much more impatient of any kind of tediousness in their entertainers, than those who have but little leisure for entertainment. The reason is, we suppose, that familiarity with business makes the latter habitually tolerant of tediousness; while the pursuits of the former, in order to retain any degree of interest, require a very rapid succession and constant variety. On the whole, we do not think Mad. de Staël very correct in her notions of English gayety; and cannot help suspecting, that she must have been rather unfortunate in her society during her visit to this country.

Her estimate of our poetry, and our works of fiction, is more unexceptionable. She does not allow us much invention, in the strictest sense of that word; and still less grace and sprightliness in works of a light and playful character:—but, for glowing descriptions of nature—for the pure language of the affections—for profound thought and lofty sentiment, she admits that the greater poets of England are superior to any thing else that the world has yet exhibited. Milton, Young, Thomson, Goldsmith, and Gray, seem to be her chief favourites. We do not find that Cowper, or any later author, had come to her knowledge. The best of them, however, she says, are chargeable with the national faults of exaggeration, and “*des longueurs*.” She overrates the merit, we think, of our novels, when she says, that with the exception of *La Nouvelle Heloise*, which belongs exclusively to the genius of the singular individual who produced it, and has no relation to the character of his nation, all the novels that have succeeded in France have been undisguised imitations of the English, to whom she ascribes, without qualification, the honour of that meritorious invention.

“Ce sont eux qui ont osé croire les premiers, qu’il suffisoit du tableau des affections privées, pour intéresser l’esprit et le cœur de l’homme; que ni l’illustration des personnages, ni l’importance des intérêts, ni le merveilleux des événemens n’étoient nécessaires pour captiver l’imagination, et qu’il y avoit dans la puissance d’aimer de quoi renouveler sans cesse et les tableaux et les situations, sans jamais lasser la curiosité. Ce sont les Anglais enfin qui ont fait des romans des ouvrages de morale, où les vertus et les destinées obscures peuvent trouver des motifs d’exaltation, et se créer un genre d’héroïsme.

“Il règne dans ces écrits une sensibilité calme et fière, énergique et touchante. Nulle part on ne sent mieux le charme de cet amour protecteur, qui dispensant l’être foible de veiller à sa propre destinée, concentre tous ses desirs dans l’estime et la tendresse de son défenseur.” Tome 1. p. 321.

The last chapter upon English literature relates to their philosophy and eloquence; and here, though the learned author seems

aware of the transcendent merit of Bacon, we rather think she proves herself to be unacquainted with that of his illustrious contemporaries, or immediate successors, Hooker, Taylor and Barrow—for she places Bacon as the only luminary of our sphere in the period preceding the Usurpation, and considers the true era of British philosophy as commencing with the reign of King William. We cannot admit the accuracy of this intellectual chronology. The character of the English philosophy is to be patient, profound, and always guided by a view to utility. They have done wonders in the metaphysic of the understanding; but have not equalled De Retz, La Bruyere, or even Montaigne, in their analysis of the passions and dispositions. The following short passage is full of sagacity and talent.

“ Les Anglais ont avancé dans les sciences philosophiques comme dans l'industrie commerciale, à l'aide de la patience et du temps. Le penchant de leurs philosophes pour les abstractions sembloit devoir les entraîner dans des systèmes qui pouvoient être contraires à la raison; mais l'esprit de calcul, qui régularise, dans leur application, les combinaisons abstraites, la moralité, qui est la plus expérimentale de toutes les idées humaines, l'intérêt du commerce, l'amour de la liberté, ont toujours ramené les philosophes anglais à des résultats pratiques. Que d'ouvrages entrepris pour servir utilement les hommes, pour l'éducation des enfans, pour le soulagement des malheureux, pour l'économie politique, la législation criminelle, les sciences, la morale, la métaphysique! Quelle philosophie dans les conceptions! quel respect pour l'expérience dans le choix des moyens!

“ C'est à la liberté qu'il faut attribuer cette émulation et cette sagesse. On pouvoit si rarement se flatter en France d'influer par ses écrits sur les institutions de son pays, qu'on ne songeoit qu'à montrer de l'esprit dans les discussions même les plus sérieuses. On pousoit jusqu'au paradoxe un système vrai dans une certaine mesure; la raison ne pouvant avoir un effet utile, on vouloit au moins que le paradoxe fût brillant. D'ailleurs sous une monarchie absolue, on pouvoit sans danger vanter, comme dans le Contrat Social, la démocratie pure; mais on n'auroit point osé approcher des idées possibles. Tout étoit jeu d'esprit en France, hors les arrêts du conseil du roi: tandis qu'en Angleterre, chacun pouvant agir d'une manière quelconque sur les résolutions de ses représentans, l'on prend l'habitude de comparer la pensée avec l'action, et l'on s'accoutume à l'amour du bien public par l'espoir d'y contribuer.” II. 5-7.

She returns again, however, to her former imputation of “longueurs,” and repetitions, and excessive development; and maintains, that the greater part of English books are obscure, in consequence of their prolixity, and of the authors' extreme anxiety to be perfectly understood. We suspect a part of the confusion is owing to a want of familiarity with the language. In point of

fact, we know of no French author so concise as Hume or Smith ; and believe we might retort the charge of *longueurs*, in the name of the whole English nation, upon one half of the French classic authors—upon their Rollin and their Massillon—their D'Alembert—their Buffon—their Helvetius—and the whole tribe of their dramatic writers :—while as to repetitions, we are quite certain that there is no one English author who has repeated the same ideas half so often as Voltaire himself—certainly not the most tedious of the fraternity. She complains also of a want of warmth and animation in our prose writers. And it is true that Addison and Shaftesbury are cold ; but the imputation only convinces us the more, that she is unacquainted with the writings of Jeremy Taylor, and that illustrious train of successors which has terminated, we fear, in the person of Burke. Our debates in parliament, she says, are more remarkable for their logic than their rhetoric ; and have more in them of sarcasm than of poetical figure and ornament. And no doubt it is so—and *must* be so—in all the discussions of permanent assemblies, occupied from day to day, and from month to month, with great questions of internal legislation or foreign policy. If she had heard Fox or Pitt, however, or Burke or Windham, or Grattan, we cannot conceive that she should complain of our want of animation ; and, warm as she is in her encomiums on the eloquence of Mirabeau, and some of the orators of the first revolution, she is forced to confess, that our system of eloquence is better calculated for the detection of sophistry, and the effectual enforcement of all salutary truth. We really are not aware of any other purposes which eloquence can serve in a great national assembly.



#### DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF CHARLES I.

THE public curiosity, during the month, has been interested by the discovery of the body of Charles the First at Windsor. Our readers will recollect that Lord Clarendon excited a strong feeling on this subject by his account of the vain endeavours to discover the body of Charles after the Restoration. It was said in his time that the republicans had had the address to bury Cromwell under the obelisk in Red-Lyon-square, and to place the body of Charles in the coffin of Cromwell in Westminster-Abbey ; so that when the body of that great man was disgracefully condemned to be hung on the gallows at Tyburn, and the head separated from the body, it was conceived that the indignity had been offered to the body of the royal martyr. Such was the opinion in the time of Lord Clarendon, confirmed by the vain search after the body of Charles. Clarendon died in the year 1673, and his



history was not published till 1704. In the interim, however, about 1700, as Mapletop tells us in his History of Windsor, the vault of Henry the Eighth was opened to deposite in it the body of a still-born child of the Princess Anne, and in that vault was found the coffin of Charles the First, on which was placed that of the infant. This accorded, too, with the account published in Wood's *Athence Oxonienses*, and Saunderson's Life of Charles; yet Lord Clarendon's subsequent publication revived and continued doubts on the subject. However, it seems, that, while the workmen engaged in opening the royal vaults to deposite the body of the late Duchess of Brunswick, were making a subterraneous passage from the middle of the choir to the new Royal Mausoleum, they accidentally broke away a part of the vault of Henry VIII. which was not then intended to be opened. The precise spot of Henry's vault being thus ascertained, a strong desire prevailed to satisfy all doubts on the subject of Charles. The regent being therefore at Windsor, on the day after the funeral of the Duchess of Brunswick, he was consulted about the mode of exploring these royal remains, which he directed to be *immediately* done in his presence. The leaden coffin was cut open by the plumber from the head to a little below the chest, and a body appeared covered over with a cerecloth. On carefully stripping the head and face, the countenance of Charles I. immediately appeared, in features apparently as perfect as when he lived. His severed head had been carefully adjusted to the shoulders; and the most perfect resemblance to his portraits was remarked in the oval shape of the head, the pointed beard, &c. On lifting up the head the fissure made by the axe was clearly discovered, and the flesh, though somewhat darkened, was found to be in a tolerably perfect state. In the same vault was also found a decayed leaden coffin, containing the remains of Henry VIII. but they consisted of nothing more than the skull, with some hair on the chin, and the principal limb bones. But we have been favoured with the following interesting extract from Sir Henry Halford's Narrative, and have much satisfaction in submitting it to our readers:

“On removing the pall, a plain leaden coffin, with no appearance of ever having been enclosed in wood, and bearing an inscription, ‘King Charles, 1648,’ in large legible characters, on a scroll of lead encircling it, immediately presented itself to the view. A square opening was then made in the upper part of the lid, of such dimensions as to admit a clear insight into its contents. These were, an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and the body, carefully wrapped in cerecloth, into the folds of which a quantity of unctuous or greasy matter, mixed with resin, as it seemed, had been melted, so as to exclude, as effectually as possible, the external air. The coffin was completely full; and,



from the tenacity of the cerecloth, great difficulty was experienced in detaching it successfully from the parts which it enveloped. Wherever the unctuous matter had insinuated itself, the separation of the cerecloth was easy; and when it came off, a correct impression of the features to which it had been applied was observed in the unctuous substance. At length the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The complexion of the skin of it was dark and discoloured. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone; but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full; though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the period of the reign of King Charles, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the unctuous matter between it and the cerecloth, was found entire.

“It was difficult, at this moment, to withhold a declaration, that, notwithstanding its disfigurement, the countenance did bear a strong resemblance to the coins, the busts, and especially the pictures of King Charles I. by Vandyke, by which it had been made familiar to us. It is true, that the minds of the spectators of this interesting sight were well prepared to receive this impression; but it is also certain that such a facility of belief had been occasioned by the simplicity and truth of Mr. Herbert’s Narrative, every part of which had been confirmed by the investigation, so far as it had advanced; and it will not be denied that the shape of the face, the forehead, an eye, and the beard, are the most important features by which resemblance is determined.

“When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and, without any difficulty, was taken up and held to view. It was quite wet, and gave a greenish red tinge to paper, and to linen which touched it. The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect, and had a remarkably fresh appearance; the pores of the skin being more distinct, as they usually are when soaked in moisture; and the tendons and ligaments of the neck were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and, in appearance, nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark brown colour; that of the beard was a redder brown; on the back part of the head, it was more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king.

“On holding up the head, to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably; and the fourth cervical vertebra was

found to be cut through its substance, transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even, an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow, inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles the First.

“After this examination of the head, which served every purpose in view, and without examining the body below the neck, it was immediately restored to its situation, the coffin was soldered up again, and the vault closed.”

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### AFRICANA.

[From Jackson's Account of the Empire of Marocco.]

*The Venomous Spider, (Tendaraman.)*—This beautiful reptile is somewhat similar to a hornet in size and colour, but of a rounder form; its legs are about an inch long, black, and very strong; it has two bright yellow lines, latitudinally crossing its back; it forms its web octagonally between bushes, the diameter being two or three yards; it places itself in the centre of its web, which is so fine as to be almost invisible, and attaches to whatever may pass between those bushes. It is said to make always towards the head before it inflicts its deadly wound. In the cork forests the sportsman, eager in his pursuit of game, frequently carries away on his garments the tendaraman, whose bite is so poisonous, that the patient survives but a few hours.

*Charmers of Serpents: Aisawie.*—These Aisawie have a considerable sanctuary at Fas. They go to Suse in large bodies about the month of July to collect serpents, which they pretend to render harmless by a certain form of words, incantation, or invocation to (Seedy ben Aisah) their tutelary saint. They have an annual feast, at which time they dance and shake their heads quickly, during a certain period, till they become giddy, when they run about the towns frantic, attacking any person that may have a black or dark dress on; they bite, scratch and devour any thing that comes in their way. They will attack an unjumma, or portable fire, and tear the lighted charcoal to pieces with their hands and mouths. I have seen them take the serpents which they carry about, and devour them alive, the blood streaming down their clothes. The incredible accounts of their feats would fill a volume; the following observations may suffice to give the reader an idea of these extraordinary fanatics. The buska and the el effah here described, are enticed out of their holes by them; they handle them with impunity, though their bite is ascertained to be mortal; they put them into a cane basket, and throw it over their shoulders: these serpents they carry about the country, and exhibit them to the people. I have seen them play with them,

and suffer them to twist round their bodies in all directions, without receiving any injury from them. I have often inquired how they managed to do this, but never could get any direct or satisfactory answer; they assure you, however, that faith in their saint, and the powerful influence of the name of the divinity, *Isim Allah*, enables them to work these miracles: they maintain themselves in a miserable way, by donations from the spectators before whom they exhibit. This art of fascinating serpents was known by the ancient Africans, as appears from the *Marii* and *Psilii*, who were Africans, and showed proofs of it at Rome.

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#### WESTERN BRANCH OF THE NILE.

AN African manuscript, written by Seedi Mohammed ben Amran Soudanie, who, however, I do not quote as an author of the first respectability, has the following passage, which I have translated for the curious reader. "Respecting the Neele it has been ascertained by various travellers, that it hath (besides many inferior) two principal sources, one of which latter is the larger source, and rises at the foot of the jibble Kumri, (*i. e.* a chain of mountains which extend from east to west across Africa, passing through lat. N. 10°,) north of Genowa, (Guinea,) where it forms a lake or swamp, out of which proceeds another river, which, passing N. W. through Soudan, discharges itself near Asenagha, (Senegal,) in the El Bahar Kabeer; (*i. e.* the western or Atlantic ocean;) the larger source proceeds northward, and entering the country of Bambara, takes an eastern direction, and passing through the city of Segoo, Jinnée, and Kabra near Timbuctoo, it continues its course through Wangara; between the two latter cities, it receives from the south two auxiliary streams of considerable magnitude, which increase it so that the whole flat country of Wangara is one immense morass, formed by the overflowing of the waters; one of these auxiliary streams falls into the Neele 10 erhellat (*i. e.* 10 days' journey) east of Timbuctoo; the other at Wangara, and the whole body of accumulated water, hence aptly denominated the Neele El Kabeer, (the great Nile,) proceeds eastward till it communicates with the Neele Masser; (the Nile of Egypt;) the distance between the source of the greater Nile and its junction with the Nile of Egypt, is 99 erhellat of continual travelling."

In confirmation of the opinion that there is a navigable communication between Timbuctoo in Soudan, and Cairo in Egypt, says Mr. Jackson, the following circumstance was related to me by a very intelligent man, who has, at this time, an establishment in the former city:

In the year 1780, a party of seventeen Jinnie negroes proceeded in a canoe to Timbuctoo, on a commercial speculation; they

understood the Arabic language, and could read the Koran; they bartered their merchandise several times during the passage, and reached Cairo after a voyage of fourteen months, during which they lived upon rice and other produce, which they procured at the different towns they visited; they reported that there are twelve hundred cities and towns, with mosques or towers in them, between Timbuctoo and Cairo, built on or near the banks of (the Nile el Abeede, and the Nile Massar) the Nile of Soudan, and the Nile of Egypt.

During this voyage they remained in many towns several days, when trade, curiosity, or inclination, induced them to sojourn: in three places they found the Nile so shallow, by reason of the numerous channels which are cut from the main stream, for the purpose of irrigating the lands of the adjacent country, that they could not proceed in the boat, which they transported over land, till they found the water flowing again in sufficient body to float it; they also met with three considerable cataracts, the principal of which was at the entrance from the west of Wangara; here also they transported the boat by land, until passing the fall of water they floated it again in an immense (merja) lake, whose opposite shore was not visible; at night they threw a large stone overboard, as a substitute for an anchor, and watch was regularly kept to guard against the attacks of crocodiles, elephants, and river horses, which abound in various parts. When they arrived at Cairo they joined the great accumulated caravan of the west, called Akkabah el Garbie, and proceeded therewith through Barca, Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers and Angad, to Fas and Marocco, where they joined the Akka caravan, and again reached Jinnie, after an absence of three years and two months.

Finally it appears from the corroborating testimony of all who have performed the journey from Timbuctoo to Egypt, that the country contiguous to the Nile el Abeede is rich and productive, that the banks of the river are adorned with an incredible number of cities and towns of incalculable population, that the Mohammedan religion prevails, that the Arabic is the general language spoken throughout these countries. The cities and towns are crowded with mosques, having square towers attached to them; fondaques, or caravanseras, for the accommodation of travellers, are spacious and convenient, so that we may conclude that the banks of the Nile el Abeede from Timbuctoo to the confines of Egypt, may be as populous as the banks of any river in China.

[How far, then, from correct was the sentiment of the ancients, that the interior of Africa was an uninhabitable desert! Will the Mohammedan religion forever boast the proud distinction of having penetrated into regions, the very existence of which was unknown to Christendom? Will not the energies of our countrymen direct their inquiries, by means of Marocco, to the interior of Africa, Timbuctoo, &c. ?]

## BIOGRAPHY OF FOURCROY.

[From Annals of Philosophy.]

LITERARY men may be divided into three classes. Some make a great figure during their lifetime; but death erases their names from the annals of science, and they sink into the grave and obscurity at once. Such were Dr. Mead and Sir John Hill. Some are little known during their lifetime, and spend their days in obscurity and penury; but when death has once closed the scene, their reputation rises untarnished by envy, and unsullied by emulation, and flows on like a mighty river, the broader, and deeper, and greater, the farther it advances. Such, in some respects, were Kepler and Scheele. Some are so unfortunate, through imprudence, or a perverse train of circumstances, neither to acquire reputation during their lives, nor after their death; while their more fortunate cotemporaries, with less labour, and less merit, gather all the laurels which they had earned. It would be invidious to mention the names of any who unfortunately belong to this class; but they will readily occur to every one acquainted with the history of science. Every tyro in algebra is familiar with Cardan's rules for the solution of cubic equations, while the name of the real discoverer of these rules is scarcely known, except to mathematical antiquaries. M. de Fourcroy, the subject of this article, made so conspicuous a figure during his lifetime, that it would by no means surprise us if he should finally take his place among that class of literary men whom we characterized in the first place: not that he wanted merit; for it is not so much merit, as a regard to distributive justice, which leads to the classification. Who will be hardy enough to affirm that Churchill wanted merit as a poet? During his short and rapid literary career he appeared to wield the thunderbolts in his hand, and was an object of dread and adoration, like a kind of divinity. But where is his reputation now? It has sunk, since his death, as much below the true level, as it rose above it during his lifetime. And this we believe will always be the case. Mankind will atone for the excessive adulation which they pay to a man during his lifetime, by a corresponding negligence after his death.

Antoine François de Fourcroy, Comte of the French Empire, councillor of state, commander of the legion of honour, member of the institute, and of most scientific societies in Europe, professor of chymistry at the museum of natural history, professor of the faculty of medicine at Paris, and teacher in the polytechnic school,

was born at Paris, on the 15th of June, 1755, and was the son of Jean Michel de Fourcroy and of Jeanne Laugier.

His family had long resided in the capital, and several of his ancestors had distinguished themselves at the bar. One of them during the reign of Charles IX. was honoured with the epithet of *fori decus*.

Antoine François de Fourcroy sprung from a branch of the family that had gradually sunk into poverty. His father exercised in Paris the trade of an apothecary, in consequence of a charge which he held in the house of the Duke of Orleans. The corporation of apothecaries having obtained the general suppression of all such charges, M. de Fourcroy, the father, was obliged to renounce his mode of livelihood; and his son grew up in the midst of the poverty produced by the monopoly of the privileged bodies in Paris. He felt this situation the more keenly, because he possessed from nature an extreme sensibility of temper. When he lost his mother, at the age of seven years, he attempted to throw himself into her grave. The care of an elder sister preserved him with difficulty till he reached the age at which it was usual to be sent to the college. Here he was unlucky enough to meet with a brutal master, who conceived an aversion to him, and treated him with cruelty. The consequence was a dislike to study; and he quitted the college at the age of 14, somewhat less informed than when he went to it.

His poverty now was such, that he was under the necessity of endeavouring to support himself by commencing writing-master. He had even some thoughts of going upon the stage; but was prevented by the hisses bestowed upon a friend of his, who had unadvisedly entered upon that perilous career, and was treated in consequence without mercy by the audience. While uncertain what plan to follow, the advice of Viq. d'Azyr induced him to commence the study of medicine.

This great anatomist was an acquaintance of M. de Fourcroy, the father. Struck with the appearance of his son, and the courage with which he struggled with his bad fortune, he conceived an affection for him, and promised to direct his studies, and even to assist him during their progress. The study of medicine to a man in his situation was by no means an easy task. He was obliged to lodge in a garret, so low in the roof that he could only stand upright in the centre of the room. Beside him lodged a water-carrier, with a family of 12 children. Fourcroy acted as physician to this numerous family; and in recompense was always supplied with abundance of water. He contrived to support himself by giving lessons to other students, by facilitating the researches of richer writers, and by some translations which he sold to a bookseller. For these he was only half paid; but the



conscientious bookseller offered, 30 years afterwards, to make up the deficiency, when his creditor was become director general of public instruction.

Fourcroy studied with so much zeal and ardour that he soon became well acquainted with the subject of medicine. But this was not sufficient. It was necessary to get a doctor's degree; and all the expenses, at that time, amounted to 250*l.* sterling. An old physician, Dr. Diest, had left funds to the faculty to give a gratuitous degree and license, once every two years, to the poor students who should best deserve them. Fourcroy was the most conspicuous student at that time in Paris. He would therefore have reaped the benefit of this benevolent institution, had it not been for the unlucky situation in which he was placed. There happened to exist a quarrel between the faculty charged with the education of medical men and the granting of degrees, and a society recently established by government for the improvement of the medical art. This dispute had been carried to a great length, and had attracted the attention of all the frivolous and idle inhabitants of Paris. Viq. d'Azyr was secretary to the society, and of course one of its most active champions, and was in consequence particularly obnoxious to the faculty of medicine at Paris. Fourcroy was unluckily the acknowledged protégée of this eminent anatomist. This was sufficient to induce the faculty of medicine to refuse him a gratuitous degree. He would have been excluded in consequence from entering upon the career of a practitioner, had not the society, enraged at this treatment, and influenced by a violent party spirit, formed a subscription, and contributed the necessary expenses.

It was no longer possible to refuse M. de Fourcroy the degree of doctor when he was thus enabled to pay for it. But above the simple degree of doctor there was a higher one, entitled *docteur regent*, which depended entirely upon the votes of the faculty. It was unanimously refused to M. de Fourcroy. This refusal put it out of his power afterwards to commence teacher in the medical school, and gave the medical faculty the melancholy satisfaction of not being able to enrol among their number the most celebrated professor in Paris. This violent and unjust conduct of the faculty of medicine made a deep impression in the mind of Fourcroy, and contributed not a little to the subsequent downfall of that powerful body.

Fourcroy being thus entitled to practise in Paris, his success depended entirely upon the reputation which he could contrive to establish. For this purpose he devoted himself to the sciences connected with medicine, as the shortest and most certain road by which he could reach his object. His first writings showed no predilection for any particular branch of science. He wrote



upon chymistry, anatomy, and on natural history. He published an *Abridgment of the History of Insects*, and a *Description of the Bursæ Mucosæ of the Tendons*. This last piece seems to have given him the greatest celebrity: for in 1785 he was admitted, in consequence of it, into the academy of sciences as an anatomist; but the reputation of Bucquet, which at that time was very high, gradually directed his particular attention to chymistry, and he retained this predilection during the rest of his life.

Bucquet was at that time professor of chymistry in the medical school of Paris, and was then greatly celebrated and followed, on account of his eloquence and the elegance of his language. Fourcroy became in the first place his pupil, and soon after his particular friend. One day, when an unforeseen disease prevented him from lecturing as usual, he entreated M. de Fourcroy to supply his place. The young philosopher at first declined, and alleged his total ignorance of the method of addressing a popular audience. But, overcome by the persuasions of Bucquet, he at last consented; and in this his first essay, he spoke two hours without disorder or hesitation, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his whole audience. Bucquet soon after substituted him in his place, and it was in his laboratory and in his class-room that he first made himself acquainted with chymistry. He was enabled at the death of Bucquet, in consequence of an advantageous marriage which he had made, to purchase the apparatus and cabinet of his master; and although the faculty of medicine would not allow him to succeed to the chair of Bucquet, they could not prevent him from succeeding to his reputation.

There was a kind of college established in the king's garden, which was at that time under the superintendance of Buffon, and Macquer was the professor of chymistry in this institution. On the death of this chymist, in 1784, Lavoisier stood candidate for the chair. But Buffon received more than a hundred letters in favour of Fourcroy; and the voice of the public was so loud in his favour, that he was appointed to the situation, in spite of the high reputation of his antagonist, and the superior interest that might be supposed to result from his fortune and his situation.

Fourcroy continued professor at the Jardin des Plantes during the remainder of his life, which lasted 25 years; and such was his eloquence, or so well was it fitted to the taste of the French nation, that his celebrity as a lecturer continued always upon the increase: so great also were the crowds, both of men and women, that flocked to hear him, that it was twice necessary to enlarge the size of the lecture-room. I had myself an opportunity of hearing him lecture two or three times, and must acknowledge that I found it difficult to account for the celebrity which he enjoyed.

His style was precisely similar to that of his books, flowing and harmonious, but very diffuse, and destitute of precision; and his manner was that of a *petit maitre*, mixed with a good deal of pomposity, and an affectation of profundity. There must be something, however, in such a manner, capable of attracting the generality of mankind; for I know a professor who possesses as much of it as is consistent with the British character, and who is far inferior to Fourcroy as a man of science; who, nevertheless, enjoys within his own sphere nearly the same degree of popularity that Fourcroy did in his.

We must now notice the political career which Fourcroy ran, during the progress of the revolution. In a country where political changes were going on with so much rapidity, and where every description of men were successively had recourse to, it was not possible that a professor so much admired for his eloquence could escape observation. Accordingly, he was elected a member of the national convention, in the autumn of 1793. The national convention, and France herself, were at that time in a state of abject slavery; and so sanguinary was the tyrant who ruled over that unhappy country, that it was almost equally dangerous for the members of the convention to remain silent, or to take an active part in the business of that assembly. Fourcroy, notwithstanding his reputation for eloquence, and the love of *eclat*, which appears all along to have been his domineering passion, had good sense enough to resist the temptation, and never opened his mouth in the convention till after the death of Robespierre. This is the more to be wondered at, and is a greater proof of prudence, as it is well known that he took a keen part in favour of the revolution, and that he was a determined enemy to the old order of things, from which he had suffered so severely at his entrance into life.

At this period he had influence enough to save the life of some men of merit: among others, of Darcet, who did not know the obligation he lay under to him till long after. At last his own life was threatened, and his influence of course utterly annihilated.

During this unfortunate and disgraceful period, several of the most eminent literary characters of France were destroyed; among others Lavoisier; and Fourcroy has been accused of contributing to the death of this illustrious philosopher, his former rival, and his master in chymistry. How far such an accusation is deserving of credit, I for my part have no means of determining; but Cuvier, who was upon the spot, and in a situation which enabled him to investigate its truth or falsehood, acquits Fourcroy entirely of the charge, and declares that it was urged against him merely out of envy at his subsequent elevation. "If in the rigor-

ous researches which we have made," says Cuvier, in his Eloge of Fourcroy, "we had found the smallest proof of an atrocity so horrible, no human power could have induced us to sully our mouths with his elege, or to have pronounced it within the walls of this temple, which ought to be no less sacred to honour than to genius."

Fourcroy began to acquire influence only after the 9th Thermidor, when the nation was wearied with destruction, and when efforts were making to restore those monuments of science, and those public institutions for education, which, during the wantonness and folly of the revolution, had been overturned and destroyed. Fourcroy was particularly active in this renovation, and it was to him chiefly that almost all the schools established in France, for the education of youth, are to be ascribed. The convention had destroyed all the colleges, and universities, and academies, throughout France. The effects of this ridiculous abolition soon became visible. The army stood in need of surgeons and physicians, and there were none educated to supply the vacant places. Three new schools were founded for educating medical men. They were nobly endowed, and still continue connected with the University of Paris. The term *schools of medicine* was proscribed as too aristocratical. They were distinguished by the ridiculous appellation of *schools of health*. The *polytechnic school* was next instituted, as a kind of preparation for the exercise of the military profession, where young men could be instructed in mathematics and natural philosophy, to make them fit for entering the schools of the artillery, of genius, and of the marine. The central schools is another institution for which France is indebted to the efforts of Fourcroy. The idea was good, though it has been very imperfectly put in execution. It was to establish a kind of university in every department, for which the young men were to be prepared by means of a sufficient number of inferior schools scattered through the department. But these inferior schools have never been either properly established, or endowed; and even the central schools themselves have never been supplied with proper masters. Indeed, it would have been impossible to have furnished such a number of masters at once. On that account an institution was established at Paris, under the name of *Normal School*, for the express purpose of educating a sufficient number of masters to supply the different central schools.

Fourcroy, either as member of the *convention*, or of the *council of ancients*, took an active part in all these institutions, both as far as regarded the plan and the establishment. He was equally concerned in the establishment of the Institute, and of the *Museum d'Histoire Naturelle*. This last was endowed with the

utmost liberality, and Fourcroy was one of the first professors ; as he was also in the school of medicine, and the polytechnic school. He was equally concerned in the restoration of the university, which constitutes the most splendid part of Bonaparte's reign, and the part which will be longest remembered with gratitude and applause.

The violent exertions which M. de Fourcroy made in the numerous situations which he filled, and the prodigious activity which he displayed, gradually undermined his constitution. He himself was sensible of his approaching death, and announced it to his friends as an event which would speedily take place. On the 16th of December, 1809, after signing some despatches, he suddenly cried out, *Je suis mort*, and dropt lifeless on the ground.

He was twice married: first to Mademoiselle Bettinger, by whom he had two children; a son, an officer in the artillery, who inherits his title; and a daughter, Madame Foucaud. He was married a second time to Madame Belleville, the widow of Vailly, by whom he had no family. He left but little fortune behind him; and two maiden sisters who lived with him, depended, for their support, upon his friend M. Vauquelin.

The character of M. de Fourcroy is sufficiently obvious. It was exactly fitted to the country in which he lived, and the revolutionary government, in the midst of which he was destined to finish his career. Vanity was his ruling passion, and the master spring of all his actions. It was the source of all the happiness, and of all the misery of his life; for every attack, from what quarter soever it proceeded, was felt by him with equal acuteness. The sneer of the most ignorant pretender, or the most obscure paper, affected him just as much as if it had proceeded from the most profound philosopher. It is needless to observe, after this, how much he must have suffered from the various parties into which the French chymists divided themselves: all of which were more or less hostile to him, excepting the one which he himself headed. His occupations were too numerous, and his elocution too ready, to put it in his power either to make profound discoveries, or to compose treatises of great depth or originality. The changes which took place in the science of chymistry were brought about by others, who were placed in a different situation, and endowed with different talents: but no man contributed so much as Fourcroy to the popularity of the Lavoisierian opinions, and the rapidity with which they were propagated over France, and most countries in Europe. His eloquence drew crowds to hear him, and persuaded his audience to embrace his opinions.

He must have possessed an uncommon facility in writing, for his literary labours are exceedingly numerous. Besides those essays which have been already noticed, he published five edi-

tions of his System of Chymistry, each of them gradually increasing in size and value; the first edition being in two volumes, and the fifth in ten. This last edition he wrote in 16 months. It contains a vast quantity of valuable matter, and contributed considerably to the general diffusion of chymical knowledge. Its fault is the diffuseness of the style, and the want of correct references. The readers of Fourcroy's system would suppose that all the discoveries in chymistry have been made by the French, and that other nations have contributed comparatively little to the stock of chymical knowledge; whereas, in reality, the very opposite is the truth. A much greater number of important chymical discoveries have been made in Britain than in France; and the British chymists have contributed prodigiously to the raising of that beautiful fabric which we at present admire.

Perhaps the best of all Fourcroy's productions is his *Philosophy of Chymistry*, which is remarkable for its conciseness, its perspicuity, and the neatness of its arrangement.

Besides these works, and the periodical work called *Le Medicin Eclairé*, of which he was the editor, there are above 160 papers on chymical subjects, with his name attached to them as the author, which appeared in the Memoirs of the Academy of the Institute, in the Annales de Chimie, or the Annales de Museum d'Histoire Naturelle, of which last work he was the original projector. As in most of these papers the name of Vauquelin is associated with his own, as the author, and as during the publication of those which appeared with his own name alone, Vauquelin was the operator in his laboratory, it is not possible to determine what part of the experiments were made by Fourcroy, and what by Vauquelin; but there is one merit, at least, which cannot be refused Fourcroy, and it is no small one. He formed and brought forwards Vauquelin, and proved to him ever afterwards a most steady and indefatigable friend. This is bestowing no small panegyric on his character; for it would have been impossible to have retained such a friend through all the horrors of the French revolution, if his own qualities had not been such as to merit so steady an attachment. I have taken no notice of the labours of M. de Fourcroy in the chymical part of the *Encyclopedie Methodique*, though they are rather voluminous, because I conceive them of inferior importance to those which I have noticed.

## AN ANCIENT TRADITION,

Relative to the effigy of an armed knight, recumbent upon a tomb-stone, in the Church of Tolleshunt Knights, Essex.

[From the *Sporting Magazine*.]

A LEARNED doctor of the holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, some few years since, presented the world with a pamphlet, setting forth the actual operation of a miraculous cure, at the well of Saint Winifred, in Wales; let us see whether we also cannot perform something in the miraculous line, for the amusement at least, if not for either the instruction or conversion, of our readers; always duly acknowledging our inferiority to his reverence above quoted, in that our miracle is of the ancient, his of the modern stamp; with the reserve, however, of whether such accident may or may not be deemed a mark of inferiority.

Some few years of my early life were spent in the vicinity of the ancient parish of Tolleshunt Knights, or, as it is locally and vulgarly called, Tolleshunt Bushes, in the county of Essex, a few miles N. E. of the town of Malden. That parish, together with its immediate neighbour, Tolleshunt Darcey, formed a part of the patrimony of the noble family of D'Arcey. My childish curiosity was powerfully attracted by the little church of Tolleshunt Knights, with its wooden steeple and three candlestick bells; by its lonely sequestered situation, but still more by a tomb of soft chalky stone, within side the church, and in juxtaposition to, if I recollect rightly at this distance of time, the northern wall. Upon this tomb, recumbent at full length, frowned an armed hero of our iron age. At his feet were two canine figures, somewhat defaced by time, or sacrilegious and boorish hands. The whole appeared then, namely, about one-and-fifty years ago, to have just received the benefit of a modern white-washing. The old tradition respecting this hero, to which I repeatedly listened among the tales of the evening, strongly interested my attention, and I well recollect the traces of that kind of impression which it made upon my mind, such as to excite these opposite cogitations—could such a tale possibly be fact, or could it possibly be related without any ground of fact? It was indeed, at that time, in full currency among all the old women and children of the parish; doubtless honoured with entire credence by some, as well as other ancient fables, and half believed by all. The wonderful feats achieved by this heroic and self-devoted victim of patriotism, had been handed down from



the primitive age in which they were performed, and the relation runs as follows :

Once upon a time, there existed a great dispute among certain proprietors, as to the particular spot where a manor house, to be called Barn Hall, afterwards situated where a house of that name at present actually stands, within four or five miles of the little church of Tolleshunt Knights, should be built. Its erection, it seems, was attempted in the neighbourhood of the church, but, for some supernatural reasons, which customarily in these cases are not always assigned, as fast as either the foundation was laid, or the walls run up by day, the whole was, with equal certainty, torn up, or pulled down, and carried clean away, by night. This nightly operation, too, was attended by portentous and frightful noises, and appalling sights, heard and seen, or not, yet related and believed, and great dismay fell upon all the parish. No doubt but these sights were too tremendous to be witnessed by any but those by whom it was proper they should be seen; and it is well known, that upon all such solemn occasions, there are such people. At length, one man generously offered to take upon himself the consequences, be whatever they might, of his neighbours' misfortunes or errors. And this scape-goat hero, suffering his neighbours to retire quietly to their beds, at night-fall boldly marched to the dreadful spot, armed *cap-a-pie*, and attended only by his two faithful spayed bitches. About twelve o'clock at night, the moon and stars suddenly retired behind the scenery of black clouds, as if to get out of harm's way; the lightning flashed incessantly; the thunder growled minute guns; the winds rattled, with all the usual accompaniments in such a concert, when, in a furious whirlwind, up arose—the devil! When two game-cocks meet a battle is inevitable; and in natural conformity, the devil and the knight instantly set to, and surely enough a dreadful combat there was, although no bottle-holder, or second, or other living soul of a spectator was at hand, to see or hear, or take note of the rounds, the devil, the knight, and the two spayed bitches aforesaid, only excepted. But witnesses are quite unnecessary in far more important similar relations. After a round of five minutes' hard fighting, in which each combatant stood up to his man without flinching, or attempting the indulgence of a fall, the devil, quite blown, made a full stop, and resting upon the immense infernal club with which he was armed, (I really imagined I saw the battle and heard the dialogue, so well were they related to me,) thus catechised the valorous knight, his antagonist—"Who helped you?" To this the wary and religious knight made answer, "God and myself, and my two spayed bitches." In an instant to it again they went, ding dong, but in five minutes more the well-lathered and jaded devil made another



p, and, supporting himself upon his club, bellowed out, "helped you?" The religious knight again replied, "God myself, and my two spayed bitches." After the third setting according to my informants, more terrible than either of the two, or both knight and devil, it seems, had rare plucks, the usual was made, and question asked; but whether from the power of the mortal sin in the knight, or that he had, after all, a white feather in his wing, or from whatever error or backsliding it might be, he made the fatal blunder to answer, "myself and God, and my two spayed bitches"—putting himself before God! The reader, recollecting the necessarily fatal consequences of a slip in the knight, will not be at all surprised, that from the moment his ghostly enemy had full power over him, soul, body, and chattels, including his two spayed bitches. Satan, rolling his goggle eyes, belching forth fire and flames from his mouth and nostrils, and lashing his infernal flanks with his tail, he let out a roar, which shook all the neighbouring lands, and wakened all the good people out of their first sleep. The poor knight was, at the next moment, discomfited and slain; trampling over his fallen enemy, the victorious devil exclaimed in a voice which shook air, earth, and hell, "be you buried by land or by sea, in church or churchyard, I will have you." Seizing his club, he threw it five miles, saying, wherever it fell, there Barn Hall shall be built. And behold it came to pass that Barn Hall was built upon the very spot on which the club alighted, and the said club became the main beam of the hall. Things thus far settled, with the becoming resignation of the people, it became next an inquiry in what manner to dispose of the body of the fallen knight, so that it might be preserved safe from the claws of Satan; when it was proposed by a pious elder, skilled in cheating the devil, to *bury it in the wall*, contiguous to which I found its representative, in the tower as no doubt he fought, and his two spayed bitches with it.

I collect, however, some discrepancy in the above relation, as it not only happens in ancient traditions. It is often the case of a poor man's death, and sometimes before, that he has swallowed three black crows, as Smollett well knew. And many have supposed the story to be relative to building the church instead of the manor house, a supposition which, true or false, will have little effect upon the great truths of the combat. The real ground of the tradition, at last, may be, that in some period of the feudal ages, when landmarks were uncertain, and property insecure, some powerful persons had an interest in a house or church being erected on a certain spot, and

so embraced the measures already related, working in part by actual force, and partly upon the superstitious fears of the people. Reasons of state might promote the maintaining the credit of this story, so well countenanced by the tomb-stone adjoining the wall, and the figures of the two spayed bitches; and there is nothing improbable, that the knight there buried might have actually fallen in some such dispute; or that a real tradition, garnished by various and customary additions, may have been handed down through a long series of ages. I do not find in Kirby, or in any history of Essex which has come under my notice, any thing beyond a mere mention of this monument, which seems to be of very high antiquity; nor have I heard of its fate of late years, any further than the information, about three years since, as I passed within three or four miles of the church, that it still exists. How many old stories, in far higher veneration than the above, Mr. Editor, might be traced to the source of reasons of state, had we but permission to use our wits in the research? But hush! hush!—we shall wake the children—or their nurses.



#### MR. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE'S FIRST APPEARANCE AT DRURY LANE.

WE have felt much interested in the fate of Mr. Payne, who once attracted so much attention in this country as a youthful Roscius; and who, in the true spirit of American enterprise, had gone out to England, unpatronised and alone, to try his fortunes before a London audience.

It is with great satisfaction that we find the London publications unanimous in his praise: from among a variety, we select the following criticism that appeared in the *Globe* of June 5th, as bearing the appearance of judgment and impartiality.

“The tragedy of *Douglas* was last night represented; and introduced to the notice of a London audience, as the hero of the piece, a young gentleman of very considerable dramatic powers. In the representative of the brave, ingenuous *Douglas*, “the young eaglet of a valiant nest,” we expect to see elegance of form and intelligence of feature—the *Douglas* of last night, as far as a theatrical spectator has an opportunity of judging, pos-

both. His person is slender, but well-proportioned; his enance animated and expressive. In the formation of his ior, nature has been very bountiful—but her gifts have not d there: through the whole of his performance, traits of a , ingenious and discriminating, were very frequently observa-  
Indeed, from the variety of novelties which the *debutant* in-iced in the course of the evening it is most evident, that, far considering himself bound to imitate, either the style of acting n to us traditionally, of those who originally filled the charac-or yet the course pursued by his cotemporaries, he has ed for himself. His delivery of the text abounded in new ngs; and though we cannot, in all instances, congratulate him s success, yet we gladly acknowledge, that in many passages alterations which he introduced, sometimes of *emphasis*, and times of *punctuation*, were judicious. But even where, in opinion he erred, his very error, evidently the offspring of an e and inquisitive mind, which, in the ardency of youth, does always lead to just conclusions, filled us with a much rger presentiment of his ultimate excellence, than if he had ared before us

‘Coldly correct, and classically dull.’

h a performance, where, on the one hand, there is nothing to se, and, on the other, there is nothing to censure—such a ormance, neither soaring into masculine strength, nor softening feminine beauty, can only excite one feeling, (if that can be so ed, which exists only when all other feeling is nearly extinct,) of *oscitancy*. Far different was last night’s representation *Douglas*. It is true it did not exhibit one continued blaze of ace; but the coruscations of genius, the flashes of a mind, ly sensitive, replete with the finest feeling, might be every scene. With the opening speech of *Douglas*, we less, we were not pleased. The frequent transition of voice, ch had rather an unpleasant effect, is entirely unnecessary. e performer was desirous of appearing with all the simplicity n uncultured youth. But, in the pursuit of that simplicity, he asionally lost sight of nature. Labouring to appear *artless*, his became apparent. His reply to *Lord Randolph*, which al- it immediately follows—

‘I know not how to thank you. Rude I am  
In speech and manners; never till this hour  
Stood I in such a presence,’ &c.

delivered with an energetic modesty, a chastened feeling, in-

dicating at once the pleasure he experienced, and the sense of humility which prevented him from giving full scope to his feelings, finely descriptive of the character. In that interview with *Lady Douglas* where the secret of his birth is revealed to him, we were delighted with several bursts of passion. That passage, in which he imagines the distresses of his mother—

————— ‘It is, it must be so—  
Your countenance confesses that she’s wretched.  
O! tell me her condition! Can the sword—  
Who shall resist me in a parent’s cause?’

was given with all the anxiety which the desire to learn the fate of a parent, and to avenge her wrongs, may be supposed to excite.—In the quarrel with *Glenalvon*, if we except the speech, beginning

‘Sir, I have been accustomed all my days  
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth;’

(throughout the whole of which the conflict between the pride which conscious rectitude imparts—a pride, which, in *Douglas*, is sublimated by the knowledge of his noble birth—and that prudence which counsels him to conceal the secret which trembles on his tongue, were accurately expressed)—with the exception of that passage, he was too boisterous. His dying scene was excellent. *Douglas* only laments his fate because he is cut off from the career of glory. To exhibit, throughout his last moments, the tremulous voice, the cheerless countenance, the nerveless limbs, of an ordinary being, would be to forget the hero in the man. The new performer evinced much discrimination here—and, when he repeated the lines—

‘O! had I fall’n as my brave fathers fell,  
Turning, with fatal arm, the tide of battle,  
Like them then I should have smil’d and welcom’d death!’

his voice, momentarily, assumed more strength—‘the hectic of a moment passed across his face’—his limbs, for an instant, appeared reinvigorated.

“On the whole, we were much pleased with the performance; the more particularly so, as we understand the *debutant* had not a regular rehearsal in the character. The errors which we observed were evidently the offspring of inexperience—errors which require very little effort to eradicate. His voice, which is sweet and powerful, was sometimes overstrained; and his action,

ough he was not very profuse of it, was sometimes violent, and, consequently, ungraceful. Defects like these, where the physical and mental powers exist, are soon corrected.

“Mrs. Powell, of Covent Garden Theatre, sustained the character of *Lady Randolph*, in consequence of the absence of Miss Smith, whose attendance was precluded by the sudden and dangerous indisposition of her mother. Mrs. Powell performed with all her characteristic excellence.

“We find in a morning paper, that the *Douglas* of last night, upon whose performance we have commented, is Mr. John Howard Payne, a native of the United States, in North America, and designated as the *Roscius* of the New World; and the reason that his name has not been heretofore announced to the public, arose altogether from his own modest solicitation to have studiously concealed; as he was ardently desirous to stand or fall in the estimation of a British public, by the force and bearing of his professional talents, wholly unaided by any adventitious aid.”

Another paper observes, that in the course of his exhibition, he “rose gradually from respectable acting, to striking personification, and ended in greatness.”

“The applause he received at his first approach was ardent and universal; he acknowledged the auspicious kind greeting of the audience by several grateful obeisances. It was pleasing to observe the singular eagerness of the audience to hear the well-known speech in which *Norval* acquaints us with his name, and the events that first brought him into notice. This speech, from its length, is a laborious task to the reciter, let him be ever so well fitted for the task; it is too long, and is a very severe trial of haste recitation to any performer. Mr. Payne’s delivery and manner were more than merely good, though there was no opportunity for display.

“His new readings were judicious and remarkable:—

“‘My name is *Norval*,’ fell from him with original and attractive force. He made a pause between my name is, and *Norval*, i. e. my name is—*Norval*. The rest of this part was delivered (though with diffidence) in clear, distinct, generally harmonious enunciation, correct emphasis, and happy effect, as the applause testified, and gave an earnest of that which he would obtain in the course of his representation.

“In the quarrel scene, ‘Sir, I have been accustomed all my

days,' which was finely given in a cool, and at the same time, forceful and dignified manner—

‘ False as thou art, do'st thou suspect my truth'—

“ Mr. Payne, with great propriety and discrimination, gave his reading thus :—

‘ FALSE as THOU art, do'st thou suspect MY truth !’

“ In the last scene, the passage—

‘ The villain came behind me—BUT I SLEW HIM,’

received three distinct rounds of applause, called forth by the well chosen pause, and admirable change of manner and tone.

“ With regard to Mr. Payne's dress, nothing could have been more classically elegant and appropriate, (if we except the sandals.) Great taste was shown in the display of the ornaments, and the graceful adaptation of the dress to his person and figure. It was perfectly characteristic—and what we particularly remarked, as a novelty of much importance, the dress was not changed, as has been customary. The history of this dramatic action does not certainly justify the change made by any of Mr. Payne's predecessors, nor could it be in reality at all probable that at such a time, place and occasion, *Norval* should have put off his first suit. The time of the action is less than one day. The modern military bonnet, not worn in *Norval's* time, was most judiciously thrown aside, and an ancient Scotch bonnet, with the eagle plume, used in its place.

“ The ancient and characteristic Scotch dagger, with a knife and fork attached, was also fastened in Mr. Payne's belt, and produced a novel effect. We must defer to another criticism our further remarks on Mr. Payne's new readings, and proceed now to an observation which we should be unjust to withhold. Though our duty to the public, and our reverence for science, will oblige us from time to time to take the liberty of admonishing Mr. Payne, and of offering him suggestions for his improvement, truth will bear us out in declaring our opinion that Mr. Payne possesses all the intrinsic requisites of a great actor, and that many of those requisites were exhibited at his *debut*, though they were not developed in their full extent.

## FARTHER GUESSES AT THE AUTHOR OF JUNIUS.

“Sit mihi fas audita loqui.”

MR. URBAN,

April 12, 1813.

YOUR correspondent L. R. I. in your Magazine for February last, gives a hint for the *Bibliomania*, by which it appears probable that the author of Junius might be discovered; and perhaps this would be sufficient for your readers in America, where I am positively informed, upon authority I have no reason to doubt, “Junius’s own copy of his letters, bound in vellum with gilt leaves,” certainly was before his death, and in all probability is at present; although the possessor, who received it from the *hands of Junius*, is altogether ignorant, that, when the volumes were presented to him, with a set of Blackstone’s Commentaries, some other books, and several prints, &c. he accepted them from an author who had excited so great an interest in the political and literary world.

You will undoubtedly be desirous to be informed from what source I received this intelligence, and what induces me to rely upon it.

This fact was communicated to me by Mrs. Wilmot Serres, (a lady whose endowments are worthy of the patronymic she bears,) a niece of the late Dr. James Wilmot, of Trinity College, Oxford, who has in her possession some MSS. in the doctor’s handwriting, proving to demonstration, that he and no other was the author of the letters of Junius.—One of these is a common place book, in which are scraps of essays and numerous quotations, which correspond so perfectly in the character of handwriting with the facsimiles of that of Junius, published by Mr. Woodfall, that they must instantly convince the most incredulous that they were all written by the same hand.

In one place, 15 or 20 leaves have been torn out; and on the next page is the conclusion (a few lines only) of one of the letters of Junius to the Duke of Grafton. In another part is a memorandum, in the doctor’s hand, that on such a day he had finished a letter of Junius, “and sent it to Lord S——ne.” This is presumed to be Lord Shelburne, with whom he was in habits of intimacy. This memorandum is partly obliterated by a pen.

The doctor’s situation and connexions enabled him to obtain, with facility, that intimate and early knowledge of state affairs, which is so strikingly displayed throughout Junius’s Letters, he



being almost constantly living in town, on terms of the greatest intimacy and confidence with the leading political characters of the day; some of whom are now living, and must be aware that Dr. Wilmot's opportunities of obtaining the most interesting and important intelligence, were much greater than was *necessary* for the author of Junius's public letters, and quite *sufficient* to account for his almost immediate knowledge of Garrick's visit to Richmond, which he mentions in one of his *private* communications.

I could enter much further into this subject, but am not *at present* inclined to elucidate, more than I have already, the proofs to be produced of the identity of Junius; and which will put to rest forever the vague conjectures of those who amuse themselves with "*guessing at Junius*." I shall therefore only further remark, that the MSS. with an inspection of which I have been favoured, have very recently been perused by Mr. Woodfall, who declared his surprise at this discovery, equally accidental and satisfactory; and, although he expressed no *decided* opinion on the subject, observed, that they are written upon paper of the *same size, with the same water-mark, as that used by Junius*.

An intention is, I believe, entertained of publishing these papers, with a chain of circumstances, forming a mass of evidence; than which, in *my* opinion, nothing can be desired or conceived more satisfactory or conclusive, that *Dr. Wilmot was the real author of the letters of Junius*.\*

Yours, &c.

METELLUS.

\* A pamphlet by the Rev. J. B. Blakeway, of Shrewsbury, has just been published, professing to disclose the long-concealed secret of "*Junius's Letters*." A correspondent, who has read it, speaks of it as a very elegant and satisfactory performance, which he thinks will set the question completely at rest by proving that JUNIUS WAS JOHN HORNE TOOKER.—*Edit.*

# POETRY.

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## DIRGE ON TWO YOUNG FEMALES TAKING THE VEIL.

### AN OLD POEM.

#### 1.

TO secret walks, to silent shades,  
To places where no voice invades  
The air, but what's created by  
Their own retired society,  
Slowly these blooming nymphs we bring,  
To wither out their fragrant spring;  
For those sweet odours lovers pine,  
Where beauty doth but vainly shine.

#### CHORUS.

Where nature's wealth, and art's assisting cost,  
Both in the beams of distant hope are lost.

#### 2.

To cloisters where cold damps destroy  
The busie thoughts of bridal joy;  
To vows whose harsh events must be  
Uncoupled cold virginity;  
To pensive prayers, where heaven appears  
Through the pale cloud of private tears;  
These captive virgins we must leave,  
Till freedom they from death receive.

#### CHORUS.

Only in this remote conclusion blest,  
This vale of tears leads to eternal rest.

#### 3.

'Then since that such a choise as theirs,  
Which styles them the undoubted heirs  
To heaven, 'twere sinful to repent,  
Here may they live till beauty, spent  
In a religious life, prepare  
Them with their fellow saints to share  
Celestial joys, for whose desire  
They freely from the world retire.

#### CHORUS.

Go, then, and rest in blessed peace, while we  
Deplore the loss of such society.

# THE SWISS EMIGRANT.

[From the New Annual Register.]

FAREWELL, farewell, my native land,  
A long farewell to joy and thee!  
On thy last rock I lingering stand,  
Thy last rude rock how dear to me!

Once more I view thy valleys fair,  
But dimly view, with tearful eye;  
Once more I breathe thy healthful air,  
But breathe it in how deep a sigh!

Ye vales, with downy verdure spread,  
Ye groves that drink the sparkling stream,  
As bursting from the mountain's head  
Its foaming waves in silver gleam;

Ye lakes that catch the golden beam  
That floods with fire yon peak of snow,  
As evening vapours blue steam  
And dimly roll their volumes slow;

Scenes on this bursting heart imprest  
By every thrill of joy, of wo,  
The bliss of childhood's vacant breast,  
Of warmer youth's impassion'd glow,

The tears by filial duty shed  
Upon the low, the peaceful tomb,  
Where sleep, too blest, the reverend dead  
Unconscious of their country's doom;

Say, can Helvetia's patriot child  
A wretched exile bear to roam,  
Nor sink upon the lonely wild,  
Nor die to leave his native home?

His native home? No home has he;  
He scorns in servile yoke to bow;  
He scorns the land no longer free;  
Alas! he has no country now!

Ye snow-clad Alps, whose mighty mound,  
Great Nature's adamantine wall,  
In vain opposed its awful bound  
To check the prone-descending Gaul;

What hunter now with daring leaps  
Shall chase the ibex o'er your rocks?  
Who clothe with vines your rugged steeps?  
Who guard from wolves your rambling flocks?

While low the freeborn sons of toil  
Lie sunk amid the slaughtered brave,  
To freedom true the stubborn soil  
Shall pine and starve the puny slave.

Spoilers, who poured your ravening hands  
To gorge on Latium's fertile plains,  
And filled your gold-rapacious hands  
From regal domes and sculptured fanes,

What seek ye here?—Our niggard earth  
Nor gold nor sculptured trophies owns;  
Our wealth was peace and guileless mirth,  
Our trophies are th' invader's bones!

Burst not, my heart, as dimly swell  
Morat's proud glories on my view!  
Heroic scenes, a long farewell!  
I fly from madness and from you.

Beyond the dread Atlantic deep  
One gleam of comfort shines for me;  
There shall these bones untroubled sleep,  
And press the earth of Liberty.

Wide, wide that waste of waters rolls,  
And sadly smiles that stranger land;  
Yet there I hail congenial souls,  
And freemen give the brother's hand.

Columbia, hear the exile's prayer;  
To him thy fostering love impart;  
So shall he watch with patriot care,  
So guard thee with a filial heart!

Yet O forgive, with anguish fraught,  
If sometimes start the unbidden tear,  
As tyrant Memory wakes the thought,  
"Still, still I am a stranger here!"

Thou vanquisht land, once proud and free,  
Where first this fleeting breath I drew,  
This heart must ever beat for thee,  
In absence near—in misery true.



#### EPITAPH ON THE LATE MR. COOKE.

PAUSE, thoughtful stranger: pass not heedless by,  
Where Cooke awaits the tribute of a sigh.  
Here, sunk in death, those powers the world admir'd,  
By nature given, not by art acquir'd.  
In various *parts* his matchless talents shone,  
The one he failed in was, alas! his *own*.

*Finsbury-Square, December 25, 1812.*

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

**THE CHRONICLE.**—Proposals are issued by Mr. Edward J. Coale, of Baltimore, for publishing by subscription a continuation of Conrad's American Register. It is to be entitled **THE CHRONICLE**, and will comprise a general view of history, politics and literature, foreign and domestic, on much the same plan, we believe, as the British Annual Register. It will be conducted by John E. Hall, Esq. of Baltimore, and will be published in quarterly numbers at the rate of six dollars per annum. The utility of such a work is evident; and from the knowledge we have of the editor, and the evidence of learning and talent that he has given on various occasions, we are satisfied that this work will be conducted with indefatigable attention and great ability.

We have seen with pleasure proposals for publishing an edition of the Bible in two volumes, royal octavo, to be ornamented with sixty engravings. The subjects to be chosen by Messrs. Rembrandt Peale and Thomas Sully, and engraved by our most eminent artists. The high reputation of those gentlemen justifies us in the expectation that the work will be an honourable specimen of the state of the arts in our country. The publishers are Messrs. Delaplaine, Parker, Kimber and Richardson, of Philadelphia.

**MR. CHARLES LESLIE.**—By letters from England we learn that our young countryman, Mr. Charles Leslie, continues rapidly to improve in the art of painting; and promises to surpass the sanguine expectations that were formed from the great proofs he gave of early talent. He has sent to this country various paintings as specimens of his advancement; they have been the surprise and delight of connoisseurs, and we are told a large plate is engraving from one which represents the trial of Constance, in the popular poem of Marmion.

**MR. WASHINGTON ALSTON.**—We are likewise informed that Mr. Washington Alston, of Charleston, has finished a large piece which was to be exhibited at the last royal exhibition; and which, in the opinion of a competent judge, who gives the information, would astonish the world of taste. Mr. Alston has for many years been accomplishing himself in the noble art which he professes, and has passed much time in France and Italy, studying the works of the great masters. He is a young gentleman of elegant mind and liberal endowment; fertile in his invention, with an imagination teeming with splendid and beautiful ideas, and governed by a pure and classic taste. To him it was that Mr. West made the flattering and emphatic compliment some years since, on examining his early productions, observing that he *began* where other painters *finished*. It is but about two years since he went out on his second visit to England; where we think it probable he will remain, and have no doubt but that he will rapidly rise to a proud eminence in his art, acquiring fame and fortune for himself, and reflecting lustre on the country that gave him birth.

**MR. JEFFREY.**—We understand that Mr. Jeffrey, the celebrated editor of the Edinburgh Review, is about to visit this country, on business relative to the estate of a brother lately deceased at Boston. He was to sail in the ship *Hereules*, for Boston, whose arrival is daily expected. It is his intention also to visit our principal cities, and we trust that every facility will be given, both by government and individuals, to make his tour satisfactory and agreeable. To the representations of a man of Mr. Jeffrey's talents, information and literary influence, we may look with confidence for having this country vindicated from many of the gross aspersions that have been cast upon it, by narrow-minded or hireling travel writers. It is the interest of both nations to have a proper knowledge and estimation of each other, and we think that Mr. J. has hitherto in his writings shown a more candid and liberal disposition towards us, than most of his contemporaries.

Madam De Stael arrived in England in June last. She was received with great distinction by the fashionable world, and was preparing a new work for the press.

Miss Edgeworth had been in London, enjoying a round of gratifying attentions from the polite and literary society of that metropolis. She had returned to Ireland, leaving a new work in the hands of the booksellers.

Madam Darblay, the authoress of *Cecilia*, *Evelina*, &c. is in England, busily employed in writing a fourth novel.

**CHYMICAL CONTROVERSY.**—An important Chymical Controversy has been carried on, for some time past, between Mr. Murray, of Edinburgh, author of the

m of Chymistry," and Mr. John Davy, brother of Sir Humphrey Davy, relate the correctness of Sir Humphrey's view of the constitution of oxymuriatic chlorine. The subject involves much intricate discussion, and has been argued on both sides with ingenuity and talents. The dispute appears to hinge much on the question whether water is essential to the gaseous condition of the acid. Murray's last paper (Nic. Jour. April, 1813) appears to establish the combination of combined water in this gas. It is well known to chymists that if oxymuriatic acid should ultimately prove to be a simple substance, as Sir Humphrey contends, the nomenclature of chymistry must undergo some changes; but at present we think any alteration on this account would be premature.

London and Paris vie with each other in the cultivation and patronage of the arts. Would to God that there existed no other rivalry between them, but that the people of London would begin to curb those *senseless passions*, which have already put Europe back in civilization above a century, and paralyzed or retarded the useful exertions of this generation! Napoleon, when he defeated the Italian armies, laid the foundation of that ascendancy of the arts which distinguishes the present epoch. In all his treaties with the petty princes of Italy, who he waged with greater despots against the rising liberties of France, he stipulated, not so much of their territory should be ceded, or so much money paid as the price of peace, but that so many pictures by the first masters should be presented to the republic, from the galleries of the several princes. He thus assembled in Paris the first works of the greatest masters, which, united to the pictures in the various French palaces, compose the finest gallery in the world, under the appropriate name of the Museum Napoleon. Such an assemblage of master-pieces in one building in Paris produced all the effect which had been wisely anticipated, and a rage for pictures and their representations animated all France, and kindled a similar passion throughout Europe. Among other advantageous results of this feeling was the publication of several works of engravings at Paris, which were intended to represent the pictures in the Museum Napoleon; one of them in im-4to, at three guineas for two plates, and others of smaller dimensions and various styles of engraving, at much inferior prices.\* In time an honourable spirit of rivalry extended itself to London, and it was felt that England possessed, in like manner, copious materials for similar works, which, although without imperial attractions, possessed intrinsic claims to public notice. Some spirited London gentlemen, therefore, united their capitals for the purpose of exhibiting the treasures contained in the various collections of the British empire, and the design lays claim to the patronage of the nation, under the title of the British Gallery of Pictures. No undertaking ever addressed itself more legitimately to the taste, and patriotism of a people. The proprietors, unable to collect the originals for a gallery for the inspection of the public, have effected all that was in their power, by assembling highly finished copies in water-colours in a gallery open to inspection in Bond-street. In that British Gallery are therefore to be seen copies of nearly four hundred of the finest original pictures in the British Museum; and of course a greater treat cannot present itself to all connoisseurs and lovers of the arts. From this gallery, then, is derived the publication of two series of engravings, one of *small copies*, in which is to be given *the whole* of the pictures in the gallery, called *the first series of the British Gallery*; and the other of much larger copies, and more highly finished by the engraver and colourer, and which is to consist only of *prime pictures of the first masters*, and to be called *the second series of the British Gallery*. The latter will vie with the magnificent collection of the Museum Napoleon, and the former will be equal in merit and interest to the best of the smaller French works. Some numbers have already been published of both series, and they do honour to our English artists, to the taste of the proprietors of the work, and to the liberal spirit of the proprietors. The pictures of the Marquis of Stafford have supplied subjects for the early numbers; but those splendid collections of Earl Grosvenor, the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Northwick, other noblemen, and of Messrs. Carr, Angerstein, Hope, and other gentlemen, will succeed till the private galleries of the empire have been exhausted. In con-

tinuing to treat on this subject, we cannot forbear to mention a fact, in regard to the liberal government, such as we should take pride, on any similar occasion, in exhibiting of our own: about two years ago, the great work of the Museum Napoleon languished for want of encouragement equal to its prodigious cost; and, on the circumstance being named to the emperor, he immediately ordered a sum of 250,000 francs, above 10,000*l.* sterling, to be placed at the disposal of the proprietors, from his private purse.

elusion, we shall add to the confidence which is due to these *British Series*, when we state, that the descriptions and letter-press are prepared by Messrs. Tresham and Ottley, and that the drawings are made chiefly by Mr. Craig, under the superintendence of Mr. Tomkins.

Sir Humphrey Davy's *Elements of Agricultural Chymistry*, in a course of lectures delivered during several successive years before the Board of Agriculture, illustrated with plates by Laury, will appear early in May.

A Series of Popular Essays, illustrative of Principles essentially connected with the Improvement of the Understanding, the Imagination, and the Heart, By Elizabeth Hamilton, author of *Letters on the Elementary Principles of Education*, &c. will be published early in May.

We understand that the *Twopenny Post-Bag* is by Mr. Moore, the translator of *Anacreon*. A more admirable collection of poignant satires has not appeared since the *Louiad* of Dr. Wolcot.

Professor Stewart is printing a second volume, in quarto, of the *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*.

The following are the languages or dialects in which the British and Foreign Bible Society has already been instrumental in diffusing the Holy Scriptures; in all fifty-nine.—English; Ladinsche; Malay; Welsh; Churwelsche; Ethiopic; Gaelic; Italian; Orissa; Manks; Spanish; Persian; Irish; Portuguese; Persic; Mohawk; French; Burman; Esquimaux; Dutch; Siamese; German; Calmuck; Afghan; Bohemian; Turkish; Turcoman; Swedish; Arabic; Sanscrit; Finnish; Ancient Greek; Seek; Laponese; Modern Greek; Telinga; Danish; Tamil; Carnatica; Icelandic; Bengalee; Macassar; Polish; Hindostanee; Rakheng; Hungarian; Malayalam; Mahratta; Slavonic; Chinese; Sinhali Pali; Lithuanian; Cingalese; Baloch; Lettonian; Burgis; Pushtu; Esthonian; Maldivian.

It is asserted, that in three months nearly eight thousand copies of Mr. Scott's poem of *Rokeby* have been purchased by the public.

Rousseau, previously to his death, intrusted to the late Count D'Antraigues some sealed manuscripts, which were to be published at a specified period. Some few years ago, the German Journalist called upon him to announce whether the period had arrived when the seals might be broken; but the count replied that the period for publication had not come. The count shortly afterwards left the continent, and continued in England till an assassin put an end to his life, at Barnes. What has now become of these manuscripts, and what were the motives of Rousseau for enjoining so long a secrecy?

In the *Moniteur* of 27th Feb. 1813, is published the exposé of 1812, giving the population of the French empire, which is as follows:

	Population.	Size in square miles
Old France - - - - -	28,786,911	147,973
Usurped Countries - - - - -	13,951,466	61,049.7
Total	42,738,377	209,022.7

*Inhabitants to the Square Mile.*

In Old France - - - - -	194.5
In the Usurped Countries - - - - -	228.5

The population of England is 196.3 persons to the square mile; so that it is more populous than Old France; but much less so than the usurped countries, which consist of the Low Countries and portions of Italy, by far the best peopled portions in Europe.

A new application of mechanical power was lately made in St. James's Park. The pressing machine of that truly ingenious artist, Mr. Bramah, was brought to act on a lever in such manner that two of the largest trees in the Bird Cage Walk were torn out of the ground, with their roots to a considerable depth, in about ten minutes. The same trees could not have been felled, and their roots dug up to an equal depth, by two men in less than four days, and the waste of timber would have been equal to the value of the labour.

Dr. Morichim, of Gotha, has ascertained, by repeated experiments, that non-magnetised needles, when they have been exposed to the violet-colour rays of the sun, have exactly the same force of polar attraction as magnetic needles.



# ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1813.

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*Correspondance, Littéraire, Philosophique et Critique. Adressée à un Souverain d'Allemagne, depuis 1770, jusqu'à 1782. Par le Baron De Grimm, et par Diderot. 5 Tomes, 8vo. pp. 2250.*

[From the Edinburgh Review, for July, 1813.]

**THIS** is certainly a very entertaining book—though a little too bulky—and the greater part of it not very important. We are glad to see it, however; not only because we are glad to see any thing entertaining, but also because it makes us acquainted with a person, of whom every one has heard a great deal, and most people hitherto known very little. There is no name which comes oftener across us, in the recent history of French literature, than

that of Grimm ; and none, perhaps, whose right to so much notoriety seemed to most people to stand upon such scanty titles. Coming from a foreign country, without rank, fortune, or exploits of any kind to recommend him, he contrived, one does not very well see how, to make himself conspicuous for forty years in the best company of Paris ; and at the same time to acquire great influence and authority among literary men of all descriptions, without publishing any thing himself, but a few slight observations upon French and Italian music.

The volumes before us help, in part, to explain this enigma ; and not only give proof of talents and accomplishments quite sufficient to justify the reputation the author enjoyed among his cotemporaries, but also of such a degree of industry and exertion, as entitle him, we think, to a reasonable reversion of fame from posterity. Before laying before our readers any part of this miscellaneous chronicle, we shall endeavour to give them a general idea of its construction—and to tell them all that we have been able to discover about its author.

Melchior Grimm was born at Ratisbon, in 1723, of very humble parentage ; but being tolerably well educated, took to literature at a very early period. His first essays were made in his own country—and, as we understand, in his native language—where he composed several tragedies, which were hissed upon the stage, and unmercifully abused in the closet, by Lessing, and the other oracles of Teutonic criticism. He then came to Paris, as a sort of tutor to the children of M. de Schomberg, and was employed in the humble capacity of reader to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, when he was first brought into notice by Rousseau, who was smitten with his enthusiasm for music, and made him known to Diderot, the Baron d'Holbach, and various other persons of eminence in the literary world. His vivacity and various accomplishments soon made him generally acceptable ; while his uniform prudence and excellent good sense prevented him from ever losing any of the friends he had gained. Rousseau, indeed, chose to quarrel with him for sitting down one evening in a seat which he had previously fixed upon for himself ; but with Voltaire, and d'Alembert, and all the rest of that illustrious society, both male and female, he continued always on the most cordial footing ; and, while he is reproached with a certain degree of obsequiousness towards the rich and powerful, must be allowed to have used less flattery toward his literary associates than was usual in the intercourse of those jealous and artificial beings.

When the Duke of Saxe-Gotha left Paris, Grimm undertook to send him regularly an account of every thing remarkable that occurred in the literary, political, and scandalous chronicle of

that great city: and acquitted himself in this delicate office so much to the satisfaction of his noble correspondent, that he nominated him, in 1776, his resident at the court of France, and raised him at the same time to the rank and dignity of a baron. The volumes before us are a part of the despatches of this literary plenipotentiary; and are certainly the most amusing state papers that have ever fallen under our observation.

The Baron de Grimm continued to exercise the functions of this philosophical diplomacy, till the gathering storm of the revolution drove both ministers and philosophers from the territories of the new republic. He then took refuge, of course, in the court of his master, where he resided till 1795, when Catharine of Russia, to whose shrine he had formerly made a pilgrimage from Paris, gave him the appointment of her minister at the court of Saxony—which he continued to hold till the end of the reign of the unfortunate Paul, when the partial loss of sight obliged him to withdraw altogether from business, and to return to the court of Saxe-Gotha, where he continued his studies in literature and the arts with unabated ardour, till he sunk at last under a load of years and infirmities in the end of 1807. He was of an uncomely and grotesque appearance—with huge projecting eyes and discordant features, which he rendered still more hideous, by daubing them profusely with white and with red paint—according to the most approved *costume* of *petits-mâîtres* in the year 1748, when he made his *début* at Paris.

The book embraces a period of about twelve years only, from 1770 to 1782, with a gap for 1775 and part of 1776. It is said in the title page to be partly the work of Grimm, and partly that of Diderot—but the contributions of the latter are few, and comparatively of little importance. It is written half in the style of a journal intended for the public, and half in that of private and confidential correspondence; and, notwithstanding the retrenchments which the editor boasts of having made in the manuscript, contains a vast miscellany of all sorts of intelligence; critiques upon all new publications, new operas, and new performers at the theatres; accounts of all the meetings and elections at the academies, and of the deaths and characters of all the eminent persons who demised in the period to which it extends; copies of the epigrams, and editions of the scandalous stories that occupied the idle population of Paris during the same period—interspersed with various original compositions, and brief and pithy dissertations upon the general subjects that are suggested by such an enumeration. Of these, the accounts of the operas and the actors are the most tedious, the critical and biographical sketches the most lively, and the general observations the most

striking and important. The whole, however, is given with great vivacity and talent, and with a degree of freedom which trespasses occasionally upon the borders both of propriety and of good taste.

There is nothing indeed more exactly painted in these graphical volumes than the character of M. Grimm himself; and the beauty of it is, that as there is nothing either natural or peculiar about it, it may stand for the character of all the wits and philosophers he frequented. He had more wit, perhaps, and more sound sense and information, than the greater part of the society in which he lived—but the leading traits belong to the whole class, and to all classes indeed, in similar situations, in every part of the world. Whenever there is a very large assemblage of persons who have no other occupation but to amuse themselves, there will infallibly be generated acuteness of intellect, refinement of manners, and good taste in conversation; and, with the same certainty, all profound thought, and all serious affection, will be discarded from their society. The multitude of persons and things that force themselves on the attention in such a scene, and the rapidity with which they succeed each other and pass away, prevent any one from making a deep or permanent impression; and the mind, having never been tasked to any course of application, and long habituated to this lively succession and variety of objects, comes at last to require the excitement of perpetual change, and to find a multiplicity of friends as indispensable as a multiplicity of amusements. Thus the characteristics of large and polished society come almost inevitably to be, wit and heartlessness—acuteness and perpetual derision. The same impatience of uniformity, and passion for variety which give so much grace to their conversation, by excluding all tediousness and pertinacious wrangling, make them incapable of dwelling for many minutes on the feelings and concerns of any one individual; while the constant pursuit of little gratifications, and the weak dread of all uneasy sensations, render them equally averse from serious sympathy and deep thought. They speedily find out the shortest and most pleasant way to all truths, to which a short and a pleasant way can readily be discovered; and then lay it down as a maxim that no others are worth looking after—and, in the same way, they do such petty kindnesses, and indulge such light sympathies, as do not put them to any trouble, or encroach at all on their amusements—while they make it a principle to wrap themselves up in those amusements from the assault of all more engrossing or importunate affections.

The turn for derision again arises naturally out of this order of things. When passion and enthusiasm, affection and serious occupation, have once been banished by a short-sighted voluptuous-

ness, the sense of ridicule is almost the only lively sensation that remains; and the envied life of those who have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves, would be utterly listless and without interest, if they were not allowed to laugh at each other. Their quickness in perceiving ordinary follies, and illusions too, affords great encouragement to this laudable practice; and as none of them have so much passion or enthusiasm left as to be deeply wounded by the shafts of derision, they fall lightly, and without rankling, on the lesser vanities, which supply in them those master-springs of human action and feeling.

The whole style and tone of this publication affords the most striking illustration of these general remarks. From one end of it to the other, it is a display of the most complete heartlessness, and the most uninterrupted levity. It chronicles the deaths of half the author's acquaintance—and makes jests upon them all; and is much more serious in discussing the merits of an opera dancer, than in considering the evidence for the being of a God, or the first foundations of morality. Nothing, indeed, can be more just or conclusive, than the remark that is forced from M. Grimm himself, upon the utter carelessness, and instant oblivion, that followed the death of one of the most distinguished, active, and amiable members of his coterie; “tant il est vrai que ce qui nous appellons *la Société*, est ce qu'il y a de plus léger, de plus ingrat, et de plus frivole au monde!”

Holding this opinion very firmly ourselves, it will easily be believed that we are very far from *envying* the brilliant persons who composed, or gave the tone to this exquisite society;—and while we have a due admiration for the elegant pleasantry, correct taste, and gay acuteness, of which they furnish, perhaps, the only perfect models, we think it more desirable, on the whole, to be the spectators than the possessors of those accomplishments; and would no more wish to buy them at the price of our sober thinking, and settled affections, than we would buy the dexterity of a fiddler, or a ropedancer, at the price of our personal respectability. Even in the days of youth and high spirits, there is no solid enjoyment in living altogether with people who care nothing about us; and when we begin to grow old and unamusable, there can be nothing so comfortless as to be surrounded with those who think of nothing but amusement. The spectacle, however, is gay and beautiful to those who look upon it with a goodnatured sympathy; and naturally suggests reflections that may be interesting to the most serious. A judicious extractor, we have no doubt, might accommodate both classes of readers, from the ample magazine that lies before us.

The most figuring person in the work, and indeed of the age to which it belongs, was, beyond all question, *Voltaire*—of whom,

and of whose character, it presents us with many amusing traits. He receives no other name throughout the book, than "The Patriarch" of the Holy Philosophical Church, of which the authors, and the greater part of their friends, profess to be humble votaries and disciples. The infallibility of its chief, however, seems to have formed no part of the creed of this reformed religion; for, with all his admiration for the wit, and playfulness, and talent, of the philosophic pontiff, nothing can exceed the freedoms in which M. Grimm indulges, both as to his productions and his character. All his poetry, he says, after *Tancred*, is clearly marked with the symptoms of approaching dotage and decay; and his views of many important subjects he treats as altogether erroneous, shallow, and contemptible. He is particularly offended with him for not adopting the decided atheism of the *Système de la Nature*, and for weakly stopping short at a kind of paltry deism. "The patriarch," says he, "still sticks to his *Remunérateur-Vengeur*, without whom he fancies the world would go on very ill. He is resolute enough, I confess, for putting down the god of knaves and bigots, but is not for parting with that of the virtuous and rational. He reasons upon all this, too, like a baby—a very smart baby it must be owned—but a baby notwithstanding. He would be a little puzzled, I take it, if he were asked what was *the colour* of his god of the virtuous and wise, &c. &c. He cannot conceive, he says, how mere motion, undirected by intelligence, should ever have produced such a world as we inhabit—and we verily believe him. Nobody can conceive it—but it is *a fact* nevertheless; and we see it—which is nearly as good." We give this merely as a specimen of the disciple's irreverence towards his master; for nothing can be more contemptible than the reasoning of M. Grimm in support of his own desolating opinions. He is more near being right, where he makes himself merry with the patriarch's ignorance of natural philosophy. Every Achilles, however, he adds, has a vulnerable heel—and that of the hero of Ferney is his physics.\*

M. Grimm, however, reveals worse infirmities than this in his great preceptor. There was a Mademoiselle Raucour, it seems,

\* This is only true, however, with regard to natural history and chymistry; for as to the nobler part of physics, which depends on science, his attainments were equal perhaps to those of any of his age and country, with the exception of D'Alembert. Even his astronomy, however, though by no means "mince et raccourtie," had a tendency to confirm him in that paltry deism, for which he is so unmercifully rated by M. Grimm. We do not know many quatrains in French poetry more beautiful than the following, which the patriarch indited *impromptu*, one fine summer evening:—

"Tous ces vastes pays d'Azur et de Lumiere,  
Tires du sein du vide, et formes sans matiere,  
Arrondis sans compas, et tournans sans pivot,  
Ont à peine coute la depense d'un mot."

ho, though an actress, enjoyed an unblemished reputation. Voltaire, who had never seen her, chose one morning to write to the Marechal de Richelieu, by whom she was patronised, that she was a notorious prostitute, and ready to be taken into keeping by any one who would offer for her. This imputation having been thoughtlessly communicated to the damsel herself, produced no little commotion; and upon Voltaire's being remonstrated with, he immediately retracted the whole story, which it seems was a piece of pure invention; and confessed that the only thing he had to object to Mademoiselle Raucour was, that he had understood they had put off the representation of a new play of his in order to gratify the public with her appearance in comedy;—"and this was enough," says M. Grimm, "to irritate a child of seventy-nine against another child of seventeen, who came in the way of his ratification!"

A little after, he tells a story which is not only very disreputable to the patriarch, but affords a striking example of the monstrous evils that arise from religious intolerance, in a country where the whole population is not of the same communion. A Mons. de B. introduced himself into a protestant family at Montaubon, and, after some time, publicly married the only daughter of the house, in the church of her pastor. He lived several years with her, and had one daughter—dissipated her whole property—and at last deserted her, and married another woman at Paris—upon the pretence that his first union was not binding, the ceremony not having been performed by a catholic priest. The parliament ultimately allowed this plea; and farther directed, that the daughter should be taken from its mother, and educated in the true faith in a convent. The transaction excited general indignation; and the legality of the sentence, and especially the last part of it, was very much disputed, both in the profession and out of it;—when Voltaire, to the astonishment of all the world, thought it to put forth a pamphlet in its defence. M. Grimm treats the whole matter with his usual coldness and pleasantry;—and as a sort of apology for this extraordinary proceeding of his chief, very coolly observes, "The truth is, that for some time past the patriarch has been suspected, and indeed convicted, of the most abominable cowardice. He defied the old parliament in his youth with signal courage and intrepidity; and now he cringes to the new one, and even condescends to be its panegyrist, from an absurd dread of being persecuted by it on the very brink of the tomb. Ah! Seigneur Patriarche!" he concludes, in the true Parisian accent, "Horace was much more excusable for flattering Augustus who had honoured him though he destroyed the republic, than you are, for justifying, without any intelligible motive, a proceeding so utterly detestable, and upon which, if you had not courage



to speak as became you, you were not called upon to say any thing." It must be a comfort to the reader to learn, that immediately after this sentence, a M. Vanrobais, an old and most respectable gentleman, was chivalrous enough, at the age of 70, to marry the deserted widow, and to place her in a situation every way more respectable than that of which she had been so basely defrauded.

There is a great deal, in the first of these volumes, about the statue that was voted to Voltaire by his disciples in 1770.—Pigalle, the sculptor, was despatched to Ferney to model him, in spite of the opposition he affects to make in a letter to Mad. Necker, in which he very reasonably observes, that in order to be modelled, a man ought to have a face—but that age and sickness have so reduced him, that it is not easy to point out whereabouts his had been; that his eyes are sunk into pits three inches deep, and the small remnant of his teeth recently deserted; that his skin is like old parchment wrinkled over dry bones, and his legs and arms like dry spindles; in short, "qu'on n'a jamais sculpté un pauvre homme dans cet état." Phidias Pigalle, however, as he calls him, goes upon his errand, notwithstanding all these discouragements; and finds him, according to M. Grimm, in a state of great vivacity. "He skips up stairs," he assures me, "more nimbly than all his subscribers together, and is as quick as lightning in running to shut doors, and open windows; but with all this, he is very anxious to pass for a poor man in the last extremities; and would take it much amiss if he thought that any body had discovered the secret of his health and vigour." Some awkward person, indeed, it appears, has been complimenting him upon the occasion; for he writes me as follows—"My dear friend—Though Phidias Pigalle is the most virtuous of mortals, he calumniates me cruelly; I understand he goes about saying that I am quite well, and as sleek as a monk!—Such is the ungrateful return he makes for the pains I took to force my spirits for his amusement, and to puff up my buccinatory muscles to recommend myself to him!—Jean Jacques is far more puffed up, however, than me; but it is with conceit, from which I am free."—In another letter he says—"When the peasants in my village saw Pigalle laying out some of the instruments of his art, they flocked round us with great glee, and said, Ah! he is going to dissect him—how droll!—so one spectacle, you see, is just as good for some people as another.

The account which Pigalle gives of his mission is extremely characteristic. For the first eight days, he could make nothing of his patient—he was so restless and full of grimaces, starts, and gesticulations. He promised every night to give him a long sitting next day, and always kept his word;—but then, he could do

more sit still than a child of three years old. He dictated letters all the time to his secretary; and, in the mean time, kept blowing peas in the air, making *pirouettes* round his chamber, or indulging in other feats of activity, equally fatal to the views of the artist. Poor Phidias was about to return to Paris in despair, without having made the slightest progress in his design; when the conversation happening by good luck to turn upon Aaron's golden calf, and Pigalle having said that he did not think such a thing could be modelled and cast in less than six months, the patriarch was so pleased with him, that he submitted to any thing he thought proper all the rest of the day, and the model was completed that very evening.

There are a number of other anecdotes, extremely characteristic of the vivacity, impatience and want of restraint which distinguished this extraordinary person. One of the most amusing is that of the congé which he gave to the Abbé Coyer, who was kind enough to come to his castle of Ferney, with the intention of paying a long visit. The second morning, however, the patriarch interrupted him in the middle of a dull account of his travels, with this perplexing question, "Do you know, M. L'Abbé, in what you differ entirely from Don Quixotte?" The poor Abbé was unable to divine the precise point of distinction; and the philosopher was pleased to add, "Why, you know the Don took all the inns on his road for castles, but it appears to me that you take castles for inns." The Abbé decamped without waiting for a further reckoning. He behaved still worse to a M. De Barthe, whom he invited to come and read a play to him, and afterwards drove out of the house, by the yawns and frightful contortions with which he amused himself, during the whole of the performance.

One of his happiest repartees is said to have been made to an Englishman, who had recently been on a visit to the celebrated Haller, in whose praise Voltaire enlarged with great warmth, extolling him as a great poet, a great naturalist, and a man of universal attainments. The Englishman answered, that it was very handsome in M. De Voltaire to speak so well of Mr. Haller, inasmuch as he, the said Mr. Haller, was by no means so liberal to M. De Voltaire. "Alas!" said the patriarch, with an air of philosophic indulgence, "I dare say we are both of us very much mistaken."

On another occasion, a certain M. de St. Ange, who valued himself on the graceful turn of his compliments, having come to see him, took his leave with this studied allusion to the diversity of his talents, "My visit to-day has only been to Homer—another morning I shall pay my respects to Sophocles and Euripides—another to Tacitus—and another to Lucian." "Ah, Sir!"

replied the patriarch, "I am wretchedly old—could you not contrive to see all these gentlemen together?" M. Mercier, who had the same passion for fine speeches, told him one day, "You outdo every body so much in their own way, that I am sure you will beat Fontenelle in longevity." "No, no, Sir!" answered the patriarch, "Fontenelle was a Norman; and, you may depend upon it, contrived to trick nature out of her rights."

One of the most prolific sources of witticisms that is noticed in this collection, is the patriarch's elevation to the dignity of temporal father of the capuchins in his district. The cream of the whole, however, may be found in the following letter of his to M. de Richelieu.

"Je voudrais bien, monseigneur, avoir le plaisir de vous donner ma bénédiction avant de mourir. L'expression vous paraîtra un peu forte : elle est pourtant dans la vérité. J'ai l'honneur d'être capucin. Notre général qui est à Rome, vient de m'envoyer mes patentes; mon titre est, *Frère Spirituel et Père Temporel des Capucins*. Mandez-moi laquelle de vos maîtresses vous voulez retirer du purgatoire; je vous jure sur ma barbe qu'elle n'y sera pas dans vingt-quatre heures. Comme je dois me détacher des biens de ce monde, j'ai abandonné à mes parens ce qui m'est dû par la succession de feu madame la princesse de Guise, et par M. votre intendant; ils iront à ce sujet prendre vos ordres qu'ils regarderont comme un bienfait. Je vous donne ma bénédiction. Signé VOLTAIRE, capucin indigne, et qui n'a pas encore eu de bonne fortune de capucin." P. 54, 55.

We have very full details of the last days of this distinguished person. He came to Paris, as is well known, after 27 years' absence, at the age of 84; and the very evening he arrived, he recited himself the whole of his *Irene* to the players, and passed all the rest of the night in correcting the piece for representation. A few days after he was seized with a violent vomiting of blood, and instantly called stoutly for a priest, saying that they should not throw him out on the dunghill. A priest was accordingly brought; and the patriarch very gravely subscribed a profession of his faith in the christian religion—of which he was ashamed, and attempted to make a jest, as soon as he recovered. He was received with unexampled honours at the academy, the whole members of which rose together, and came out to the vestibule to escort him into the hall; while, on the exterior, all the avenues, windows, and roofs of houses, by which his carriage had to pass, were crowded with spectators, and resounded with acclamations. But the great scene of his glory was the theatre; in which he no sooner appeared, than the whole audience rose up, and continued for upwards of twenty minutes in thunders of applause and shouts of

acclamation that filled the whole house with dust and agitation. When the piece was concluded, the curtain was again drawn up, and discovered the bust of their idol in the middle of the stage, while the favourite actress placed a crown of laurel on its brows, and recited some verses, the words of which could scarcely be distinguished amidst the tumultuous shouts of the spectators. The whole scene, says M. Grimm, reminded us of the classic days of Greece and Rome. But it became more truly touching at the moment when its object rose to retire. Weakened and agitated by the emotions he had experienced, his limbs trembled beneath him; and, bending almost to the earth, he seemed ready to expire under the weight of years and honours that had been laid upon him. His eyes, filled with tears, still sparkled with a peculiar fire in the midst of his pale and faded countenance. All the beauty and all the rank of France crowded round him in the lobbies and staircases, and literally bore him in their arms to the door of his carriage. Here the humbler multitude took their turn; and, calling for torches that all might get a sight of him, clustered round his coach, and followed it to the door of his lodgings, with vehement shouts of admiration and triumph. This is the heroic part of the scene; but M. Grimm takes care also to let us know that the patriarch appeared on this occasion in long lace ruffles, and a fine coat of cut velvet, with a gray periwig of a fashion forty years old, which he used to comb every morning with his own hands, and to which nothing at all parallel had been seen for ages—except on the head of Bachaumont the novelist, who was known accordingly among the wits of Paris by the name of “Voltaire’s wig-block.”

This brilliant and protracted career, however, was now drawing to a close.—Retaining to the last that untameable spirit of activity and impatience which had characterized all his past life, he assisted at rehearsals and meetings of the academy, with the zeal and enthusiasm of early youth. At one of the latter, some objections were started to his magnificent project of giving a new edition of their dictionary;—and he resolved to compose a discourse to obviate those objections. To strengthen himself for this task, he swallowed a prodigious quantity of strong coffee, and then continued to work for upwards of twelve hours without intermission. This imprudent effort brought on an inflammation in his bladder; and being told by M. De Richelieu, that he had been much relieved in a similar situation, by taking, at intervals, a few drops of laudanum, he provided himself with a large bottle of that medicine, and with his usual impatience, swallowed the greater part of it in the course of the night. The consequence was, as might naturally have been expected, that he fell into a sort of lethargy, and never recovered the use of his faculties, except for a few

minutes at a time, till the hour of his death, which happened three days after, on the evening of the 30th May, 1778. The priest to whom he had made his confession, and another, entered his chamber a short time before he breathed his last. He recognised them with difficulty, and assured them of his respects. One of them coming close up to him, he threw his arms round his neck, as if to embrace him. But when M. le Curé, taking advantage of this cordiality, proceeded to urge him to make some sign or acknowledgment of his belief in the christian faith, he gently pushed him back, and said, "Alas! let me die in peace." The priest turned to his companion, and, with great moderation and presence of mind, observed aloud, "You see his faculties are quite gone." They then quietly left the apartment;—and the dying man, having testified his gratitude to his kind and vigilant attendants, and named several times the name of his favourite niece Madame Denis, shortly after expired.

Nothing can better mark the character of the work before us, and of its author, than to state that the despatch which contains this striking account of the last hours of his illustrious patron and friend, terminates with an obscene epigram of M. Rulhiere, and a gay critique on the new administration of the opera Buffa! There are various epitaphs on Voltaire, scattered through the sequel of the volume: we prefer this very brief one, by a lady of Lausanne.

*"Ci git l'enfant gâté du monde qu'il gata."*

Among the other proofs which M. Grimm has recorded of the celebrity of this extraordinary person, the incredible multitude of his portraits that were circulated deserves to be noticed. One ingenious artist, in particular, of the name of Huber, had acquired such a facility in forming his countenance, that he could not only cut most striking likenesses of him out of paper, with scissors held behind his back, but could mould a little bust of him in half a minute, out of a bit of bread, and at last used to make his *dog* manufacture most excellent profiles, by making him bite off the edge of a biscuit which he held to him in three or four different positions!

There is less about *Rousseau* in these volumes than we should expect from their author's early intimacy with that great writer. What there is, however, is candid and judicious. M. Grimm agrees with Mad. de Staël, that Rousseau was nothing of a Frenchman in his character;—and accordingly he observes, that though the magic of his style, and the extravagance of his sentiments procured him some crazy disciples, he never had any partisans among the enlightened part of the nation. He laughs a good deal at his affectations and unpardonable animosities—but gives, at all

times, the highest praise to his genius, and sets him above all his cotemporaries, for the warmth, the elegance, and the singular richness of his style. He says, that the general opinion at Paris was, that he had poisoned himself;—that his natural disposition to melancholy had increased in an alarming degree after his return from England, and had been aggravated by the sombre and solitary life to which he had condemned himself;—that mind, he adds, at once too strong and too weak to bear the burden of existence with tranquillity, was perpetually prolific of monsters and of phantoms, that haunted all his steps, and drove him to the borders of distraction. There is no doubt, continues M. Grimm, that for many months before his death he had firmly persuaded himself that all the powers of Europe had their eyes fixed upon him as a most dangerous and portentous being, whom they should take the first opportunity to destroy. He was satisfied that M. de Choiseul had projected and executed the conquest of Corsica, for no other purpose but to deprive him of the honour of legislating for it; and that Prussia and Russia had agreed to partition Poland upon the same jealous and unworthy considerations. While the potentates of Europe were thus busied in thwarting and mortifying him abroad, the philosophers, he was persuaded, were entirely devoted to the same project at home. They had spies, he firmly believed, posted round all his steps, and were continually making efforts to rouse the populace to insult and murder him. At the head of this conspiracy, of the reality of which he no more doubted than of his existence, he had placed the Duc de Choiseul, his physician Tronchin, M. D'Alembert, and our author!

In a passage which commemorates the death of Helvetius, we find a very full and curious account of this zealous philosopher. Helvetius was of Dutch extraction; and his father having been chief physician to the queen, the son was speedily appointed to the very lucrative situation of farmer-general of the finances. He was remarkably good tempered, benevolent and liberal; and passed his youth in idle and voluptuous indulgence, keeping a sort of seraglio as a part of his establishment, and exercising himself with universal applause in the noble science of dancing, in which he attained such eminence, that he is said to have several times supplied the place of the famous Dupré in the ballets at the opera. An unhappy passion for literary glory came, however, to disturb this easy life. The paradoxes and effrontery of Maupertuis had brought science into fashion; and no supper was thought complete at Paris without a mathematician. Helvetius, therefore, betook himself immediately to the study of geometry; but he could make no hand of it; and fortunately the rage passed away before he had time to expose himself in the eyes of the ini-



tiated. Next came the poetical glory of Voltaire;—and Helvetius instantly resolved to be a poet—and did with great labour produce a long poem on happiness, which was not published, however, till after his death, and has not improved his chance for immortality. But it was the success of the President Montesquieu's celebrated *Esprit des Loix* that finally decided the literary vocation of Helvetius. That work appeared in 1749; and in 1750 the farmer-general resigned his post, married, retired into the country, and spent ten long years in digesting his own book *De l'Esprit*, by which he fondly expected to rival the fame of his illustrious predecessor. In this, however, he was wofully disappointed. The book appeared to philosophers to be nothing but a paradoxical and laborious repetition of truths and difficulties with which all good thinkers had long been familiar; and it probably would have fallen into utter oblivion, had it not been for the injudicious clamour which was raised against it by the bigots and devotees of the court. Poor Helvetius, who had meant nothing more than to make himself remarkable, was as much surprised at the outcries of the godly, as at the silence of the philosophers; and never perfectly recovered the shock of this double disappointment. He still continued, however, his habits of kindness and liberality—gave dinners to the men of letters when at Paris, and hunted and compiled philosophy with great perseverance in the country. His temper was so good that his society could not fail to be agreeable; but his conversation, it seems, was not very captivating; he loved to push every matter of discussion to its very last results; and reasoned at times so very loosely and largely, as to be in danger of being taken for a person very much overtaken with liquor. He died of gout in his stomach, at the age of fifty-six.

Nobody makes a better or a more amiable figure in this book, than Madame GEOFFRIN. Active, reasonable, indulgent, and munificent beyond example for a woman in private life, she laid a sure claim to popularity by taking for her maxim the duty of "giving and forgiving;" and showed herself so gentle in her deportment to children and servants, that if she had not been overcome with an unlucky passion for intrigue and notoriety, she might have afforded one exception, at least, to the general heartlessness of the society to which she belonged. Some of the repartees recorded of her in these volumes are very remarkable. M. de Rulhiere threatened to make public certain very indiscreet remarks on the court of Russia, from the sale of which he expected great profits. Madame Geoffrin, who thought he would get into difficulties by taking such a step, offered him a very handsome sum to put his manuscript into the fire. He answered her with many lofty and animated observations on the meanness and



worthiness of taking money to suppress truth. To all which lady listened with the utmost complacency; and merely replied, "Well! say yourself how much more you must have." Another *mot* of hers became an established canon at all the tables Paris. The Comte de Coigny was wearying her one evening with some interminable story, when, upon somebody sending for a part of the dish before him, he took a little knife out of his pocket and began to carve, talking all the time as before. "Monsieur le Comte," said Mad. Geoffrin, a little out of patience, "at table there should only be large knives and short stories." In her old age she was seized with apoplexy; and her daughter, during her illness, refused access to the philosophers. When she recovered a little, she laughed at the precaution, and made her daughter's apology—by saying "She had done like Godfrey of Bouillon—defended her tomb from the infidels." The idea of her ending in devotion, however, occasioned much merriment and some scandal among her philosophical associates.

The name of *Marmontel* occurs very often in this collection; but it is not attended with any distinguished honours. M. Grimm accuses him of want of force or passion in his style, and of poverty of invention, and littleness of genius. He says something, however, of more importance on occasion of the first representation of that writer's foolish piece, entitled "*Silvain*." The courtiers and sticklers for rank, he observes, all pretended to be mightily alarmed at the tendency of this little opera in one act; and the Duc de Noailles took the trouble to say, that its object was to show that a gentleman could do nothing so amiable as to marry his maid servant, and let his cottagers kill his game at their pleasure.

This is really amusing, continues M. Grimm, to observe, how positive many people are that all this is the result of a deep plot on the part of the Encyclopedistes, and that this silly farce is the fruit of a solemn conspiracy against the privileged orders, and in support of the horrible doctrine of universal equality. If they would only condescend to consult me, however, he concludes, I could oblige them with a much simpler, though less magnificent solution of the mystery; the truth being that the extravagance of Marmontel's little plot proceeds neither from his love of equality, nor from the commands of an antisocial conspiracy, but merely from the poverty of his imagination, and his want of talent for dramatic composition. It is always much more easy to astonish by extravagance, than to interest by natural representations; and those commonplaces, of love triumphing over pride of birth, and benevolence getting the better of feudal prejudices, are among the most vulgar resources of those who are incapable of describing incidents at once probable and pathetic.

This was written in the year 1770;—and while it serves to show

us that the imputation of conspiracies against the throne and the altar, of which succeeding times were doomed to hear so much, were by no means an original invention of the age which gave them the greatest encouragement, it may help also to show upon what slight foundation such imputations are usually hazarded. Great national changes, indeed, are never the result of conspiracies—but of causes laid deep and wide in the structure and condition of society—and which necessarily *produce* those combinations of individuals, who seem to be the authors of the revolution when it happens to be ultimately brought about by their instrumentality.

We hear a great deal, of course, of *Diderot*, in a work of which he was partly the author; and it is impossible to deny him the praise of ardour, originality, and great occasional eloquence. Yet we not only feel neither respect nor affection for Diderot—but can seldom read any of his lighter pieces without a certain degree of disgust. There is a tone of *blackguardism*—(we really can find no other word)—both in his indecency and his profanity, which we do not recollect to have met with in any other good writer; and which is apt, we think, to prove revolting even to those who are accustomed to the license of this fraternity. They who do not choose to look into his *Religieuse* for the full illustration of this remark—and we advise no one to look there for any thing—may find it abundantly, though in a less flagrant form, in a little essay on women, which is inserted in these volumes as a supplement or corrective to the larger work of M. Thomas on that subject. We must say, however, that the whole tribe of French writers who have had any pretensions to philosophy for the last seventy years, are infected with a species of indelicacy which is peculiar, we think, to their nation; and strikes us as more shameful and offensive than any other. We do not know very well how to describe it, otherwise than by saying, that it consists in a strange combination of physical science with obscenity, and an attempt to unite the pedantic and disgusting details of anatomy and physiology, with images of voluptuousness and sensuality;—an attempt, we think, exceedingly disgusting and debasing, but not in the least degree either seductive or amusing. Maupertuis and Voltaire, and Helvetius and Diderot, are full of this. Buffon and d'Alembert are by no means free of it; and traces of it may even be discovered in the writings of Rousseau himself. We could pardon some details in the *Emile*—or the *Confessions*;—but we own it appears to us the most nauseous and unnatural of all things, to find the divine Julie herself informing her cousin, with much complacency, that she had at last discovered, that “quoique son cœur trop tendre avoit besoin d’amour, ses sens n’avoient plus besoin d’un amant.”

The following epigram is a little in the taste we have been condemning;—but it has the merit of being excessively clever. Mad,

de Chatelet had long lived separate from her husband, and was understood to receive the homage of two lovers—Voltaire and M. de St. Lambert. She died in childbirth; and the following dramatic elegy was circulated all over Paris the week after that catastrophe.

“ *M. de Chatelet.*—Ah ! ce n’est pas ma faute !

“ *M. de Voltaire.*—Je l’avais prédit !

“ *M. de St. Lambert.*—Elle l’a voulu !”

*Crebillon* the younger is naturally brought to our recollection by the mention of wit and indecency. We have an account of his death, and a just and candid estimate of his merits, in one of the volumes before us. However frivolous and fantastic the style of his novels may appear, he had still the merit of inventing that style, and of adorning it with much ingenuity, wit and character. The taste for his writings, it seems, passed away very rapidly and completely in France; and long before his death, the author of the *Sopha*, and *Les Egaremens du Cœur et de l’Esprit*, had the mortification to be utterly forgotten by the public. M. Grimm thinks this reverse of fortune rather unmerited; and observes, that in foreign countries he was still held in estimation, and that few French productions had had such currency in London as the *Sopha*. The reason perhaps may be, that the manners and characters which the French at once knew to be unnatural, might be mistaken by us for true copies of French originals. It is a little more difficult, however, to account for the fact, that the perusal of his works inspired a young lady of good family in this country with such a passion for the author, that she ran away from her friends, came to Paris, married him, and nursed and attended him with exemplary tenderness and affection to his dying day. But there is nothing but luck, good or bad—as M. Grimm sagely observes—in this world. The author of a licentious novel inspires a romantic passion in a lady of rank and fortune, who crosses seas, and abandons her family and her native country for his sake;—while the author of the *Nouvelle Heloise*, the most delicate and passionate of all lovers that ever existed, is obliged to clap up a match with his chambermaid !

Of all the loves, however, that are recorded in this chronicle, the loves of Mad. du Deffant, and M. de Ponte-de-Vesle, are the most exemplary; for they lasted upwards of fifty years without quarrel or intermission. The secret of this wonderful constancy is, at all events, worth knowing; and we give it in the words of an authentic dialogue between this venerable Acmé and Septimius.

“ Ponte-de-Vesle ?—Madame ?—Où êtes-vous ?—Au coin de  
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vosre cheminée.—Couché les pieds sur les chenets, comme on est chez ses amis?—Oui, madame.—Il faut convenir qu'il est peu de liaisons aussi anciennes que la nôtre.—Cela est vrai.—Il y a cinquante ans.—Oui, cinquante ans passés.—Et dans ce long intervalle aucun nuage, pas même l'apparence d'une brouillerie.—C'est ce que j'ai toujours admiré.—Mais, Ponte-de-Vesle, cela ne viendrait-il point de ce qu'au fond nous avons toujours été fort indifférens l'un à l'autre?—Cela se pourrait bien, madame."

The evening this veteran admirer died she came rather late to a great supper in the neighbourhood; and as it was known that she made it a point of honour to attend on him, the catastrophe was generally suspected. She mentioned it, however, herself, immediately on coming in;—adding, that it was lucky he had gone off so early in the evening, as she might otherwise have been prevented from appearing. She then sat down to table, and made a very hearty and merry meal of it!

Besides Ponte-de-Vesle, however, this celebrated lady had a lover almost as ancient, in the President Henault—whom also she had the misfortune to survive; though he had the complaisance, as well as his predecessor, to live to near ninety years for her sake. The poor president, however, fell into dotage before his death; and one day, when in that state, Mad. du Deffant having happened to ask him whether he liked her or Mad. du Castlemoron the best, he, quite unconscious of the person to whom he was speaking, not only declared his preference of the absent lady, but proceeded to justify it, by a most feeling and accurate enumeration of the vices and defects of his hearer, in which he grew so warm and eloquent, that it was quite impossible either to stop him, or to prevent all who were present from profiting by the communication. When Mad. de Chatelet died, Mad. du Deffant testified her grief for the most intimate of her female acquaintance, by circulating all over Paris, the very next morning, the most libellous and venomous attack on her person, her understanding, and her morals. When she came to die herself, however, she met with just about as much sympathy as she deserved. Three of her dearest friends used to come and play cards every evening by the side of her couch—and as she chose to die in the middle of a very interesting game, they quietly played it out—and settled their accounts before leaving the apartment. We hope these little traits go near to justify what we ventured to say in the outset, of the tendency of large and agreeable society to *fortify* the heart;—at all events, they give us a pretty lively idea of the *liaisons* that united kindred souls at Paris. We might add to the number several anecdotes of the President Henault—and of the Baron d'Holbach, who told Helvetius, a little time before the death of the latter, that though he had lived all his life with irritable and indigent men of

letters, he could not recollect that he had either quarrelled with, or done the smallest service to, any one among them.

There is a great deal of admirable criticism in this work upon the writings and genius of almost all the author's cotemporaries—Dorat, Piron, Millot, Bernard, Mirabeau, Moncrif, Colardeau, and many others, more or less generally known in this country; nor do we know any publication, indeed, so well calculated to give a stranger a just and comprehensive view of the recent literature of France.

Montesquieu, Buffon, and Raynal, are the only authors, we think, of whom M. Grimm speaks with serious respect and admiration. Great praise is lavished upon Robertson's Charles V. Young's Night Thoughts are said, and with justice, to be rather ingenious than pathetic; and to show more of a gloomy imagination than a feeling heart. Thompson's Seasons are less happily stigmatized as excessively ornate and artificial, and said to stand in the same relation to the Georgics, that the Lady of Loretto, with all her tawdry finery, bears to the naked graces of the Venus de Medici. Johnson's Life of Savage is extolled as exceedingly entertaining—though the author is laughed at, in the true Parisian taste, for not having made a jest of his hero. Hawkesworth's Voyages are also very much commended; and Sir William Jones's letter to *Anquetil du Perron*, is said to be capable, with a few retrenchments, of being made worthy of the pen of the patriarch himself. Mrs. Montagu's Essay on Shakspeare is also applauded to the full extent of its merits; and, indeed, a very laudable degree of candour and moderation is observed as to our national taste in the drama. Shakspeare, he observes, is fit for us, and Racine for them; and each should be satisfied with his lot, and would do well to keep to his own national manner. When we attempt to be regular and dignified, we are merely cold and stiff; and when they aim at freedom and energy, they become absurd and extravagant. The celebrity of Garrick seems to have been scarcely less at Paris than in London, their greatest actor being familiarly designated "*Le Garrick François*." His powers of pantomime, indeed, were universally intelligible, and seem to have made a prodigious impression upon the theatrical critics of France. But his authority is quoted by M. Grimm, for the observation, that there is not the smallest affinity in the tragic declamation of the two countries; so that an actor who could give the most astonishing effect to a passage of Shakspeare, would not, though perfectly master of French, be able to guess how a single line of Racine should be spoken on the stage.

We cannot leave the subject of the drama, however, without observing, with what an agreeable surprise we discovered in M. Grimm, an auxiliary in that battle which we have for some time

waged, though not without trepidation, against the theatrical standards of France, and in defence of our own more free and irregular drama. While a considerable part of our own men of letters, carried away by the authority and supposed unanimity of the continental judges, were disposed to desert the cause of Shakspeare and nature, and to recognise Racine and Voltaire as the only true models of dramatic excellence, it turns out that the greatest Parisian critic, of that best age of criticism, was of opinion that the very idea of dramatic excellence had never been developed in France; and that, from the very causes which we have formerly specified, there was neither powerful passion nor real nature on their stage. After giving some account of a play of La Harpe's, he observes, "I am more and more confirmed in the opinion, that *true tragedy, such as has never yet existed in France*, must, after all, be written in prose; or at least can never accommodate itself to the pompous and rhetorical tone of our stately versification. The ceremonious and affected dignity which belongs to such compositions, is quite inconsistent with the just imitation of nature, and destructive of all true pathos. It may be very fine and very poetical; but it is not dramatic: and accordingly I have no hesitation in maintaining, that all our celebrated tragedies belong to the *epic* and not to the *dramatic* division of poetry. The Greeks and Romans had a dramatic verse, which did not interfere with simplicity or familiarity of diction; but as we have none, we must make up our minds to compose our tragedies in prose, if we ever expect to have any that may deserve the name. What then?" he continues, "must we throw our Racines and Voltaires in the fire? By no means; on the contrary, we must keep them, and study and admire them more than ever; but with right conceptions of their true nature and merit—as masterpieces of poetry, and reasoning, and description; as the first works of the first geniuses that ever adorned any nation under heaven: but not as tragedies, not as pieces intended to exhibit natural characters and passions speaking their own language, and to produce that terrible impression which such pieces alone can produce. Considered in that light, their coldness and childishness will be immediately apparent; and though the talents of the artist will always be conspicuous, their misapplication and failure will not be less so. With the prospect that lies before us, the best thing, perhaps, that we can do is to go on, boasting of the unparalleled excellence we have attained. But how speedily should our boastings be silenced if the present race of *children* should be succeeded by a generation of *men*! Here is a theory," concludes the worthy baron, a little alarmed, it would seem, at his own temerity, "which it would be easy to confirm and illustrate much more completely—if a man had a desire to be stoned to death before the door of the *Theatre François*. But,



mean time, till I am better prepared for the honours of marriage. I must entreat you to keep the secret of my infidelity myself."

It holds very nearly the same language. After a long opinion upon the difference between real and artificial dignity, he says—"What follows, then, from all this—but that tragedy still to be invented in France; and that the ancients, with all their faults, were probably much nearer inventing it than we are?—Noble actions and sentiments, with simple and familiar language, are among its first elements: and I strongly suspect that for these two hundred years, we have mistaken the splendour of Madrid for the heroism of Rome. If once a man shall venture to give to his characters and to his diction the simplicity of ancient dignity, plays and players will be very different things from what they are now. But how much of this," he also in a fit of sympathetic terror, "could I venture to say to any body but you! I should be pelted in the streets, if I were suspected of the blasphemies I have just uttered."

With the assistance of two such allies, we shall renew the contest against the continental dramatists with fresh spirits and vigour; and shall probably find an early opportunity to brave the public opinion upon that important theme. In the mean time we shall remark, that we suspect there is something more than an analogy between the government and political constitution of the countries, and the character of their drama. The tragedy of France is conceived in the very genius and spirit of absolute monarchy—the same artificial stateliness—the same slow moving persons—the same suppression of ordinary emotions, and the same ostentatious display of lofty sentiments, and the same jealousy of the interference of lower agents, and the same horror of vulgarity and tumult. When we contrast the drama of France with that of England, we shall find that in the countries where this form of the drama has flourished, the court is the chief patron of the theatre, and almost its only supporters, we shall probably be inclined to think that this uniformity of character is not a mere accidental coincidence, but that the same causes which have stamped those traits upon the serious hours of its rulers, have extended them to its mimic representations which were originally devised for amusement. In England, again, our drama has all along been of the mixed nature of our government;—persons of all ranks take a share in both, each in his own peculiar character: and the result has been, in both, a much greater variety and vigour, than was ever exhibited under a more uniform system. In England, too, the stage has, in general, been dependent on the nation at large, and not on the favour of a few;—and it is natural to suppose that the character of its productions has been affected by a due consideration of that of



the miscellaneous patron whose feelings it was its business to gratify and reflect.

After having said so much about the stage, we cannot afford room either for the quarrels or witticisms of the actors, which are reported at great length in these volumes—or for the absurdities, however ludicrous, of the “*Dieu de Danse*,” as old Vestris ycleped himself—or even for the famous “*affaire du Menuet*” which distracted the whole court of France at the marriage of the late king. We can allow only a sentence indeed to the elaborate dissertation in which Diderot endeavours to prove that an actor is all the worse for having any feeling of the passions he represents, and is never so sure to agitate the souls of his hearers as when his own is perfectly at ease. We are persuaded that this is not correctly true;—though it might take more distinctions than the subject is worth, to fix precisely where the truth lies. It is plain, we think, however, that a good actor must have *a capacity*, at least, of all the passions whose language he mimics—and we are rather inclined to think that he must also have a transient feeling of them, whenever his mimicry is very successful. That the emotion should be very short-lived, and should give way to trivial or comic sensations, with very little interval, affords but a slender presumption against its reality, when we consider how rapidly such contradictory feelings succeed each other, in light minds, in the real business of life. That real passion, again, never would be so graceful and dignified as the counterfeited passion of the stage, is either an impeachment of the accuracy of the copy, or a contradiction in terms. The real passion of a noble and dignified character must always be dignified and graceful—and if Cæsar, when actually bleeding in the senate-house, folded his robe around him, that he might fall with decorum at the feet of his assassins, why should we say that it is out of nature for a player both to sympathize with the passions of his hero, and to think of the figure he makes in the eyes of the spectators? Strong conception is, perhaps, in every case, attended with a temporary belief of the reality of its objects;—and it is impossible for any one to copy with tolerable success the symptoms of a powerful emotion, without a very lively apprehension and recollection of its actual presence. We have no idea, we own, that the copy can ever be given without some participation in the emotion itself—or that it is possible to repeat pathetic words, with the tone or gestures of passion, with the same indifference with which a school-boy repeats his task, or a juggler his deceptions. The feeling, we believe, is often very momentary; and it is this which has misled those who have doubted of its existence. But there are many strong feelings equally fleeting and undeniable. The feelings of the spectators, in the theatre, though frequently more keen

experience anywhere else, are in general infinitely less than those excited by real transactions; and a ludicrous or blunder in the performance, will carry the whole house tant, from sobbing to ungoverned laughter: and even in we have every day occasion to observe how quickly the dissipated, the frivolous, and the very youthful, can pass powerful and engrossing emotion to another. The daily *coltaire*, we think, might have furnished Diderot with as d as striking instances of the actual succession of incommotions, as he has collected from the theatrical life of Arnoud, to prove that one part of the succession must ily have been fictitious.

are various traits of the oppressions and abuses of the ent, incidentally noticed in this work, which maintains, on e, a very aristocratical tone of politics. One of the most ble relates to no less a person than the Marechal de Saxe. at warrior, who is known never to have taken the field a small travelling seraglio in his suite, had engaged a certain Chantilly to attend him in one of his campaigns. The lady t prudently decline the honour of the invitation, because very poor; but her heart and soul were devoted to a astry cook of the name of Favart, for whose sake she at e out of the marechal's camp, and took refuge in the arms ver; who rewarded her heroism by immediately making life. The history of the marechal's lamentation on finding deserted, is purely ludicrous, and is very well told; but ngs take a very different character, when, upon reading a her, we find that this illustrious person had the baseness ality to apply to his sovereign for a *lettre de cachet* to force rtunate woman from the arms of her husband, and to com-o submit again to his embraces—and that the court was guilty of the incredible atrocity of granting such an order! ot only granted, M. Grimm assures us, but executed— poor creature was dragged from the house of her husband, ducted by a file of grenadiers to the quarters of his high- ere she remained till his death, the unwilling and disgusted f his sensuality! It is scarcely possible to regret the sub- of a form of government that admitted, but once in a cen- abuses so enormous as this:—and the tone in which M. notices it, as a mere *foiblesse* on the part of *le Grand Mau-* es us reason to think that it was by no means without a in the cotemporary history. In England, we verily believe, ver was a time in which it would not have produced insur- or assassination.

of the most remarkable passages in this philosophical jour- at which contains the author's estimate of the advantages

and disadvantages of philosophy. Not being much more of an optimist than ourselves, M. Grimm thinks that good and evil are pretty fairly distributed to the different generations of men; and that, if an age of philosophy be happier in some respects than one of ignorance and prejudice, there are particulars in which it is not so fortunate. Philosophy, he thinks, is the necessary fruit of a certain experience and certain maturity; and implies, in nations as well as individuals, the extinction of some of the pleasures as well as the follies of early life. All nations, he observes, have begun with poetry, and ended with philosophy—or, rather, have passed through the region of philosophy in their way to that of stupidity and dotage. They lose the poetical passion, therefore, before they acquire the taste for speculation; and, with it, they lose all faith in those illusions, and all interest in those trifles which make the happiness of the brightest portion of our existence. If, in this advanced stage of society, men are less brutal, they are also less enthusiastic;—if they are more habitually beneficent, they have less warmth of affection. They are delivered, indeed, from the yoke of many prejudices; but at the same time deprived of many motives of action. They are more prudent, but more anxious—are more affected with the general interests of mankind, but feel less for their neighbours; and, while curiosity takes the place of admiration, are more enlightened, but far less delighted with the universe in which they are placed.

The effect of this philosophical spirit on the arts, is evidently unfavourable on the whole. *Their* end and object is delight, and that of philosophy is truth; and the talent that seeks to instruct, will rarely condescend to aim merely at pleasing. Racine, and Moliere, and Boileau, were satisfied with furnishing amusement to such men as Louis XIV., and Colbert, and Turenne; but the geniuses of the present day pretend to nothing less than enlightening their rulers; and the same young men who would formerly have made their *début* with a pastoral or a tragedy, now generally leave college with a new system of philosophy and government in their port-folios. The very metaphysical, prying, and expounding turn of mind that is nourished by the spirit of philosophy, unquestionably deadens our sensibility to those enjoyments which it converts into subjects of speculation. It busies itself in endeavouring to understand those emotions which a simpler age was contented with enjoying;—and seeking, like Psyche, to have a distinct view of the sources of our pleasures, is punished, like her, by their instant annihilation.

Religion, too, continues M. Grimm, considered as a source of enjoyment or consolation in this world, has suffered from the progress of philosophy, exactly as the fine arts and affections have done. It has no doubt become infinitely more rational, and less

liable to atrocious perversions; but then it has also become much less enchanting and ecstatic—much less prolific of sublime raptures, beatific visions, and lofty enthusiasm. It has suffered, in short, in the common disenchantment; and the same cold spirit which has chased so many lovely illusions from the earth, has dispeopled heaven of half its marvels and its splendours.

We could enlarge with pleasure upon these just and interesting speculations; but it is time we should think of drawing this article to a close; and we must take notice of a very extraordinary transaction which M. Grimm has recorded with regard to the final publication of the celebrated *Encyclopedie*. The *redaction* of this great work, it is known, was ultimately confided to *Diderot*; who thought it best, after the disturbances that had been excited by the separate publication of some of the earlier volumes, to keep up the whole of the last ten till the printing was finished; and then to put forth the complete work at once. A bookseller by the name of *Breton*, who was a joint proprietor of the work, had the charge of the mechanical part of the concern; but, being wholly illiterate, and indeed without pretensions to literature, had of course no concern with the correction, or even the perusal of the text. This person, however, who had heard of the clamours and threatened prosecutions which were excited by the freedom of some articles in the earlier volumes, took it into his head that the value and security of the property might be improved, by a prudent castigation of the remaining parts; and accordingly, after receiving from *Diderot* the last proofs and revises of the different articles, took them home, and, with the assistance of another tradesman, scored out, altered and suppressed, at their own discretion, all the passages which they, in their wisdom, apprehended might give offence to the court, or the church, or any other persons in authority—giving themselves, for the most part, no sort of trouble to connect the disjointed passages that were left after these mutilations—and sometimes soldering them together with masses of their own stupid vulgarity. After these precious ameliorations were completed, they threw off the full impression; and, to make all sure and irremediable, consigned both the manuscript and the original proofs to the flames! Such, says M. Grimm, is the true explanation of that mass of impertinences, contradictions and incoherences, with which all the world has been struck, in the last ten volumes of this great compilation. It was not discovered till the very eve of the publication; when *Diderot*, having a desire to look back to one of his own articles, printed some years before, with difficulty obtained a copy of the sheets containing it from the warehouse of M. *Breton*—and found, to his horror and consternation, that it had been garbled and mutilated in the manner we have just stated. His rage and vexation on the discovery are well expressed in a

long letter to Breton, which M. Grimm has engrossed in his register. The mischief, however, was irremediable, without an intolerable delay and expense; and as it was impossible for the editor to take any steps to bring Breton to punishment for this "horrible forfait," without openly avowing the intended publication of a work which the court only tolerated by affecting ignorance of its existence, it was at last resolved, with many tears of rage and vexation, to keep the abomination secret—at least till it was proclaimed by the indignant denunciations of the respective authors whose works had been subjected to such cruel mutilation. The most surprising part of the story however is, that none of these authors ever made any complaint about the matter. Whether the number of years that had elapsed since the time when most of them had furnished their papers had made them insensible of the alterations—whether they believed the change effected by the base hand of Breton to have originated with Diderot, their legal censor—or that, in fact, the alterations were chiefly in the articles of the said Diderot himself, we cannot pretend to say; but M. Grimm assures us, that, to his astonishment and that of Diderot, the mutilated publication, when it at last made its appearance, was very quietly received by the injured authors as their authentic production, and apologies humbly made, by some of them, for imperfections that had been created by the beast of a publisher.

There are many curious and original anecdotes of the Empress of Russia in this book; and as she always appeared to advantage where munificence and clemency to individuals were concerned, they are certainly calculated to give us a very favourable impression of that extraordinary woman. We can only afford room now for one, which characterizes the nation as well as its sovereign. A popular poet of the name of Sumarokoff, had quarrelled with the leading actress at Moscow, and protested that she should never again have the honour to perform in any of his tragedies. The Governor of Moscow, however, not being aware of this theatrical feud, thought fit to order one of Sumarokoff's tragedies for representation, and also to command the services of the offending actress on the occasion. Sumarokoff did not venture to take any step against his excellency the governor; but when the heroine advanced in full Muscovite costume on the stage, the indignant poet rushed forward from behind the scenes, seized her reluctantly by the collar and waist, and tossed her furiously from the boards. He then went home, and indited two querulous and sublime epistles to the empress. Catharine, in the midst of her gigantic schemes of conquest and improvement, had the patience to sit down and address the following good humoured and sensible exhortation to the disordered bard.

« Monsieur Sumarokoff, j'ai été fort étonnée de votre lettre du 28 Janvier, et encore plus de celle du premier l'évrier. Toutes deux contiennent, à ce qu'il me semble, des plaintes contre la Belmontia qui pourtant n'a fait que suivre les ordres du comte Soltikoff. Le feld-maréchal a désiré de voir représenter votre tragédie ; cela vous fait honneur. Il était convenable de vous conformer au désir de la première personne en autorité à Moscou ; mais si elle a jugé à propos d'ordonner que cette pièce fût représentée, il fallait exécuter sa volonté sans contestation. Je crois que vous savez mieux que personne combien de respect méritent des hommes qui ont servi avec gloire, et dont la tête est couverte de cheveux blancs ; c'est pourquoi je vous conseille d'éviter de pareilles disputes à l'avenir. Par ce moyen vous conserverez la tranquillité d'âme qui est nécessaire pour vos ouvrages, et il me sera toujours plus agréable de voir les passions représentées dans vos drames que de les lire dans vos lettres.

« Au surplus, je suis votre affectionnée. *Signé CATHERINE.* »

« Je conseille, » adds M. Grimm, « à tout ministre chargé du département des lettres de cachet, d'enregistrer ce formulaire à son greffe, et à tout hasard de n'en jamais délivrer d'autres aux poètes et à tout ce qui a droit d'être du genre irritable, c'est-à-dire enfant et fou par état. Après cette lettre qui mérite peut-être autant l'immortalité que les monumens de la sagesse et de la gloire du règne actuel de la Russie, je meurs de peur de m'affermir dans la pensée hérétique que l'esprit ne gâte jamais rien, même sur le trône. »

But it is at last necessary to close these entertaining volumes—though we have not been able to furnish our readers with any thing like a fair specimen of their various and miscellaneous contents. Whoever wishes to see the economists wittily abused—to read a full and picturesque account of the tragical rejoicings that filled Paris with mourning at the marriage of the late king—to learn how *Paul Jones* was a writer of pastorals and love songs—or how they made carriages of leather, and evaporated diamonds in 1772—to trace the *début* of Mad. de Staël as an author at the age of twelve, in the year —!—to understand M. Grimm's notions on suicide and happiness—to know in what the *unique* charm of Madlle *Thevenin* consisted—and in what manner the dispute between the patrons of the French and the Italian music was conducted—will do well to peruse the five thick volumes, in which these, and innumerable other matters of equal importance are discussed, with the talent and vivacity with which the reader must have been struck, in the least of the foregoing extracts.

We add but one trivial remark, which is forced upon us, indeed, at almost every page of this correspondence. The profession of literature must be much wholesomer in France than in any other country:—for though the volumes before us may be regarded as a great literary obituary, and record the deaths, we suppose, of more than a hundred persons of some note in the



world of letters, we scarcely meet with an individual who is less than seventy or eighty years of age—and no very small proportion actually last till near ninety or a hundred—although the greater part of them seem neither to have lodged so high, nor lived so low, as their more active and abstemious brethren in other cities. M. Grimm observes, that, by a remarkable fatality, Europe was deprived, in the course of little more than six months, of the splendid and commanding talents of Rousseau, Voltaire, Haller, Linnæus, Heidegger, Lord Chatham, and Le Kain—a constellation of genius, he adds, that when it set to us, must have carried a dazzling light into the domains of the King of Terrors, and excited no small alarm in his ministers—if they bear any resemblance to the ministers of other sovereigns.

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*The Giaour, a Fragment of a Turkish Tale.* By Lord Byron.  
8vo. pp. 41.

[From the Edinburgh Review.]

THIS, we think, is very beautiful—or, at all events, full of spirit, character, and originality;—nor can we think that we have any reason to envy the Turkish auditors of the entire tale, while we have its fragments thus served up by a *restaurateur* of such taste as Lord Byron. Since the increasing levity of the present age, indeed, has rendered it impatient of the long stories that used to delight our ancestors, the taste for fragments, we suspect, has become very general; and the greater part of polite readers would now no more think of sitting down to a whole epic than to a whole ox:—And truly, when we consider how few long poems there are, out of which we should not wish very long passages to have been omitted, we will confess that it is a taste which we are rather inclined to patronize—notwithstanding the obscurity it may occasionally produce, and the havoc it must necessarily make, among the proportions, developments, and *callidæ juncturæ* of the critics. The truth is, we suspect, that after we once know what it contains, no long poem is ever read but in fragments;—and that the connecting passages, which are always skipped after the first reading, are often so tedious as to deter us from thinking of a second;—and in very many cases so awkwardly and imperfectly brought out, that it is infinitely less laborious to *guess at* the author's principle of combination, than to follow out his full explanation of it.

In the present instance, however, we do not think that we are driven upon such an alternative; for though we have heard that



persons of slender sagacity, or small poetical experience, been at a loss to make out the thread of the story, it certainly appears to us to be as free from obscurity as any *poetical* narrative with which we are acquainted—and is plain and elementary in the highest degree, when compared with the *lyric* compositions either of the Greeks, or of the Orientals. For the sake of humble readers, however, as are liable to be perplexed by any such obscurity, we subjoin the following brief outline—by the help of which they will easily be able to connect the detached fragments which it is faithfully deduced.

*Giaour* is the Turkish word for infidel; and signifies, upon occasion, a daring and amorous youth, who, in one of his voyages into Turkey, had been smitten with the charms of the daughter of a rich Emir; and had succeeded not only in winning her affections, but in finding opportunities for the indulgence of mutual passion. By and by, however, Hassan discovers their secret intercourse; and in a frenzy of jealous rage, sews the treacherous Leila up in a sheet—rows her out, in a calm evening, in a still and deep part of the channel—and plunges her into the cold and shuddering flood. The *Giaour* speedily comes to the knowledge of this inhuman vengeance; and mad with grief and resentment, joins himself to a band of plundering Arnauts, and follows the steps of the cruel Hassan, who, after giving out that he had eloped from his Serai, proceeds, in a few days, with a numerous and armed train, to woo a richer and more noble beauty.

*Giaour* sets upon him as he is issuing from a rocky defile, after a sanguinary contest, immolates him to the shade of the treacherous Leila. Then, perturbed in spirit, and perpetually haunted by the vision of that lovely victim, he returns to his own country, and takes refuge in a convent of Anchorets;—not, however, to pray or repent, but merely for the solitude and congeniality of that lonely retreat. Worn out with the agony of his reflections, and the constant visitation of his stormy passions, he here dies at the end of a few miserable years; and discloses to a pious priest whom pity and duty had brought to the side of his couch, as much of his character and history as the noble author thought fit to make known to his readers.

Such is the simple outline of this tale—which Turk or Christian might have conceived as we have given it, without any great display of invention—but to which we do not think any other but Byron himself could have imparted the force and the character which are conspicuous in the fragments that are now before us. What the noble author has most strongly conceived and most fully expressed, is the character of the *Giaour*;—of which, though some of the elements are sufficiently familiar in poetry, the sketch which is here given appears to us in the highest degree.

striking and original. The fiery soul of the Marmion and Bertram of Scott, with their love of lofty daring, their scorn of soft contemplation or petty comforts, and their proud defiance of law, religion, and conscience itself—are combined with something of the constitutional gloom, and the mingled disdain and regret for human nature, which were invented for Childe Harold; while the sterner features of that lofty portraiture are softened down by the prevalence of an ardent passion for the gentlest of human beings, and shaded over by the overwhelming grief which the loss of her had occasioned. The poetical effect of the picture, too, is not lowered, in the present instance, by the addition of any of those debasing features, by which Mr. Scott probably intended to give a greater air of nature and reality to his representations. The Giaour has no sympathy with Marmion in his love of broad meadows and fertile fields—nor with Bertram, in his taste for plunder and low debauchery; and while he agrees with them in placing in the first rank of honour the savage virtues of dauntless courage and terrible pride, knows far better how much more delightfully the mind is stirred by a deep and energetic attachment. The whole poem, indeed, may be considered as an exposition of the doctrine that the enjoyment of high minds is only to be found in the unbounded vehemence and strong tumult of the feelings; and that all gentler emotions are tame and feeble, and unworthy to move the soul that can bear the agency of the greater passions. It is the force and feeling with which this sentiment is expressed and illustrated, which gives the piece before us its chief excellence and effect; and has enabled Lord Byron to turn the elements of an ordinary tale of murder into a strain of noble and impassioned poetry.

The images are sometimes strained and unnatural—and the language sometimes harsh and neglected, or abrupt and disorderly; but the effect of the whole is powerful and pathetic; and, when we compare the general character of the poem to that of the more energetic parts of Campbell's O'Connor's Child, though without the softness, the wildness, or the occasional weakness, of that enchanting composition, and to the better parts of Crabbe's Lyrical Tales, without their coarseness or details—we have said more to recommend this little volume to all true lovers of poetry, than if we had employed a much larger space than it occupies with a critique and analysis of its contents. It is but fair, however, that the reader should be enabled to judge, from a few specimens, of the justness or accuracy of this comparative estimate. He may take, first, the following little sketch of an oriental beauty.

“ Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell—  
But gaze on that of the Gazelle,  
It will assist thy fancy well,

As large, as languishingly dark,  
 But soul beam'd forth in every spark  
 That darted from beneath its lid,  
 Bright as the gem of Giamschid.  
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue,  
 The young pomegranate's blossoms strew  
 Their bloom in blushes ever new—  
 Her hair in hyacinthine flow  
 When left to roll its folds below,  
 As midst her handmaids in the hall  
 She stood superior to them all,  
 Hath swept the marble where her feet  
 Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet  
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth,  
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth." P. 11. 13.

The drowning of this lovely, loving, and unresisting creature, described with great force and feeling. Hassan comes, in proud silence, with a silent band, bearing gently among them a great and heaving burden in a white sheet. They row out in a calm and golden evening from the rocky shore, and silently slip their burden into the water.

"Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,  
 The calm wave rippled to the bank;  
 I watch'd it as it sank—methought  
 Some motion from the current caught  
 Bestirr'd it more—'twas but the beam  
 That chequer'd o'er the living stream—  
 I gaz'd, till vanishing from view,  
 Like lessening pebble it withdrew;  
 Still less and less, a speck of white  
 That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight;  
 And all its hidden secrets sleep,  
 Known but to Genii of the deep,  
 Which, trembling in their coral caves,  
 They dare not whisper to the waves." P. 5, 6.

The death of Hassan is no less characteristic, and forms a picture of equal excellence, though of a very different expression.

"With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,  
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;  
 Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand  
 That quivers round the faithless brand;  
 His turban far behind him roll'd,  
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold;  
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,  
 And crimson as those clouds of morn

That streak'd with dusky red, portend  
 The day shall have a stormy end;  
 A stain on every bush that bore  
 A fragment of his palampore,  
 His heart with wounds unnumber'd riven,  
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,  
 Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclos'd eye  
 Yet lowering on his enemy,  
 As if the hour that seal'd his fate,  
 Surviving left his quenchless hate;  
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow  
 As dark as his that bled below." P. 19, 20.

The imprecation of the Moslem upon the Christian conqueror, is also conceived with great spirit. The passage about the vampyre is the most original and energetic.

"But first, on earth as Vanpyre sent,  
 Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent;  
 Then ghastly haunt thy native place,  
 And suck the blood of all thy race,  
 There from thy daughter, sister, wife,  
 At midnight drain the stream of life;  
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce  
 Must feed thy livid living corse," &c.

"But one that for thy crime must fall,  
 The youngest—most belov'd of all,  
 Shall *blcss* thee with a *father's* name—  
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!  
 Yet must thou end thy task, and mark  
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,  
 And the last glassy glance must view  
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue."

"Wet with thine own best blood shall drip,  
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;  
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave—  
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave." P. 23—25.

We hasten, however, to the Giaour's own dying and passionate confessions; in which, we think, the chief force and beauty of the poem is summed up. It opens thus—

"Father! thy days have pass'd in peace,  
 'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer;  
 To bid the sins of others cease,  
 Thyself without a crime or care,  
 Save transient ills that all must bear,  
 Has been thy lot from youth to age,  
 And thou wilt bless thee from the rage

Of passions fierce and uncontroll'd,  
Such as thy penitents unfold,  
Whose secret sins and sorrows rest  
Within thy pure and pitying breast.' " P. 30.

He then goes on to explain his own principles of action, and the state in which they had left him.

"My days, though few, have pass'd below  
In much of joy, but more of wo;  
Yet still in hours of love or strife  
I've scap'd the weariness of life;  
Now leagu'd with friends, now girt by foes,  
I loath'd the languor of repose;  
Now nothing left to love or hate,  
No more with hope or pride elate;  
I'd rather be the thing that crawls  
Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,  
Than pass my dull, unvarying days,  
Condemn'd to meditate and gaze;  
Yet, lurks a wish within my breast  
For rest—but not to feel 't is rest—  
Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;  
And I shall sleep without the dream  
Of what I was—and would be still,  
Though Hope hath long withdrawn her beam.'" P. 30, 31.

But the whole energy of the character, and of the author's genius, bursts out in the following fragments.

"I lov'd her, friar! nay, adored—  
But these are words that all can use—  
I prov'd it more in deed than word—  
There's blood upon that dinted sword—  
A stain its steel can never lose:  
'Twas shed for her who died for me,  
It warmed the heart of one abhorred:  
Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,  
Nor midst my sins such act record,  
Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,'" &c. P. 31, 32.

"She died—I dare not tell thee how,  
But look—'tis written on my brow!  
There read of Cain the curse and crime,  
In characters unworn by time:

Still, ere thou dost condemn me—pause—  
 Not mine the act, though mine\* the cause;  
 Yet did he but what I had done  
 Had she been false to more than one;  
 Faithless to him—he gave the blow,  
 But true to me—I laid him low;  
 Howe'er deserv'd her doom might be,  
 Her treachery was truth to me.  
 His death sits lightly; but her fate  
 Has made me—what thou well may'st hate.  
 His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,  
     Warn'd by the voice of stern Tahcer,  
     Deep in whose darkly boding ear  
     'The deathshot peal'd of murder near—  
 As filed the troop to where they fell!" P. 33, 34.

" 'The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
     Their love can scarce deserve the name;  
 But mine was like the lava flood  
     That boils in Ætna's breast of flame,  
 I cannot prate in puling strain  
 Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain;  
 If changing cheek—and scorching vein—  
 Lips taught to writhe—but not complain—  
 If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain,  
 And daring deed, and vengeful steel,  
 And all that I have felt—and feel—  
 Betoken love—that love was mine,  
 And shown by many a bitter sign.  
     'Tis true I could not whine nor sigh,  
 I knew but to obtain or die.  
 I die—but first I have possest,  
 And come what may, I *have been* blest;  
 Even now alone, yet undismay'd,  
 (I know no friend, and ask no aid,)  
 But for the thought of Leila slain,  
 Give me the pleasure with the pain,  
 So would I live and love again.  
 I grieve, but not, my holy guide!  
 For him who dies, but her who died;  
 She sleeps beneath the wandering wave,  
 Ah! had she but an earthly grave,  
 This breaking heart and throbbing head  
 Should seek and share her narrow bed.'" P. 35—37.

These, in our opinion, are the most beautiful passages of the poem—and some of them of a beauty which it would not be easy

\* It should be "though *I* the cause"—*mine* has no meaning, or quite a different one from what the author obviously intended.

to eclipse by many citations in the language. Different readers, however, may think differently; and some will probably be better pleased with the following parallel of hunting butterflies and courting beauties. The idea is not quite original—and the parallel is pushed too far into detail; but it is written not only with great elegance and ingenuity, but with a degree of feeling that does not always appear in those plays of the imagination.

“ As rising on its purple wing  
The insect queen of eastern spring,  
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer  
Invites the young pursuer near,  
And leads him on from flower to flower  
A weary chase and wasted hour,  
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,  
With panting heart and tearful eye:  
So Beauty lures the full-grown child  
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;  
A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
Begun in folly, closed in tears.

If won, to equal ills betrayed,  
Who waits the insect and the maid,  
A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
From infant's play, and man's caprice:  
The lovely toy so fiercely sought  
Has lost its charm by being caught,  
For every touch that wooed its stay  
Has brush'd its brightest hues away,  
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,  
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.  
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,  
Ah! where shall either victim rest?  
Can this with faded pinion soar  
From rose to tulip as before?  
Or beauty, blighted in an hour,  
Find joy within her broken bower?  
No: gayer insects fluttering by  
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,  
And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every failing but their own,  
And every wo a tear can claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame.” P. 6—8.

The sentiment of the following passage is striking and original; but the image by which it is illustrated is not of a poetical character, nor introduced with much elegance of language; while the minuteness into which it is pursued is still more objectionable than in the preceding example.



" To love the softest hearts are prone,  
 But such can n'er be all his own;  
 Too timid in his woes to share,  
 Too meek to meet, or brave despair;  
 And sterner hearts alone may feel  
 The wound that time can never heal.  
 The rugged metal of the mine  
 Must burn before its surface shine,  
 But plung'd within the furnace-flame,  
 It bends and melts—though still the same;  
 Then tempered to thy want, or will,  
 'Twill serve thee to defend or kill;  
 A breastplate for thine hour of need,  
 Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;  
 But if a dagger's form it bear,  
 Let those who shape its edge beware!  
 Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,  
 Can turn and tame the sterner heart;  
 From these its form and tone is ta'en,  
 And what they make it, must remain,  
 But break—before it bend again." P. 27, 28.

We shall add but one other exceptionable passage; in which also, though there is much force both of conception and expression, the same ambition of originality has produced a degree of harshness in the diction, and an air of studied ingenuity in the thought, which is very remote from the general style either of the piece or its author.

" The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,  
 Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,  
 In circle narrowing as it glows  
 The flames around their captive close,  
 Till inly search'd by thousand throes,  
 And maddening in her ire,  
 One sad and sole relief she knows,  
 'The sting she nourish'd for her foes,  
 Whose venom never yet was vain,  
 Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,  
 And darts into her desperate brain.—  
 So do the dark in soul expire,  
 Or live like Scorpion girt by fire:  
 So writhes the mind by conscience riven,  
 Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,  
 Darkness above, despair beneath,  
 Around it flame, within it death!—" P. 8, 9.

There is infinite beauty and effect, though of a painful and

almost oppressive character, in the following extraordinary passage; in which the author has illustrated the beautiful, but still and melancholy aspect, of the once busy and glorious shores of Greece, by an image more true, more mournful, and more exquisitely finished, than any that we can now recollect in the whole compass of poetry.

“ He who hath bent him o’er the dead,  
 Ere the first day of death is fled;  
 The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress;  
 (Before Decay’s effacing fingers  
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers;)—  
 And mark’d the mild angelic air—  
 The rapture of repose that’s there—  
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
 The languor of the placid cheek,  
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
     That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now—  
 And but for that chill changeless brow,  
 Whose touch thrills with mortality,  
 And curdles to the gazer’s heart,  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—  
 Yes—but for these and these alone,  
 Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour,  
 He still might doubt the tyrant’s power,  
 So fair—so calm—so softly scal’d  
 The first—last look—by death reveal’d:  
     Such is the aspect of this shore—  
 ’Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start—for soul is wanting there.  
 Her’s is the loveliness in death,  
 That parts not quite with parting breath;  
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb—  
 Expression’s last receding ray,  
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away!  
 Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—  
 Which gleams—but warms no more its cherish’d earth! P. 3—5.

The oriental *costume* is preserved, as might be expected, with admirable fidelity through the whole of this poem; and the Turkish original of the tale is attested, to all but the bolder sceptics of literature, by the great variety of untranslated words which perplex the unlearned reader in the course of these fragments. *Kiosks*,

this shadowy image without being able to satisfy my curiosity. I immediately made another movement by bending my body, and the colossal figure before me repeated it. I was desirous of doing the same thing once more, but my colossus had vanished. I remained in the same position, waiting to see whether it would return, and in a few minutes it again made its appearance in the Achtermannshöhe. I paid my respects to it a second time and it did the same to me. I then called the landlord of the Broken; and having both taken the same position which I had taken alone, we looked towards the Achtermannshöhe, but saw nothing. We had not, however, stood long, when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence, which repeated our compliment by bending their bodies as we did; after which they vanished. We retained our position; kept our eyes fixed upon the same spot, and in a little time the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third. Every movement that we made by bending our bodies, these figures imitated—but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faint, sometimes strong and well defined. Having thus had an opportunity of discovering the whole secret of this phenomenon, I can give the following information to such of my readers as may be desirous of seeing it themselves. When the rising sun, and according to analogy the case will be the same at the setting sun, throws his rays over the Broken upon the body of a man standing opposite to fine light clouds floating around, or hovering past him, he needs only fix his eye steadfastly upon them, and, in all probability, he will see the singular spectacle of his own shadow extending to the length of five or six hundred feet, at the distance of about two miles before him. This is one of the most agreeable phenomena I ever had an opportunity of remarking on the great observations of Germany."

Still more curious is an instance recorded by Don Juan de Ulloa, in his voyage to South America, which we transcribe from the English translation, 1772, vol. 1. p. 442. "We saw a surprising phenomenon on our first ascent to Pambamarca. At break of day the whole mountain was encompassed with very thick clouds, which the rising of the sun dispersed so far as to leave only some vapours of a tenuity not cognisable by the sight: on the opposite side to that where the sun rose, and about ten toises distant from the place where we were standing, we saw, as in a looking-glass, the image of each of us, the head being, as it were, the centre of three concentric iris's: the last, or most external colours of one touched the first of the following; and at some distance from them all, was a fourth arch entirely white. These were perpendicular to the horizon: and as the person moved, the phenomenon moved also in the same disposition and order. But what was remarkable, though we were six or seven together, every one saw the phenomenon with regard to himself, and not that relating to others. The diameter of the arches gradually altered

with the ascent of the sun above the horizon: and the phenomenon itself, after continuing a long time, insensibly vanished."

What might not a poetical imagination, or a superstitious mind, or a mind softened at the time by a particular loss of relatives, or other affliction, have inferred from these indications of celestial apotheosis and glory? Especially as each saw the optical spectra singly, what might not silence, or what might not solitude, have suggested, aided by accidental circumstances easily imagined. These appearances occurred among mountains, and it may be recollected that mountain scenery has ever been favourable to interviews with the spirits of departed heroes, with the mighty dead, supposed to haunt their former residences. Were they other than clouds assuming certain forms, or effects of light and shade flitting among the heights, or phenomena dependent on the refraction of the rays of light, solar or lunar?

But some have held conversations with spirits. Dr. F. admits that Tasso really *saw* the appearances with which he conversed; i. e. that such images were really present by impressions made on his disordered bodily organs: had he noticed the curious particular that Tasso's study was a Gothic apartment, and that he fancied his familiar spirit conversed with him through a window of stained glass, he might have found a very powerful support to his theory: the *coloured* rays certainly affected the poet's organs of vision: by delusive but not unreal operation. Dr. F. admits also, that Brutus *saw*, with his bodily organs, the spectre that promised to meet him at Philippi; but he has paid no attention to the circumstances which surrounded Brutus at the time. He was accustomed to read in his tent, at midnight, when his bodily frame was debilitated by fatigue, and his spirits exhausted by long and toilsome marches, by the duties of the day;—he was, therefore, in a state to be led astray by a predisposed imagination. What was the subject of the book he was reading?—Was it Plato, on the Immortality of the Soul, or was it the theory of the dying Bramin, who prophetically warned Alexander that they should meet at Babylon? Either of these might suggest the idea of a spectre rising to disturb his meditation, or a spirit predicting a meeting, at which the hero promised to be present.

Some curious persons, of uncommon strength of mind, and sufficiently informed, have watched the progress of this disease in themselves, and have distinguished its effects. Among the most decisive of these is the case of Nicolai, the celebrated author and bookseller of Berlin. He was accustomed to lose blood twice a year; but this was omitted at the close of the year 1790, when it ought to have taken place. Says he,

"I had, in January and February of the year 1791, the additional

misfortune to experience several extremely unpleasant circumstances, which were followed on the 24th of February by a most violent altercation. My wife and another person came into my apartment in the morning in order to console me, but I was too much agitated by a series of incidents which had most powerfully affected my moral feeling, to be capable of attending to them; on a sudden I perceived, at about the distance of ten steps, a form like that of a deceased person; I pointed at it, asking my wife if she did not see it. It was but natural that she should not see any thing; my question therefore alarmed her very much, and she sent immediately for a physician. The phantasm continued about eight minutes. I grew at length more calm, and being extremely exhausted, fell into a restless sleep which lasted about half an hour: the physician ascribed the apparition to a violent mental emotion, and hoped that there would be no return; but the violent agitation of my mind had in some way disordered my nerves, and produced farther consequences which deserve a more minute description.

“ At four in the afternoon, the form which I had seen in the morning reappeared. I was by myself when this happened, and being rather uneasy at the incident, went to my wife’s apartment, but there likewise I was prevented by the apparition, which, however, at intervals, disappeared, and always presented itself in a standing posture: about six o’clock there appeared also several walking figures, which had no connexion with the first.

“ As when the first terror was over, I beheld the phantasms with great emotion taking them for what they really were, remarkable consequences of an indisposition, I endeavoured to collect myself as much as possible, that I might preserve a clear consciousness of the changes which should take place within myself; I observed these phantasms very closely, and frequently reflected on my antecedent thoughts to discover, if possible, by means of what association of ideas exactly, these forms presented themselves to my imagination; I thought at times I had found a clew, but taking the whole together I could not make out any natural connexion between the occupations of my mind, my occupations, my regular thoughts, and the multifarious forms which now appeared to me, and now again disappeared. After repeated and close observations, and calm examination, I was unable to form any conclusion relative to the origin and continuation of the different phantasms which presented themselves to me. All that I could infer was, that while my nervous system was in such an irregular state, such phantasms would appear to me as if I actually saw and heard them; that these illusions were not modified by any known laws of reason, imagination, or the common association of ideas, and that probably other people who may have had similar apparitions, were exactly in the same predicament.

“ I attempted to produce at pleasure, phantasms of persons whom I knew, by intensely reflecting on their countenance, shape, &c. but distinctly as I called to my lively imagination the respective shades of three of these persons, I still laboured in vain to make them appear to me as phantasms, though I had before involuntarily seen them in that manner, and perceived them some time after, when I least thought of

them. I could at the same time distinguish between phantasms and real objects, and the calmness with which I examined them enabled me to avoid the commission of the smallest mistake. I knew exactly when it only appeared to me that the door was opening and a phantasm entering the room, and when it actually opened and a real person entered.

"These phantasms appeared equally clear and distinct at all times and all circumstances, both when I was by myself and when I was in company, and as well in the day as at night, and in my own house as well as abroad; they were, however, less frequent when I was in the house of a friend, and rarely appeared to me in the street; when I shut my eyes these phantasms would sometimes disappear entirely, though there were instances when I beheld them with my eyes closed, yet when they disappeared on such occasions, they generally reappeared when I opened my eyes.

"I generally saw human forms of both sexes, but they usually appeared not to take the smallest notice of each other, moving as in a market place, where all are eager to press through the crowd; at times, however, they seemed to be transacting business with each other: I also saw several times people on horseback, dogs and birds. All these phantasms appeared to me in their natural size, and as distinct as if alive, exhibiting different shades of carnation in the uncovered parts as well as in different colours and fashions in their dresses; though the colours seemed somewhat paler than in real nature, none of the figures appeared particularly terrible, comical, or disgusting, most of them being of an indifferent shape, and some having a pleasing appearance.

"I also began to hear them talk; the phantoms sometimes conversed among themselves, but more frequently addressed their discourse to me; their speeches were commonly short, and never of an unpleasant turn. At different times there appeared to me both dear and sensible friends of both sexes, whose addresses tended to appease my grief, which had not yet wholly subsided: these consolatory speeches were in general addressed to me when I was alone: sometimes I was accosted by these consoling friends while I was in company, frequently while real persons were speaking to me. These consolatory addresses consisted sometimes of abrupt phrases, and at others they were regularly connected."

These phantoms continued till April 20, at eleven o'clock in the morning, when, after again losing blood,

"I perceived," says he, "that they began to move more slowly. Soon after, their colour began to fade, and at seven o'clock, they were entirely white. But they moved very little, though the forms were as distinct as before: growing, however, by degrees, more obscure; yet not fewer in number, as had generally been the case. The phantoms did not withdraw, nor did they vanish: which previous to that time had frequently happened. They now seemed to dissolve in the air: while fragments of them continued visible a considerable time. About eight o'clock the room was entirely cleared of my fantastic visitors."

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

### OF THE LATE LIEUTENANT BURROWS.

It is the laudable desire of every brave man to receive the praises of his countrymen: but there is a dearer and more cherished wish that grows closer to his heart; it is to live in the recollections of those he loves and honours; to leave behind him a name, at the mention of which the bosom of friendship shall glow, the eye of affection shall brighten; which shall be a legacy of honest pride to his family, causing it to dwell on his worthy deeds, and glory in his memory. The bravest soldier would not willingly expose himself to certain danger, if he thought that death were to be followed by oblivion; he might rise above the mere dread of bodily pain, but human pride shrinks from the darkness and silence of the grave.

It is the duty, and it is likewise the policy, therefore, of a nation, to pay distinguished honour to the memories of those who have fallen in its service. It is, after all, but a cheap reward for sufferings and death; but it is a reward that will prompt others to the sacrifice, when they see that it is faithfully discharged. The youthful bosom warms with emulation at the praises of departed heroes. The marble monument that bears the story of a nation's admiration and gratitude, becomes an object of ambition. Death, the great terror of warfare, ceases to be an evil when graced with such distinctions; and thus one hero may be said, like a phoenix, to spring from the ashes of his predecessor.

In the gallant young officer who is the subject of the present memoir, we shall see these observations verified; he fought with the illustrious example of his brethren before his eyes, and died with the funeral honours of Lawrence fresh in his recollection.

Lieut. William Burrows was born in 1785, at Kinderton, near Philadelphia, the seat of his father, William Ward Burrows, Esq. of South Carolina. He was educated chiefly under the eye of his parent, who was a gentleman of accomplished mind and polished manners. It is not known whether he was intended for any par-



ticular profession; but great pains were taken to instruct him in the living languages; and at the age of thirteen he was as well acquainted with ~~the~~ German as with his mother tongue; he was likewise kept rigidly at the study of the French, for which, however, he showed a singular aversion. The dawning of his character was pleasing and auspicious; to quickness of intellect he added an amiable disposition and generous sensibility of heart. His character, however, soon assumed more distinct and peculiar features; a shade of reserve began gradually to settle on his manners. At an age when the feelings of other children are continually sallying forth, he seemed to hush his into subjection. He appeared to retire within himself: to cherish a solitary independence of mind, and to rely as much as possible on his own resources. It seemed as if his young imagination had already glanced forth on the rough scene of his future life, and that he was silently preparing himself for its vicissitudes. Nor is it improbable that such was the case. Though little communicative of his hopes and wishes, it was evident that his genius had taken its bias. Even among the gentle employments and elegant pursuits of a polite education, his family was astonished to perceive the rugged symptoms of the sailor continually breaking forth: and his drawing master would sometimes surprise him neglecting the allotted task, to paint the object of his silent adoration—a gallant ship of war.

On finding that such was the determined bent of his inclinations, care was immediately taken to instruct him in naval science. A midshipman's warrant was procured for him in November, 1799, and in the following January he joined the sloop of war Portsmouth, commanded by Captain M'Neale, in which he sailed to France. This cruise, while it confirmed his predilection for the life he had adopted, made him acquainted with his own deficiencies. Instead of the puerile vanity and harmless ostentation which striplings generally evince when they first put on their uniform, and feel the importance of command, it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to wear the naval dress, until he had proved himself worthy of it by his services. The same mixture of genuine diffidence and proud humility was observed in the discharge of his duties towards his inferiors; he felt the novelty of his situation, and shrunk from the exercise of authority over the

aged and veteran sailor, whom he considered his superior in seamanship. On his return home, therefore, he requested a furlough of some months, to strengthen him in the principles of navigation. He also resumed the study of the French language, the necessity for which he had experienced in his late cruise, and from his knowledge of grammatical elements, joined to vigorous application, he soon learned to use it with fluency.

He was afterwards ordered on duty, and served on board of various ships until 1803, when he was ordered to the frigate *Constitution*, Commodore Preble. Soon after the arrival of that ship in the Mediterranean, the commodore, noticing his zeal and abilities, made him an acting lieutenant. In the course of the Tripolitan war he distinguished himself on various occasions by his intrepidity; particularly in one instance, when he rushed into the midst of a mutinous body, and seized the ringleader, at the imminent hazard of his life. After his return to the United States, in 1807, he was in different services, and among others, as first lieutenant of the *Hornet*. While in this situation, he distinguished himself greatly during a violent and dangerous gale, insomuch that his brother officers attributed the preservation of the ship entirely to his presence of mind and consummate seamanship.

The details of a sailor's life are generally brief, and little satisfactory. We expect miraculous stories from men who rove the deep, visit every corner of the world, and mingle in storms and battles; and are mortified to find them treating these subjects with provoking brevity. The fact is, these circumstances that excite our wonder, are trite and familiar to their minds. He whose whole life is a tissue of perils and adventures, passes lightly over scenes at which the landsman, accustomed to the security of his fireside, shudders even in imagination. Mere bravery ceases to be a matter of ostentation, when every one around him is brave; and hairbreadth 'scapes are common-place topics among men whose very profession consists in the hourly hazard of existence.

In seeking, therefore, after interesting anecdotes concerning those naval officers whose exploits have excited public enthusiasm, our curiosity is continually baffled by general accounts, or meager particulars, given with the technical brevity of a log-book. We have thus been obliged to pass cursorily over several years

of Burrows' seafaring life, though doubtless chequered by many striking incidents.

From what we can collect, he seems to have been a marked and eccentric character. His peculiarity, instead of being smoothed and worn down by mingling with the world, became more and more prominent, as he advanced in life. He had centered all his pride in becoming a thorough and accomplished sailor, and regarded every thing else with indifference. His manners were an odd compound of carelessness and punctilio, frankness and taciturnity. He stood aloof from the familiarity of strangers, and in his contempt of what he considered fawning and profession, was sometimes apt to offend by blunt simplicity, or chill by reserve. But his character, when once known, seemed to attach by its very eccentricities, and though little studious of pleasing, he soon became a decided favourite. He had an original turn of thought and a strong perception of every thing ludicrous and characteristic. Though scarcely ever seen to laugh himself, he possessed an exquisite vein of dry humour which he would occasionally indulge in the hours of hilarity, and, without moving a muscle of his own countenance, would set the table in a roar. When under the influence of this lurking drollery, every thing he said and did was odd and whimsical. His replies were remarkably happy, and, heightened by the peculiarity of his manner, and the provoking gravity of his demeanour, were sources of infinite merriment to his associates. It was his delight to put on the dress of the common sailor, and explore the haunts of low life, drawing from thence traits of character and comic scenes with which he would sometimes entertain his messmates.

But with all this careless and eccentric manner, he possessed a heart full of noble qualities. He was proud of spirit, but perfectly unassuming; jealous of his own rights, but scrupulously considerate of those of others. His friendships were strong and sincere; and he was zealous in the performance of secret and important services for those to whom he was attached. There was a rough benevolence in his disposition that manifested itself in a thousand odd ways; nothing delighted him more than to surprise the distressed with relief, and he was noted for his kindness and condescension towards the humble and dependent. His companions were full of his generous deeds, and he was the darling

of the common sailors. Such was the sterling worth that lay encrusted in an unpromising exterior, and hidden from the world by a forbidding and taciturn reserve.

With such strong sensibilities and solitary pride of character, it was the lot of Burrows to be wounded in that tender part where the feelings of officers seem most assailable. In his promotion to a lieutenancy he had the mortification to find himself outranked by junior officers, some of whom he had commanded in the Tripolitan war. He remonstrated to the navy department, but without redress. On Mr. Hamilton's going into office, he stated to him his claims, and, impatient of the slight which he conceived he had suffered, offered to resign his commission, which, however, was not accepted. Whether the wrongs of which he complained were real or imaginary, they preyed deeply on his mind. He seemed for a time to grow careless of the world and of himself; withdrew more than ever from society, and abandoned himself to the silent broodings of a wounded spirit. Perhaps this morbid sensibility of feeling might in some measure have been occasioned by infirmity of body, his health having been broken by continual and severe duty; but it belongs to a saturnine character, like that of Burrows, to feel deeply and sorely. Men of gayer spirits and more mercurial temperament, may readily shake off vexation, or bustle it away amid the amusements and occupations of the world; but Burrows was scanty in his pleasures, limited in his resources, single in his ambition. Naval distinction was the object of all his hope and pride; it was the only light that led him on and cheered his way, and whatever intervened left him in darkness and dreariness of heart.

Finding his resignation was not accepted, and feeling temporary disgust at the service, he applied for a furlough, which, with some difficulty, he obtained. He then entered as first officer on board the merchant ship *Thomas Penrose*, Capt. Ansley, and sailed on a commercial voyage to Canton. On his return passage he was captured and carried into Barbadoes, but permitted to come home, on parole. Immediately on his being exchanged, in June, 1813, he was appointed to the command of the brig *Enterprise*, at Portsmouth.

This appointment seemed to infuse new life and spirits into

Burrows, and to change his whole deportment. His proper pride was gratified on having a separate command; he no longer felt like an unimportant individual, but that he had rank and station to support. He threw off a great deal of his habitual reserve, became urbane and attentive; and those who had lately looked upon him as a mere misanthrope, were delighted with the manly frankness of his manners.

On the first of September, the *Enterprise* sailed from Portsmouth on a cruise. On the fifth, early in the morning, they espied a brig in shore getting under way. They reconnoitred her for a while to ascertain her character, of which they were soon informed by her hoisting three British ensigns, and firing a shot as a challenge. The *Enterprise* then haled upon a wind, stood out of the bay, and prepared for action. A calm for some time delayed the encounter; it was succeeded by a breeze from the S. W. which gave our vessel the weathergage. After manœuvring for a while to the windward in order to try her sailing with the enemy, and to ascertain his force, the *Enterprise*, about 3 P. M., shortened sail, hoisted three ensigns, fired a gun, tacked, and ran down with an intention to bring him to close quarters. When within half pistol shot the enemy gave three cheers, and commenced the action with his starboard broadside. The cheers and the broadside were returned on our part, and the action became general. In about five minutes after the battle had commenced, the gallant Burrows received a musket ball in his body and fell; he however refused to be carried below, but continued on deck through the action. The active command was then taken by Lieut. M'Call, who conducted himself with great skill and coolness. The enemy was out manœuvred and cut up: his maintopmast and topsail-yard shot away; a position gained on his starboard bow, and a raking fire kept up, until his guns were silenced and he cried for quarters, saying that as his colours were nailed to the mast he could not hale them down. The prize proved to be his Britannic majesty's brig *Boxer* of 14 guns. The number of her crew is a matter of conjecture and dispute. Sixty-four prisoners were taken, seventeen of whom were wounded. How many of the dead were thrown

into the sea during the action it is impossible to say ;\* the British return only four as killed ; courtesy forbids us to question the veracity of an officer on mere presumption ; but it is ever the natural wish of the vanquished to depreciate their force ; and, in truth, we have seen with regret various instances of disingenuousness on the part of the enemy, in their statements of our naval encounters. But we will not enter into disputes of this kind. It is enough that the enemy entered into the battle with a bravado at the mast head, and a confidence of success ; this either implied a consciousness of his own force, or a low opinion of his antagonist ; in either case he was mistaken. It is a fruitless task to vindicate victories against the excuses of the vanquished—sufficient for the victor is the joy of his triumph, he should allow the enemy the consolation of accounting for it.

We turn gladly from such an idle discussion to notice the last moments of the worthy Burrows. There needs no elaborate pencil to impart pathos and grandeur to the death of a brave man. The simple anecdotes given in simple terms by his surviving comrades, present more striking pictures, than could be wrought up by the most refined attempts of art. “ At 20 minutes past three P. M.” says one account, “ our brave commander fell, and while lying on the deck, refusing to be carried below, raised his head and requested that *the flag might never be struck.*” In this situation he remained during the rest of the engagement, regardless of bodily pain ; regardless of the life-blood fast ebbing from his wound ; watching with anxious eye the vicissitudes of battle ; cheering his men by his voice, but animating them still more by his glorious example. When the sword of the vanquished enemy was presented to him, we are told that he clasped his hands and exclaimed, “ I am satisfied, I die contented !” He now permitted himself to be carried below, and the necessary attentions were paid, to save his life, or alleviate his sufferings. His wound, however, was

\* In a letter from Captain Hull to Commodore Bainbridge he describes the state of the Boxer when brought into port : and observes, “ We find it impossible to get at the number of killed ; no papers are found by which we can ascertain it. I however counted ninety hammocks which were in her netting with beds in them, besides several beds without hammocks ; and she had excellent accommodations for all her officers below in state-rooms, so that I have no doubt that she had one hundred men on board.”

beyond the power of surgery, and he breathed his last within a few hours after the victory.

The commander of the Boxer, Captain Samuel Blythe, was killed early in the action by a cannon ball; had he lived he might have defended his ship more desperately, but it is not probable with more success. He was an officer of distinguished merit; having received a sword from government for his good conduct under Sir James L. Yeo, in the capture of Cayenne. He was also one of the pall-bearers to our lamented Lawrence, when buried at Halifax. It was his fate now to receive like courtesy at the hands of his enemy. His remains, in company with those of the brave Burrows, were brought to Portland, where they were interred with military honours. It was a striking and affecting sight, to behold two gallant commanders, who had lately been arrayed in deadly hostility against each other, descending into one quiet grave, there to mingle their dust peacefully together.

At the time of his decease Lieutenant Burrows was but in his twenty-ninth year; a most untimely death, as it concerned the interests of his country, and the fulness of his own renown. Had he survived there is little doubt that his great professional merits, being rendered conspicuous by this achievement, would have raised him to importance, and enlarged the sphere of his usefulness. And it is more than probable that those rich qualities of heart and mind, which, chilled by neglect, had lain almost withering in the shade, being once vivified by the quickening rays of public favour, would have sprung forth in full luxuriance. As it is, his public actions will live on the proud page of our naval history, and his private worth will long flourish in the memory of his intimates, who dwell with honest warmth on the eccentric merits of this generous and truehearted sailor. For himself he was resigned to his premature fate: life seems never to have had much value in his eyes, and was nothing when weighed with reputation. He had attained the bright object of his wishes, and died in the full fruition of the warrior's hope, with the shouts of victory still sounding in his ears.



# SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

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## INTERNAL STATE OF FRANCE.

[From the Monthly Magazine, for August, 1813.]

It is upwards of ten years since any correct account of the internal condition of France was submitted to the English nation. The works of Mr. PINKERTON and Miss PLUMPTRE, are doubtless exceptions to this observation; but as their representations did not favour the prejudices which the inventions of the London newspapers had succeeded in raising, they have been counteracted by the greater activity and reiterated misstatements of these newspapers. During this absence of all genuine information, we have therefore conceived that we should perform an acceptable service to many of our readers, by collecting some facts from an English gentleman who has recently returned to London after a residence of nearly eleven years in Paris. We believe our informant to be a man of strict veracity, or we should not give publicity to his statements; at the same time they must be left to speak for themselves, and we consider that we are merely filling up, by means accidentally presented to us, an hiatus in the public intelligence, on subjects which merit the most serious attention.

According to the testimony of our informant, "The forces brought together and raised by Napoleon, after his return from Russia, for the opening of the northern campaign of 1813, consisted of

The cohorts, or militia who volunteered	-	-	120,000
Picked troops from Spain, chiefly dismounted cavalry,			
transported in wagons	-	-	60,000
The conscription of 1813	-	-	150,000
ditto for 1814	-	-	120,000
The reserve of seven former conscriptions		-	80,000
Veterans from Italy, under Bertrand	-	-	28,000
			<hr/>
			558,000

The half of which had crossed the Rhine before the first of May, forming, with the French troops then in Germany, about 300,000.

"The present French armies and forces in active service are estimated as follows :

In Lusatia and Silesia	-	-	-	250,000
On the Lower Rhine, under Eckmuhl, Belluno, and Vandamme	-	-	-	50,000
Under Castillogne, at Wurtsburgh	-	-	-	30,000
Reserve at the grand depot at Mentz, under Valmy	-	-	-	50,000
Under the Viceroy on the Adige	-	-	-	40,000
Under Suchet, and in Catalonia	-	-	-	38,000
Under Jourdan, in or near Navarre	-	-	-	35,000
Under Foix, &c. in Biscay	-	-	-	3,000
In Dantzic, Rome, Naples, and various garrisons	-	-	-	50,000
				<hr/>
				546,000
In reserve, training, and in different parts of France				154,000
				<hr/>
Effective French army	-	-	-	700,000

## FRENCH ALLIES.

Contingents of the Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine, in Saxony and Bavaria	-	-	60,000
Danes on the Lower Rhine, &c.	-	-	20,000
Spaniards in Catalonia, &c. &c.	-	-	5,000
			<hr/>
			85,000

The Neapolitans are not included, because a lukewarmness has arisen between Napoleon and Murat, owing to the desire of the former to make the latter King of Poland, and then to unite Naples to the kingdom of Italy.

“The best officers in the French service in the public estimation in France are, 1. MACDONALD, Duke of Tarentum, formerly of the Irish brigade, and born of Irish parents, at Douay, a man of excellent character and generally beloved; 2. NEY, Prince of the Mosqua, a native of Alsace, an officer of the rarest qualities, and of great personal bravery, activity and coolness; 3. BEAUHARNOIS, Viceroy of Italy, son of the late empress, remarkable for his presence of mind, courage, and amiable character; 4. OUDINOT, Duke of Reggio, esteemed one of the bravest officers in the French service; 5. SUCHET, Duke of Albufera, an active and skilful officer; 6. SOULT, Duke of Dalmatia, chiefly eminent for his desperate personal courage; 7. VICTOR, Duke of Belluno, an officer of great activity and good moral character.

“BERTHIER, Prince of Neufchatel and Wagram, eminent for his skill in managing the staff affairs of an army; D'AVOUST, Prince of Eckmuhl, much attached to Napoleon, and confidentially employed by him on difficult services; JUNOT, Duke of Abrantes, a man of great bravery, but devoid of skill as a general, lately sent governor to Venice, owing to various military blunders with which he has been charged; AUGEREAU, Duke of Castillogne, esteemed

a valuable officer; MASSENA, Prince of Essling, lately retired from service owing to the loss of his sight and other infirmities, but immensely rich; MORTIER, Duke of Treviso, and MARMONT, Duke of Ragusa, owe their promotions chiefly to their personal attachment to Napoleon. JOURDAN has always been deemed an unfortunate commander, and was induced to accompany Joseph into Spain, from a long subsisting friendship between them.

"The famous BARRERE is attached to the police, with a pension of 12,000 livres, and writes the political articles and strictures which appear in the *Moniteur*. BARRAS, the ex-director, lives on his estate in Burgundy; CARNOT lives privately in Paris; SIEYES, created a count and a senator, lives in much splendour in Paris.

"Political parties in France consist chiefly of the adherents of government, of a small party of republicans, and a still smaller party of ancient royalists. The marriage of Napoleon with the Austrian princess, attached the whole Bourbon party to the present dynasty.

"The Ex-King and Queen of Spain, with her Prince of Peace, and two of the junior children, reside at Rome. FERDINAND reposes himself at Valency, near Blois, a chateau belonging to the Prince of Beneventé; he hunts in the forest, and is constantly attended by a gens d'arme; but is supposed to have no inclination to escape, or take on himself the cares of government, owing to the *foiblesse de son esprit*.

"No paper money is in circulation in France. Gold and silver coin exists in great abundance in Napoleons, and double Napoleons of gold; and in the cent sols, two francs, one franc, and half and quarter franc of silver.

"Butcher's meat in Paris is from 4d. 1-2. to 5d. per pound of 20 ounces, at the public markets; bread 2d.; cheese 7d.; butter 1s. 3d. (in April;) potatoes, the English bushel, 4d.; ordinary wine 6d. per bottle; good burgundy 8d.; ordinary claret 10d.; and good claret 1s. 9d. In the provinces, the whole are 30 per cent. cheaper. Colonial produce is very dear. Loaf sugar 6s. per pound; moist sugar 4s. 6d. Coffee 4d. per ounce. The beet-root sugar is at present as dear as West India, and is much mixed with the latter by the venders.

"The direct taxes are but trifling, amounting altogether, to householders, to not more than 5 or 6 per cent. on the rental of their houses. The revenue is chiefly raised by duties on imports and exports, and imposts on staple manufactures, and a land tax of about 5d. in the pound.

"The roads are in fine condition. Of private buildings there are few new ones. Trade in general is dead, and agriculture is not flourishing. Travelling is secure, and robbers little heard of.

There are no public executions, except for murder and coining. The legal prisons are almost empty ; but the state prisons are generally full.

“ The CODE NAPOLEON is acted upon in all the courts of law in France and its dependencies ; and it is generally adopted in the principalities of the Confederation of the Rhine. It is much approved of by the people of France.

“ The rage for dress, and luxury in general, is at the highest pitch in Paris. The Napoleon nobility, now become very numerous, keep splendid equipages and great retinues of servants, exceeding any thing known in England, with very sumptuous tables. The Prince of Beneventé ; Clarke, Duke of Feltre ; Maret, Duke of Bassano ; Cambaceres, Prince of Parma ; Savary, Duke of Rovigo ; the Prince of Eckmuhl ; Fouchet, Duke of Otranto ; and Augereau, Duke of Castilione, are supposed to enjoy from 50 to 100,000*l.* sterling per annum ; and keep splendid palaces, showy carriages drawn by four and six horses, and retinues of twenty or thirty livery servants, there being in France neither assessed taxes nor property tax.

“ The theatres are as much attended as ever ; but the churches are neglected, though service is regularly performed in them, and their ministers well paid by the government. All sects are tolerated and protected ; the protestant and sectarian ministers having pensions from the government like those of the catholics.

“ Napoleon appears in public unprotected ; he often walks and rides in and about Paris with only one or two attendants ; and indicates no personal fear in his constant visits at the theatres and other public places. He sleeps but six hours ; eats freely, and sits at dinner only half an hour, drinking but half a bottle of wine. Notwithstanding his incessant avocations of business, from five in the morning till ten at night, he is described as a man of great gallantry, and is reported to have a numerous progeny by various favourites. All petitioners have easy access to him at the reviews, and at the hunts, and regularly receive his answers to their petitions, through the ministers. The reserve and gravity of his character render him no particular favourite of the French people ; yet his merit in restoring order out of the chaos of the revolution, his methods of conciliating all parties, and the splendour of his character and achievements, attach and reconcile all the considerate, ambitious, and military part of the people to his government. No man speaks of the revolution, and of the actors in it, without horror ; and no one thinks of the Bourbon family. Bonaparte may not be generally beloved, yet he cannot be said to be hated, and he is never despised. The reigning empress is little esteemed, and in matters of religion is supposed to be very bigoted. She is much attached to her husband, whom she always calls “ *mon*

*amour.*" The King of Rome is a healthy child, and very like his father. In the event of the death of Napoleon, it is generally supposed in France that the regency will be readily and quietly established.

"The people always speak with deep concern of the protracted duration of the English war, which they consider as an effect of those malignant coalitions that for twenty-four years have been raised against their revolution and government; and they pant for the return of peace, it may perhaps be said, as anxiously as do many sensible people in England.

"Notwithstanding the extreme delicacy of describing the feelings of the people of hostile nations to each other, it may perhaps be usefully stated, that as the intelligent portion of the French people draw their inferences from the *extraordinary* message of March, 1803, from the documents connected with Lord Whitworth's negotiations about *Malta*, and from the failure of the numerous *overtures* for peace made by Napoleon, they consider the war as wholly UNAVOIDABLE, and as purely DEFENSIVE on the part of France. Besides, they generally speak of all the recent wars merely as continuations of the revolutionary war, and as excited and persevered in by the same jealous and acrimonious spirit against the prosperity and internal government of France, which animated the combined despots from 1790 to 1800; and they number all the new leagues and coalitions against France in a series beginning from that of 1790 till that of 1812. They reckon that they are now contending against the *sixth* of these coalitions; every former one of which has terminated by discomfiture, and by the ruin of some of the parties; and as every coalition ends in the further aggrandizement of France, and in diminished means of the coalesced powers, little anxiety is felt in France about the issue of any of them. Indeed, many French preachers maintain in the pulpits of Paris, that the Almighty, for purposes measured by his inscrutable wisdom, has hardened the hearts of the rulers of nations, as he hardened that of Pharaoh, and that France is but an instrument of Providence in the modern devastations of Europe.

"There are eight newspapers in Paris; the *Moniteur*, the *Journal de l'Empire*, the *Journal de France*, the *Publiciste*, the *Gazette de France*, the *Journal de Santé*, the *Journal de Paris*, and the *Gazette du Soir*. The two first have the greatest circulation; and the whole are the *avowed*, not as in some countries the *covert*, property of the government.

"English newspapers are not read or seen except by the government, so that their extravagant contents and opinions are wholly unknown to the people of Paris and France. Till our informant landed in England he had no idea, except from the occasional re-

plies to them in the *Moniteur*, of the tone and language of the English newspapers relative to the French government. The Medical and Physical Journal, Nicholson's Philosophical Journal, the Monthly Magazine, Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine, and the Repertory of Arts and Sciences, may be occasionally seen on the tables of the Imperial Institute.

"The English prisoners residing at large in Paris do not exceed fifty; but the numerous resident English housekeepers still reside there undisturbed. Miss WILLIAMS has left Paris for the south of France. Lady Y. lives in retirement, engaged in the education of her children, and suffering much from ill health. Dr. WATSON, the author of the Life of Fletcher, is dead. Mr. JOHN PARRY, formerly of the *Courier*, lives in much domestic comfort near the Palais Royale. COUNT RUMFORD enjoys the favour and confidence of the French government.

"The grounds of military promotion in the French army are, previous education in the military school, and actual service; the gradations rising regularly from the common soldier to the marshal, according to bravery and merit. A lieutenant's pay is 40*l.*, a captain's 80*l.*, lieutenant-colonel's 125*l.*, colonel's 250*l.*, and a marshal's 3,000*l.*; dukes have 8,000*l.* per annum annexed to the dukedom, counts 1,250*l.*, barons 500*l.*, and a chevalier 125*l.* per annum. In France 100*l.* goes in living generally as far as about 400*l.* in England.

"The Imperial Institute is greatly respected, and all the literary establishments are much attended; science in general being much honoured by the people and government. The French painters, sculptors and engravers have arrived at the highest perfection. The chief painters are DAVID, GROS, and GARAT. CANOVA resides at Rome, but the public buildings at Paris abound in his works. BOILDEAU and DEYLERAC are the favourite composers for the theatres.

"The ornaments added to the old façade of the Louvre, have been finished in the first style of elegance; and the new wing, completing the quadrangle, is in great forwardness. The size of the whole building may be conceived, when it is stated that a hundred thousand men may be reviewed in the square!

"Versailles is undergoing a general repair, and is intended for the future country residence of the imperial court. The present country palaces are St. Cloud, Fontainebleau and Compeigne; the town palaces are the Thuilleries and the Elisées Bourbon."

## ON THE EXISTENCE OF A WELCH COLONY IN AMERICA.

[From the Universal Magazine.]

*Mr. Editor,*

I RECOLLECT seeing, some years ago, in one of the Magazines, a pretty long account of a nation of *White Indians* found in the interior of America, there called the Padoucki nation, and who were supposed to have migrated from Wales during the Saxon wars, under a prince of the name of Madoc, some centuries prior to the discovery of that continent by Columbus. The story was said to have been published in Germany, and several particulars with regard to it were detailed, which I do not now fully recollect. The travels of the American Captains, Lewis and Clarke, from Louisiana, lately published, seem very much to corroborate this account, who designate them by the name of the Pouka nation, and they expressly mention the *White Hunters*: and Mr. Mackenzie calls them the Paducas, or rather the Paduca nation, the final *s* being intended only as the plural. What seems to me to confirm the probability of their being the descendants of a colony who migrated there under Prince Madoc, is the very name they bear—Padoucki, i. e. *Madoucke*, or rather *Madouckwir*, that is, *Madock men*, which, I am persuaded, is the name by which they designate themselves, the substitution of the *P* instead of *M* being nothing more than the corrupt pronunciation of their neighbours, as is the name Pouka and Padouca under which Lewis and Mackenzie mention them. I believe there is still an account in the Welsh Chronology of the time of this migration under Prince Madoc, and of the place from whence they sailed. That they landed on the shore of the Mississippi is very probable. Dampier makes mention of a regular fort, built in the European style, which he observed on that coast; and, as it is said that Madoc made *two* voyages, is it not probable that this fort was built by him to defend this small colony from the fury of the natives, while he returned to Wales for more of his countrymen, and that when they had strengthened themselves by numbers, they proceeded forward, taking the Missouri branch of that great river, to the very spot where they now inhabit. It is astonishing to me that no steps have yet been taken to ascertain this fact. If there were a society formed on the plan of the African Society, I make no doubt but that there might be enterprising young men found in the principality, well versed in the Welsh language, and suffi-



ciently qualified for such an undertaking, who, if encouragement were held out to them, would undertake it with an enthusiasm and ardour perhaps not inferior to that of Park. It appears by Capt. Lewis's account that the fur trade with these people is chiefly carried on in Canada. If, therefore, a direct mission through the savage parts of America should be deemed too hazardous, there are merchants resident in London, who are concerned in this trade, and who might be easily prevailed upon to employ a few intelligent young men, well versed in the language and history of Wales, and station them at the source of this traffic. Such an appointment, if it could lead to an intercourse with the *White Hunters*, would not be without its use. The fact with regard to their migration would, in the first place, be fully ascertained. It would likewise be ascertained whether the language is still intelligible to the natives of the parent country, or whether it is become to a certain degree unintelligible by an admixture with the jargon of their neighbours. If the former should prove to be the case, an intercourse of the firmest kind by means of this *nationality* might be established in the very centre of the American continent, and not only secure to us the fur trade in particular, but perhaps might be attended with some further advantages; and it would also be curious to know something of the manners, religious notions, traditions, the simple arts and sciences still retained by a people so long secluded from their parent state.

I have already said that the substitution of the P for the M in the name of this people must have arisen from the *corrupt pronunciation of their neighbours*. This has been the case with most foreign nations. A singular instance of this may be given, which, I believe, has not been attended to by our historians, in the name of the inhabitants of this island at the time of its invasion by the Romans. It is well known that the natives, then in a state of nature, scarified and painted their bodies in different colours, and with different figures, in order, as they thought, to render themselves more terrific to their enemies; and in consequence of this peculiarity and general custom amongst them, they denominated themselves *Brithon*, i. e. painted men. This is the name by which they designated themselves to the Romans upon their landing amongst them; but they not understanding the meaning of the word, and, as nearly as they could, *imitating their pronunciation*, called them Britannes, or rather Britanne, for I do not believe the s final was pronounced in the Latin by the Romans while it was a living language; and if this supposition be allowed, of which more hereafter, then Britanne for Brithonia, or Brithonwir, comes very nearly to the pronunciation of the natives. By what general name the inhabitants called their country is not now known; but the

Romans, finding the people to designate themselves Brithon, determined to call their country Britannia; but no such name could have been given it by the inhabitants, for there can be no analogy between *painted men* and a painted country, such a name implying an absurdity. Things painted or striped with different colours are at this time called, by the Welsh, Brithon. Black cattle having any slips of white upon them, are still called Da Brithon; and Brith, in the singular, signifies any spotted or striped thing. Those Britons who submitted to the Roman yoke left off the custom of painting themselves, and conformed to the manners of their conquerors; but those who still resisted their power retained that ancient custom, and were afterwards, on that account, denominated by the Romans, according to their *own* language, *Picti*, i. e. painted men—not Brithon, their own ancient name; and these Picts, or the ancient Brithon, were the inveterate enemies both of their civilized countrymen who had given up that custom, and of the Romans.

Give me leave, Mr. Editor, to make one more observation. I have here observed that I do not believe the *s* final in the Latin, and some other final letters, were pronounced by the Romans while a living language. I found my supposition upon this circumstance. The Romans were masters of this island for some centuries, and, consequently, their language was become not only familiar to the ancient inhabitants, but several words of it were adopted and interwoven with the British, and *are still retained in it*, and I make no doubt, in the very same *pronunciation*, or very nearly so, in which it was spoken, although at this time the orthography, as will happen with all languages, may be somewhat different: and I am the more confident of this, as the Welsh is supposed to be at this day the least contaminated with foreign admixtures of any language in Europe. I will instance a few of them, agreeing in *pronunciation*, and differing only in orthography, remarking first of all, that the *pronunciation* is what ought to be chiefly attended to, not the orthography; for the latter will vary in all languages, and the alphabet of the Welsh in particular, being composed more of complete, or rather syllabic, than of simple sounds. The word Deus, God, bears the same signification in both languages, but is pronounced by the Welsh without the *s* final, Deu, or according to their orthography, Duw; and let it be remarked, that the same pronunciation in the French (the word being also retained in that language) is a strong corroborative proof of its being so pronounced by the Romans themselves. The word Taurus, a bull, is adopted by the Welsh from the Latin, and is pronounced, leaving out the final *s*, Taru, or rather Taroo, the *a* in the Welsh sounding as *au* in the Latin. Whether the final *a*

s pronounced, I am not confident; but *Fenestra*, a window, is pronounced by the Welsh, *Fenestur* in the singular, and *Festri*, or rather *Fenestre*, in the plural, and indeed all the plurals ending in *es* in the Latin, are invariably pronounced in the British *i* or *e*, without the *s*. In the word *ovum*, an egg, the *m* seems to be left out by the Welsh, and is pronounced as *oi*, or rather *ri* in the singular, and as *oie* or *owie* in the plural. What sound the letter *v* in this word had in the Latin it is difficult to say, as it is not retained in the Welsh, possibly somewhat like the *w* as pronounced for the *v* by the inhabitants of London and some parts of Kent in the words *veal* and *vinegar*.

Let it also be observed that the pronunciation of several Latin words still retained in the *Spanish* language, as quoted by the Rev. Mr. Townsend in the *Univ. Mag.* for Oct. 1809, who, however, does not advert to this circumstance, as a further corroborative proof of what I have here advanced; as *toro* for *taurus*, the pronunciation of both, leaving out the *s*, being extremely similar; *oro*, which perhaps ought to have been written *aru*, for *aurum*;—*urpe* for *turpis*;—*poco* for *paucus*;—*mudo* for *mutus*—and several other words which he quotes from that language agreeing exceedingly near in *pronunciation* on leaving out the finals.

Many more words might be selected from the Welsh by those who understand that language, which might be corroborated in their pronunciation by words of the same import both in the French and Spanish, all evidently derived from the Latin. I am not conversant in the language, or its *orthography*, and, consequently, my observations must be very limited; but if gentlemen who have tolerable knowledge of the Welsh were to pay attention to this circumstance, which might be greatly accelerated by the assistance of a Welsh dictionary, it would be at least a pleasing, if not an instructive amusement.

Having, Mr. Editor, made these observations, I leave them to your consideration, and if upon perusal you shall think them serving a place in your miscellany, so as to call forth attention, you may insert them; but if not, let them be suppressed, and committed to the flames.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

June 28, 1813.

D. J.

## DELLON'S ACCOUNT OF THE INQUISITION AT GOA.

[From the Literary Panorama.]

WE conclude the perusal of this book with mingled sensations of horror and joy!—Horror, that the solemn and merciful name of Christ should be associated with the proceedings of a tribunal so inhuman; and joy, that at length the inquisition is suppressed in Spain, the strong hold of its authority, and is, by treaty with Britain, prohibited from accompanying the court of Portugal to the Brazils, the country in which that court is at present held. We repeat the information, that the Spanish Cortes have voted the abolition of this odious establishment. Henceforward we anticipate, with the privilege of religious freedom, a rapid progress of knowledge, wealth, commerce, and whatever depends on exertion of talent and ingenuity. Spain will rise to real grandeur; and having been the first scene of effectual resistance to the inroads of an insidious and barbarous enemy, that country will, we trust, vindicate its claims to liberty, public and private, personal and mental, civil and religious. The Spanish mind will display itself in proofs of energy, equally striking and patriotic, equally admirable and beneficial. The natives will value Spain, because of the enjoyments it affords them; and the memory of their triumph over the myrmidons of a sanguinary tyrant will be coupled with that of a much greater triumph over a still more sanguinary institution—the holy office.

The holy office is no more—in Spain! May the days be short in which its existence debases any part of the world! May Portugal soon know it only by remembrance: and the colonies of those countries be acquainted with it only as with a bloody scourge, formerly their terror and misery.

Dr. Buchanan, not long ago, visited Goa, and becoming somewhat intimate with one of the chiefs of the holy tribunal, he ventured to obtain information on the subject, while he also communicated some to the inquisitor. The means by which he communicated information were derived from Dellon's Account of the Inquisition. This he furnished the inquisitor for his perusal; and the acknowledgments of that officer, to the correctness of the account, has fixed the character of the work for authenticity. It was always esteemed a genuine work, and what it assumed to be. It has been appealed to as such by well instructed writers on the subject; nevertheless, this new testimony to its veracity has revived its reputation, and this edition of it is one of the consequences.

Dellon was, by birth, a Frenchman: he travelled into India, here (at Damaun, a Portuguese colony) he settled for a time. With the usual libertinage of his nation, and heedless *gaieté de cœur*, in matters of gallantry, he made himself enemies; his danger was converted into distress, by his garrulity and speculative discussions:—insomuch, that his real meaning, or his no-meaning, afforded evidence sufficiently presumptive against him to enable his enemies to accuse him of heresy. Such an accusation at Goa was equivalent to a long imprisonment, to repeated examinations, to tortures of different degrees of severity, to condemnation, and to the horrors of an *auto da fé*, or public execution by burning. It appears that when first committed to prison at Damaun, he was not deprived of all intercourse with friends. He received supplies, without interruption, from a benevolent lady. He had previously accused himself to the commissary, and professed contrition for his crimes, in hopes of avoiding the consequences; he received admonition, and considered himself as absolved. Being moved to Goa, he does not charge the holy office with neglecting its prisoners, by starving them, or otherwise misusing them. He details the particulars of his repeated examinations; the extremes to which he was reduced by his sufferings, and his attempts against his own life. He reports the extreme ignorance of his judges, not only in respect to the doctrines of the bible, but to those promulgated by the council of Trent. He states his condemnation to the flames; with the commutation of his sentence to death for that of a long destination to the galleys. The performance of the *auto da fé*, with its sanguinary rites, is described; not omitting four chests of bones of deceased persons, who had been buried after their decease, and condemned to the flames, in order that the holy office might seize their property. At length, this sufferer was sent to Europe;—he worked some time as a galley-slave at Lisbon; but was released before the full period of his sentence expired, and returned to France by the very first vessel that left the port for that country. To this history are added names of his fellow prisoners; and in an Appendix is given an account of the escape of Mr. Archibald Bower—(who wrote the story of the popes)—he was an inquisitor at Macerata, in Italy, as narrated by himself to a lady, from a copy of whose minutes the translation was made; but the editor observes, in his preface, “To pretend to vouch for the veracity of the relation would be too perilous an undertaking, in defiance of the generally received opinion of the narrator’s character.” This honest confession mars an interesting tale.

From this abridged sketch of the contents of the volume our readers will judge on its interest; they will assuredly congratulate the world on every blow struck at the holy inquisition.—

They will do more :—they will perceive the horrid consequences of attempting to domineer over conscience ; of committing civil power to sacerdotal hands ; of establishing secret tribunals at which no witnesses appear, nor is any mode of confrontation of the accuser and the accused allowed. The silence of the inquisition, the oaths of secrecy administered to all who quit the prisons of the office, are striking proofs of conscious tyranny.

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### KING TAMAHAMA.

[From Turnbull's Voyage round the World.]

Soon after our arrival at Owhyhee, we received a visit from our countryman, Mr. Young, who had resided there for fourteen years past ; from whom we had a confirmation of particulars respecting Tamahama, communicated to us at Whahoo, and of his erecting a royal residence at Mowie, and, above all, of his fixed determination to attempt the conquest of the two other islands of Attowahie and Onehow.

His palace is built, after the European style, of brick, and glazed windows, and defended by a battery of ten guns. He has European and American artificers about him of almost every description. Indeed his own subjects, from their intercourse with Europeans, have acquired a great knowledge of several of the mechanical arts, and have thus enabled him to increase his navy, a very favourite object with him. I have no doubt that in a very few years he will erect amongst these islands a power very far from despicable.

The circumstances of this enterprising chief were greatly changed since the visit of Captain Vancouvre, to whom, as to the servant and representative of the King of Great Britain, with much formality and ceremony, he had made a conveyance, of the sovereignty of Owhyhee, in the hopes of being thus more strongly confirmed in his authority, and supplied with the means of resisting his enemies.

His dominion seems now to be completely established. He is not only a great warrior and politician, but a very acute trader, and a match for any European in driving a bargain. He is well acquainted with the different weights and measures, and the value which all articles ought to bear in exchange with each other ; and is ever ready to take advantage of the necessities of those who apply to him or his people for supplies.

His subjects have already made considerable progress in civilization ; but are held in the most abject submission, as Tamahama

is inflexible in punishing all offences which seem to counteract his supreme command.

It was only in 1794 that Captain Vancouver laid down the keel of Tamahama's first vessel, or rather craft; but so assiduously has he applied himself to effect his grand and favourite object, the establishment of a naval force, that at the period of our arrival he had upwards of twenty vessels of different sizes, from twenty-five to seventy tons: some of them were even copper-bottomed.

He was, however, at this time much in want of naval stores; and, to have his navy quickly placed on a respectable footing, would pay well for them. He has also between two and three hundred body-guards to attend him, independently of the number of chiefs who are required to accompany him on all his journeys and expeditions.

In viewing this man, my imagination suggested to me, that I beheld, in its first progress, one of those extraordinary natures which, under other circumstances of fortune and situation, would have ripened into the future hero, and caused the world to resound with his feats of glory. What other was Philip of Macedon, as pictured by the Grecian historians!—a man who overcame every disadvantage of slight resources and powerful rivals, and extended the narrow sovereignty of Macedon into the universal monarchy of Greece and the known world.

Tamahama's ardent desire to obtain a ship from Captain Vancouver was, in all probability, first excited by the suggestions of Young and his countryman Davis; but such was the effect of this undertaking, that Tamahama became immediately more sparing of his visits on board the *Discovery*, his time being now chiefly employed in attending to the carpenters at work on this new man of war, which, when finished, was named the *Britannia*. This was the beginning of Tamahama's navy; and, from his own observations, with the assistance of Messrs. Young, Davis, &c. he has laboured inflexibly in improving his marine force, which he has now brought to a respectable state; securing to him not only a decided superiority over the frail canoes of his neighbours, but the means of transporting his warriors to distant parts. Some of his vessels are employed as transports in carrying provisions from one island to another, to supply his warriors; whilst the largest are used as men of war, and are occasionally mounted with a few light guns. No one better understands his interest than this ambitious chief; no one better knows how to improve an original idea. The favours of Vancouver, and his other European benefactors, would have been thrown away on any other savage; but Tamahama possesses a genius above his situation.

His body-guards, who may be considered in some respects as



regularly disciplined troops, go on duty not unfrequently with the drum and fife, and relieve each other as in Europe, calling out "all is well," at every half hour, as on board of ship. Their uniform at this time was simply a blue great coat with yellow facings.

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#### FOREIGN TRADE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

(From the same.)

THE Sandwich Islanders, in the territories of Tamahama, frequently make voyages to the northwest coast of America, and thereby acquire sufficient property to make themselves easy and comfortable, as well as respectable, among their countrymen; to whom, on their return home, they are fond of describing, with great emphasis and extravagance, the singular events of their voyage. Several of them have made considerable progress in the English language; their intercourse with the Anglo-Americans, and the navigators from Britain, having given them the opportunity, of which they have so eagerly availed themselves.

Such is the astonishing assiduity of these people, and such their eagerness to improve their condition, by imitating the callings of the Europeans, that it is not unusual to see some of them exercising the trade of a country blacksmith, having for an anvil a pig of iron kentlage, obtained from some ship; a pair of goat-skin bellows, made by himself or some of his countrymen; and his charcoal fire; making articles suited to the wants of his countrymen, or repairing and mending such as stand in need of it, with an ingenuity surpassing what might be expected under such circumstances.

The canoes of the Sandwich Islands far surpassed any that we had seen in other parts of the world; not only in solidity and strength, but in the neatness and skill of workmanship. These canoes are so well calculated for speed, that we have seen the natives work them along, with their short paddles, at the rate of eleven or twelve miles an hour, and fairly run them under water.

They are already well acquainted with the trade on the northwest coast of America; and from thence they may draw many articles to make up a cargo for their own country, or the neighbouring islands to the westward.

It may naturally be asked what articles of commerce or barter can be possessed by the Sandwich Islanders, a people just sprung from nature? The answer is at hand; they are able to furnish fire-arms, gunpowder, hardware, and cloth of different sorts; of all which Tamahama has accumulated more than is required for their own consumption.

These have been acquired in exchange for labour and refresh-

ment supplied to the shipping who have touched there; particularly such as are engaged in the trade to the northwest parts of America. When the cargoes of these last are completed, they readily part with such articles as remain, at a very low rate, rather than be encumbered with them during the remainder of their voyage. Besides the above-mentioned articles of foreign introduction, the Sandwich Islanders possess the *sandal wood*, pearl oyster shell, and some pearls, all articles of high value in the China market; but one difficulty still remains to their accomplishment of this object, which is the want of hands to navigate their ships on voyages of such length and intricacy. Fortunately, however, for these enterprising people, they have now resident among them several Europeans and Anglo-Americans, men of ability and knowledge; such as Mr. Young, Mr. Davis, Capt. Stewart, &c. &c. For twelve or fourteen years before our visit, these gentlemen had employed themselves successfully in instructing the natives, and their extraordinary chief Tamahama, in many useful arts, and particularly in that of navigation from island to island; so that many of the inhabitants have thus become brave, hardy, and not inexperienced sailors.

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#### ACCOUNT OF C. M. WIELAND.

To no writer of the age, perhaps, are the literature, the language, and the public taste of the Germans under such great obligations as to Wieland, whose talents have for half a century been the boast and admiration of the country which gave him birth. Few authors of any nation have written so much; but what constitutes a far more honourable distinction, still fewer have written so well. Possessing uncommon versatility of genius, Wieland was equally eminent as a poet and a prose writer, as a moralist and a philosopher, as a translator and an author of the most brilliant originality and invention. The spirited and elegant translation of his *Oberon*, by Mr. Sotheby, has afforded the English reader a favourable specimen of Wieland's poetical powers; but it is impossible that his merits can be fairly appreciated in this country, where so few of his numerous works have yet found their way before the public.

Wieland died, in his 80th year, in January, 1813, and was interred on the 25th of the same month in the garden belonging to his late mansion at Osmannstädt, six miles from Weimar, now the property of M. Kühne, by the side of his beloved wife and his young friend, Sophie Brentano. Here, supremely happy in the bosom of his family, Wieland had passed several years, from 1798 to 1803, in

the enjoyment of rural pleasures ; and here he was visited by the amiable Sophie Brentano, the granddaughter of his juvenile friend, Sophie von Laroche. With a prepossessing person, she united the greatest diversity of talents and the highest feminine delicacy ; a soft melancholy, which sometimes clouded her eye, and doubtless originated in the constitution of her heart, tended to bind all around still more firmly to this accomplished creature. Cheerfully quitting the bustle of the great world, she felt the beneficial influence of the seclusion and tranquillity of Osmannstädt, the society of the venerable Wieland, and his family assembled round him in patriarchal simplicity. Soon, however, she fell sick, and in spite of the most assiduous attentions, and the best medical aid, she expired September 20, 1800. Wieland, who had loved her as his own child, prepared for her, thus prematurely snatched from him, a repository in the little grove at the lower end of his garden.

It was not long before he was destined to endure another severe trial. On the 9th of November, 1801, he lost his wife, who belonged to a noble family of Augsburg, named Hillenbrandt. The faithful partner of his life, the tender mother of his children, was laid beside his departed friend, and added to the mournful sanctity of the spot. Wieland determined that his remains also should once repose together with those of the two objects of his love ; often did he repair to their graves, and sat lost in contemplation on a turf seat which is yet carefully preserved.

A country life lost all its charms for Wieland after the decease of his faithful wife ; he, therefore, in 1803, disposed of the estate of Osmannstädt to the present proprietor, M. Kühne, from Hamburg, and returned to Weimar ; where the two courts by which he had been constantly patronised, as well as the circle of his friends, received him, as usual, with respect and affection. The Duchess Amelia prepared for him a new and agreeable summer retreat at her charming residence at Tiefurth, where he, with Einsiedel and Fernow, formed the more immediate literary society of that excellent princess.

Amidst these enjoyments, the place of tranquil repose at Osmannstädt was not forgotten. The design which Wieland had long entertained of separating the part of the garden with the graves from the rest of the property, which was liable to a frequent change of owners, was accomplished in 1804, through the interference of a friend, and with the greater facility, as the present respected possessor coöperated the most willingly in this arrangement. That part of the garden which was deemed requisite, was ceded with all the usual legal formalities to the friend alluded to above, and by him conveyed to the family of Brentano, of Frankfurt, on the Mayn, to which it now inalienably belongs. At

the same time, the idea of erecting a monument on the spot was first suggested, in order to mark the site of all three graves ; for Wieland again positively declared, that, after his earthly pilgrimage, as he termed it, his remains also should there repose. A younger friend and admirer of the poet, to whom the preparation of the design was committed, proposed a triangular pyramid ; to be placed in such a manner that the inscription and emblem on each side should indicate the grave which lay in that direction. This design was approved, and the execution of it, in Seeberg stone, was intrusted to M. Weisser, sculptor to the court of Weimar. In 1807 this simple but appropriate little monument was erected in the garden at Osmannstädt ; and it has now, through Wieland's death, attained its final destination.

On one side appears a butterfly, the emblem of Psyche, surrounded with a circular garland of new-blown roses ; and underneath the inscription : "Sophie Brentano, born 15th August, 1776 ; died 20th September, 1800." On the second are two hands conjoined, as the expressive symbol of union and fidelity, encompassed with a wreath of oak leaves, and this inscription :— "Anna Dorothea Wieland, (born Hillenbrandt,) born 8th July, 1746 ; died 9th November, 1801." On the third is seen the winged lyre of the poet, surrounded by the star of immortality, and beneath is inscribed : "Christoph. Martin Wieland, born 5th September, 1733 ; died 20th January, 1813."

M. Facius, the eminent engraver of Weimar, is at present engaged upon a medal in commemoration of the deceased. On the obverse, is a profile of Wieland, which is an excellent likeness ; and on the reverse, is the emblem of the lyre sculptured on his monument, with this motto above : "To the immortal poet." Below is a female head between butterflies' wings, from which springs a rose-branch on one side, and Oberon's lily on the other.



#### DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT OF MR. PITT, AT GUILDHALL.

THE massy substance on which the figures in this composition are placed, is intended to represent the island of Great Britain and the surrounding waves. On an elevation, in the centre of the island, Mr. Pitt appears in his robes, as chancellor of the exchequer, in the attitude of a public orator. Below him, on an intermediate foreground, two statues characterize his abilities ; while, with the national energy, which is embodied, and riding on a symbol of the ocean in the lower centre, they assist to describe allusively the effects of his administration. Apollo stands on his right, impersonating eloquence and learning. Mercury is intro-

duced on his left, as the representative of commerce, and the patron of policy. To describe the unprecedented splendour of success which crowned the British navy while Mr. Pitt was minister, the lower part of the monument is occupied by a statue of Britannia, seated triumphantly on a sea-horse; in her left hand is the usual emblem of naval power; and her right grasps a thunder-bolt, which she is prepared to hurl against the enemies of her country.

The inscription, written by Mr. Canning, is clear and nervous. It is as follows :—

### WILLIAM PITT.

Son of WILLIAM PITT, Earl of CHATHAM,

Inheriting the genius and formed by the precepts of his Father,

Devoted himself from his early years to the service of the State.

Called to the chief conduct of the Administration, after the close of a disastrous war,  
He repaired the exhausted Revenues, he revived and invigorated the Commerce  
and Prosperity of the Country;

And he had re-established the Public Credit on deep and sure foundations;  
When a new war was kindled in Europe, more formidable than any preceding war,  
from the peculiar character of its dangers.

To resist the arms of France, which were directed against the Independence of every  
Government and People;

To animate other Nations by the example of Great Britain;  
To check the contagion of opinions which tended to dissolve the frame of Civil Society;  
To array the loyal, the sober minded, and the good, in defence of the venerable  
Constitution of the British Monarchy,

Were the duties which, at that awful crisis, devolved upon the British Minister;  
And which he discharged with transcendent zeal, intrepidity, and perseverance:  
He upheld the National Honour abroad; he maintained at home the blessings of Order  
and of true Liberty;

And, in the midst of difficulties and perils,  
He united and consolidated the strength, power, and resources of the Empire.  
For these high purposes

He was gifted by Divine Providence with endowments,  
Rare in their separate excellence; wonderful in their combination;  
Judgment; imagination; memory; wit; force and acuteness of reasoning;  
Eloquence, copious and accurate, commanding and persuasive,  
And suited from its splendour to the dignity of his mind, and to the authority of his  
station;

A lofty spirit; a mild and ingenuous temper.  
Warm and steadfast in friendship, towards enemies he was forbearing and forgiving.  
His industry was not relaxed by confidence in his great abilities.

His indulgence to others was not abated by the consciousness of his own superiority.  
His ambition was pure from all selfish motives;  
The love of power and the passion for fame were in him subordinate to views of public  
utility;

Dispensing for near twenty years the favours of the Crown,  
He lived without ostentation; and he died poor.

### A GRATEFUL NATION

Decreed to him those funeral honours  
Which are reserved for eminent and extraordinary men.

### THE MONUMENT

Is erected by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council,  
To record the reverent and affectionate regret  
With which the City of London cherishes his memory;  
And to hold out to the imitation of posterity  
Those principles of public and private virtue,  
Which ensure to nations a solid greatness,  
And to individuals an imperishable name.

## ACCOUNT OF GOLDSMITH.

[From Northcote's Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds.]

ST before his death, he had nearly completed a design for the edition of a "Universal Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences." As he had published the prospectus, or, at least, had distributed copies of it amongst his friends and acquaintance. It did not meet any warm encouragement, however, from the booksellers—although Sir Joshua Reynolds, Johnson, Garrick, and several others of his literary connexions had promised him their assistance on various subjects: and the design was, I believe, finally given up even previous to his demise.

In the dedication of his "Deserted Village" to Sir Joshua Reynolds, already noticed, Goldsmith alludes to the death of his first brother, Henry, the clergyman; and his various biographers record another, Maurice, who was a younger brother, and whom it was stated, by Bishop Percy, that having been bred to business, he, upon some occasion, complained to Oliver that he found it difficult to live like a gentleman. To this Oliver gave him an answer, begging that he would, without delay, quit unprofitable a trade, and betake himself to some handicraft employment. Maurice wisely, as the bishop adds, took the hint, and bound himself apprentice to a cabinet-maker, and when out of indentures set up in business for himself, in which he was engaged during the viceroyalty of the late Duke of Rutland; and when he was in Dublin, he was noticed by Mr. Orde, since Lord Bolton, the lord lieutenant's secretary, who recommended him to the patronage of the duke, out of regard to the memory of his brother.

In consequence of this, he received the appointment of inspector of licenses in that metropolis, and was also employed as mace-bearer, by the royal Irish academy, then just established. Both these places were compatible with his business: and in the former he gave proof of great integrity by detecting a fraud committed on the revenue in his department; and one by which he himself might have profited, if he had not been a man of principle. He has now been dead not more than fifteen years; I enter more particularly into his history, from having seen the following passage in one of Oliver's letters to him:—"You talked of being my only brother—I don't understand you. Where is Maurice?"

This, indeed, was a question which Maurice could not answer, nor for many years afterwards; but as the anecdote is

curious, and I have it from a friend on whose authority I can rely, I shall give it a place here nearly in his own words.

My friend informed me, that whilst travelling in the stagecoach towards Ireland, in the autumn of 1791, he was joined at Oswestry by a venerable looking gentleman, who, in the course of the morning, mentioned that his name was *Goldsmith*; when one of the party observed, that if he was going to Ireland, that name would be a passport for him. The stranger smiled, and asked the reason why; to which the other replied, that the memory of *Oliver* was embalmed amongst his countrymen. A tear glistened in the stranger's eye, who immediately answered, "I am his brother." The gentleman who had first made the observation on the name, looked doubtingly, and said, "He has but one brother living; I know him well." "True," replied the stranger, "for it may be said that I am risen from the dead, having been for many years supposed to be no longer in the land of the living. I am Charles, the youngest of the family. Oliver I know is dead; but of Henry and Maurice I know nothing."

On being informed of various particulars of his family, the stranger then told his simple tale; which was, that having heard of his brother Noll mixing in the first society in London, he took it for granted that his fortune was made, and that he could soon make a brother's also: he therefore left home without notice; but soon found, on his arrival in London, that the picture he had formed of his brother's situation was too highly coloured; that Noll would not introduce him to his great friends, and, in fact, that, although out of a gaol, he was also often out of a lodging.

Disgusted with this entrance into *high life*, and ashamed to return home, the young man left London without acquainting his brother with his intentions, or even writing to his friends in Ireland; and proceeded, a poor adventurer, to Jamaica, where he lived, for many years, without ever renewing an intercourse with his friends, and by whom he was, of course, supposed to be dead; though Oliver may, at first, have imagined that he had returned to Ireland. Years now passed on, and young Charles, by industry and perseverance, began to save some property; soon after which he married a widow lady of some fortune, when his young family requiring the advantages of further education, he determined to return to England to examine into the state of society, and into the propriety of bringing over his wife and family; on this project he was then engaged, and was proceeding to Ireland to visit his native home, and with the intention of making himself known to such of his relatives as might still be living. His plan, however, was, to conceal his good fortune until he should ascertain their affection and esteem for him.

On arriving at Dublin, the party separated; and my friend, a



few weeks afterwards, returning from the north, called at the hotel where he knew Mr. Goldsmith intended to reside. There he met him; when the amiable old man, for such he really was, told him that he had put his plan in execution; had given himself as much of the appearance of poverty as he could with propriety, and thus proceeded to the shop of his brother Maurice, where he inquired for several articles, and then noticed the name over the door, asking if it had any connexion with the famous Dr. Goldsmith.

"I am his brother, his sole surviving brother," said Maurice.

"What, then," replied the stranger, "is become of the others?"

"Henry has long been dead; and poor Charles has not been heard of for many years."

"But suppose Charles were alive," said the stranger, "would his friends acknowledge him?"

"Oh yes!" replied Maurice, "gladly indeed!"

"He lives, then; but as poor as when he left you."

Maurice instantly leaped over his counter, hugged him in his arms, and, weeping with pleasure, cried "Welcome—welcome—here you shall find a home and a brother."

It is needless to add that this denouement was perfectly agreeable to the stranger, who was then preparing to return to Jamaica to make his proposed family arrangements; but my friend having been engaged for the next twenty years in traversing the four quarters of the globe, being himself a wanderer, has never, since that period, had an opportunity of making inquiries into the welfare of the stranger, for whom he had, indeed, formed a great esteem, even on a few days' acquaintance.

Sir Joshua was much affected by the death of Goldsmith, to whom he had been a very sincere friend. He did not touch the pencil for that day, a circumstance most extraordinary for him, who passed *no day without a line*. He acted as executor, and managed, in the best manner, the confused state of the doctor's affairs. At first he intended, as I have already stated, to have made a grand funeral for him, assisted by several subscriptions to that intent, and to have buried him in the Abbey, his pall-bearers to have been Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua himself, Burke, Garrick, &c.; but, on second thoughts, he resolved to have him buried in the plainest and most private manner possible, observing, that the most pompous funerals are soon past and forgotten; and that it would be much more prudent to apply what money could be procured to the purpose of a more substantial and more lasting memorial of his departed friend, by a monument; and he was, accordingly, privately interred in the Temple burying ground.

Sir Joshua went himself to Westminster Abbey, and fixed upon

the place where Goldsmith's monument now stands, over a door in the Poet's Corner. He thought himself lucky in being able to find so conspicuous a situation for it, as there scarcely remained another so good.

Nollekens, the sculptor, was employed to make the monument, and Dr. Johnson composed the epitaph.

There is a very fine portrait, which is the only original one, of Dr. Goldsmith, now at Knowle, the seat of the Duke of Dorset, painted by Sir Joshua.

A lady, who was a great friend of Dr. Goldsmith, earnestly desired to have a lock of his hair to keep as a memorial of him; and his coffin was opened again, after it had been closed up, to procure this lock of hair from his head; this relic is still in the possession of the family, and is the only one of the kind which has been preserved of the doctor.

An observation of Dr. Beattie, respecting the deceased poet, in a letter to Mrs. Montagu, must not be passed over. "I am sorry for poor Goldsmith. There were some things in his temper which I did not like; but I liked many things in his genius; and I was sorry to find, last summer, that he looked upon me as a person who seemed to stand between him and his interest. However, when next we meet, all this will be forgotten, and the jealousy of authors, which, Dr. Gregory used to say, was next to that of physicians, will be no more."

Soon after Goldsmith's death, some people dining with Sir Joshua were commenting rather freely on some part of his works, which, in their opinion, neither discovered talent nor originality. To this Dr. Johnson listened, in his usual growling manner, for some time: when, at length, his patience being exhausted, he rose, with great dignity, looked them full in the face, and exclaimed, "If nobody was suffered to abuse poor Goldy, but those who could write as well, he would have few censors."

Yet, on another occasion, soon after the death of Goldsmith, a lady of his acquaintance was condoling with Dr. Johnson on their loss, saying, "Poor Goldsmith! I am exceedingly sorry for him; he was every man's friend!"

"No, madam," answered Johnson, "he was no man's friend!"

In this seemingly harsh sentence, however, he merely alluded to the careless and imprudent conduct of Goldsmith, as being no friend even to himself, and when that is the case, a man is rendered incapable of being of any essential service to any one else.

It has been generally circulated, and believed by many, that Goldsmith was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated by such as were really fools. In allusion to this notion, Mr. Horace Walpole, who admired his wri-

things, said he was "an inspired idiot," and Garrick described him as one,

"————— for shortness call'd Noll,  
Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll."

Sir Joshua Reynolds mentioned to Boswell that he frequently had heard Goldsmith talk warmly of the pleasure of being liked, and observe how hard it would be if literary excellence should preclude a man from that satisfaction, which he perceived it often did, from the envy which attended it; and, therefore, Sir Joshua was convinced, that he was intentionally more absurd, in order to lessen himself in social intercourse, trusting that his character would be sufficiently supported by his works. If it was his intention to appear absurd in company, he was often very successful. This, in my own opinion, was really the case; and I also think Sir Joshua was so sensible of the advantage of it, that he, yet in a much less degree, followed the same idea, as he never had a wish to impress his company with any awe of the great abilities with which he was endowed, especially when in the society of those high in rank.

I have heard Sir Joshua say that he has frequently seen the whole company struck with an awful silence at the entrance of Goldsmith, but that Goldsmith has quickly dispelled the charm, by his boyish and social manners, and he then has soon become the plaything and favourite of the company.

His epitaph in Westminster Abbey, written by Dr. Johnson, is a true character of the eccentric poet.

Among the various tributes to his memory, was one by *Courtney Melmoth*, (Mr. Pratt, I believe,) dedicated to Sir Joshua, "who will naturally receive with kindness whatever is designed as a testimony of justice to a friend that is no more." In this, the dedicator has well attempted to portray the feelings of Sir Joshua's heart.

Before I dismiss poor Goldsmith from the stage, it may be proper to notice another dedication to Sir Joshua, prefixed to that edition of his works published by Evans, in which he says—

"SIR,

"I am happy in having your permission to inscribe to you this complete edition of the truly poetical works of your late ingenious friend, Oliver Goldsmith. They will prove a lasting monument of his genius. Every lover of science must deeply lament that this excellent writer, after long struggling with adversity, finished his mortal career just as his reputation was firmly established, and he had acquired the friendship of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Edmund Burke, the Dean of

Derry, Mr. Beauclerk, and Mr. Cumberland, names which adorn our age and nation. It is, Sir, being merely an *echo* of the public voice, to celebrate your admirable productions,

‘In which, to latest time, the artist lives.’

Had Goldsmith understood the art of painting, of which he modestly declares himself ignorant, his pen would have done justice to the merits of your pencil. He chose a nobler theme, by declaring his ardent affection for the *virtues of your heart*. That you may long continue, Sir, the ornament of your country and the delight of your friends, is the sincere wish of your most obliged humble servant,

“T. EVANS.”



#### HISTORY OF SWIZOSLOW AND THE BEAUTIFUL STEPHANIA.

THE churchyard of the convent of St. Alexander Neoski, at Petersburg, contains a heap of stones, said to have covered the tomb of the unfortunate Swizoslow, of whom they relate the following story.

Russia, in its time, was a prey to intestine wars, and continually plundered by the Poles, Swedes, Lithuanians, Tartars, and Tschoudes. The mansion of Boverow, in Russia, which had been the asylum for travellers formerly, was in those times formed into a castle, fortified and surrounded by lofty walls; the high placed windows were defended by iron bars. There a young beauty attended by her nurse and her maids, passed their time, which was to be interrupted only by the hand of a spouse, whom her father should choose to unite her to. Such was the life of the young Stephania, by the banks of the Ilmen. She was the daughter of an old and respectable warrior: here she lived unknowing and unknown to the world; never had she seen farther than the horizon, and from thence she saw the sun rise from the east to call her to her distaff. She was happy; she thought so, and said so, and her greatest pleasure was to add to the comfort of her father. Boris only seemed to live for her, having lost all the rest of his family by an incursion of the Tschoudes. Upon the holidays Stephania went to church in a neighbouring village. A coloured riband, with a garniture of rich pearl, served to fall over her ivory forehead, and her beautiful brown tresses. She was then seen by a young warrior, who came there to offer his prayers. The blushes of the young Stephania, and the turning away her eyes, soon announced to him her thoughts; but he had no hopes of entering the castle of Boris, neither could he flatter himself that a re-

spectable Boyard would give his daughter to a young man from the south of Russia, who had no other recommendation than his courage. But the war rekindling, Novogorod had not only fallen into the hands of the Tartars, but the hideous Swedes had attempted to take it; and it was now attacked by the Tschoudes, who were fired with a desire to carry terror, death, and slavery all through Russia. The Lithuanians were also united with the Swedes, and menaced that city. The Novogorodians heard of this famous league by the deputies of these barbarians, who, advancing from the north, summoned it to submit to a foreign yoke.

Alexander, Prince of Novogorod, assembled his warriors, who were all animated with a desire to combat their enemies. The imminent danger in which they stood only inflamed their courage, and these invincible troops, although but few in number, advanced to meet the Swedish army. Amongst the warriors in Alexander's suite was the valiant Boris. The danger of his country would not suffer him, notwithstanding his advanced age, to remain inactive. But how was it possible to leave the beautiful Stephania alone, in a solitary castle, without her defender, without friends to protect her in a country overrun with a horde of savages? He dressed her therefore in man's apparel, and calling her his adopted son, took her along with him. The unfortunate Swizoslow, that passionate undeclared lover, saw them quit the castle, begged leave to join them, and during their march was always near Boris. It was he who constantly chose his lodging, and made his bed of boughs; he opened not his mouth to Stephania, whom he knew notwithstanding her disguise; but his looks, less discreet, spoke for him. At length the armies are in sight of each other: the Russians fell upon the Scandinavians as the eagles upon their prey: six brave warriors advanced with their victorious bands. Boris was one of the number; with his own hands he fired the Swedish camp, and seized the royal standard. Swizoslow and his Stephania, with her love united to the ties of consanguinity, assisted to help and defend him. Upon a sudden, Swizoslow, whose youthful courage made him advance in pursuit, perceived that he had left behind his fellow soldier, Boris. He soon returned in search of him, and found him surrounded by some of the enemy, who had rallied before he could join him. The horse of Boris, wounded in several places, had fallen with him, and poor Stephania was imploring pity and mercy of the enemy. The Swedes, seeing the Russians come up, were carrying their prisoner along with them. Swizoslow pursued, and coming up with them, found Boris upon the ground: he immediately lifted him up, and assisted him to walk, as he perceived he was only stunned by the fall of his horse, and undertook to deliver her who was so dear to them both. The old warrior could

not follow fast enough for the young hero, who soon overtook his enemies near a little river, which was swelled with rain and human blood. Just at the place where it empties itself into the Neva, and where a tree laid across served for a bridge, at that spot, overthrowing and slaying all who opposed him, he succeeded in delivering his beloved; tranquillized her with respect to her father; presumed to encircle her in his arms, and falling at her feet, weakened with the number of wounds he had received, begged that he might, in dying, have the happiness to embrace one he so dearly loved. Stephania, in despair, vainly implored heaven to prolong the life of her lover. Boris arrived in time to see him expire at their feet. The unfortunate lady spent the remainder of her days in sorrow and grief.

The victorious Russians having entirely routed the Swedes, before they quitted the place collected a large heap of stones and pieces of rock, to render immortal the attachment of this noble hero to his country, to its glory, and to his love!

#### LAST DAYS OF KING CHARLES I.

The recent discovery of the body of Charles I. has given rise to many inquiries respecting his interment, both as to its place and mode. It will, therefore, be amusing to our readers, perhaps, to peruse the following account of what took place from the day of his execution to that of his burial, as narrated by one of his constant attendants, (Mr. Herbert,) and published by authority in Wood's *Athene Oxonienses*. Mr. Bennet and Bishop Juxon were the persons who received the body of the unfortunate monarch after decapitation, and charged themselves with the duties of its interment; and the former confided to Wood a relation of the last days of the king's life, with a promise from him that he would introduce it into some part of his voluminous work. Wood did so; and as his *Athene* is a book not commonly to be met with, the following extract cannot fail to be interesting at the present moment:

JANUARY 30, Tuesday. Herbert, (saith the king,) this is my second marriage day; I will be as trim to-day as may be, for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus. He then appointed what clothes he would wear. Let me have a shirt more than ordinary (said the king) by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear: I would have no such imputation; I fear not death; death is not terrible to me; I bless God I am prepared. Death, indeed, only sets men free from the misery of this world, and breaks asunder the chains of bondage, &c. These, or words to the same effect, his majesty spake to Mr. Herbert as he was making ready. Soon after came Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, precisely at the time his majesty the night before had appointed him. Mr. Herbert then falling upon his knees, he humbly begged his majesty's pardon if he had at any time been negligent in

his duty while he had the honour to serve him. The king then gave his hand to kiss, having the day before been graciously pleased, under his royal hand, to give him a certificate, expressing that the said Mr. Herbert was not imposed upon him, but by his majesty made choice of to attend him in his bed-chamber, and had served him with faithfulness and loyal affection. At the same time his majesty delivered to him his bible, in the margin whereof he had, with his own hand, wrote many annotations and quotations, and charged him to give it to the Prince of Wales so soon as he returned, repeating what he had enjoined the Princess Elizabeth his daughter, and that he the prince would be dutiful and indulgent to the queen his mother, (to whom his majesty wrote two days before by Mr. Seymour,) affectionate to his brothers and sisters, who also were to be observant and dutiful to him, their sovereign: and forasmuch as from his heart he had forgiven his enemies, and in perfect charity with all men would leave this world, he advised the prince his son to exceed in mercy, not in rigour, &c. And as to episcopacy, it was still his opinion that it is of apostolic institution, and in his kingdom exercised from the primitive times, and therein, as in all other his affairs, he prayed God to vouchsafe, both in reference to the church and state, a pious and discerning spirit, &c. and that it was his last and earnest request, that the prince would read the bible, which, in all the time of his affliction, had been his best instructor and delight, and to meditate upon what he read, as also such other books as might improve his knowledge, &c. He likewise commanded Mr. Herbert to give his son, the Duke of York, his large ring-sundial of silver, a jewel his majesty much valued; it was invented and made by Richard Delamaine, a very able mathematician, who projected it, and in a little printed book did show its excellent use in resolving many questions in arithmetic and other rare operations to be wrought by it in the mathematics. To the Princess Elizabeth he gave the sermons of Dr. Lanc. Andrews, some time Bishop of Winchester and Prelate of the Garter, Archbishop Laud's Conference between him and John Fisher, the Jesuit, which book, the king said, would ground her against popery, and Mr. Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity. He also gave him a paper to be delivered to the said Princess Elizabeth to be printed, in which his majesty asserted, "Regal government to have a divine right," with proofs out of sundry authors, civil and sacred. To the Duke of Gloucester he gave King James's works, and Dr. Hammond's "Practical Catechism." He gave also to Montague, Earl of Lindsey, Lord High Chamberlain, "Cassandra;" and his gold watch to Mary, Duchess of Richmond: all which, as opportunity served, Mr. Herbert delivered. His majesty then bid him withdraw, which being done, his ma-



jesty with the bishop were in private together about an hour; and then Mr. Herbert being called in, the bishop went to prayer, and reading the 27th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, which relates to the passion of our blessed Saviour, the king, after the service was done, asked the bishop "if he had made choice of that chapter, being so applicable to his present condition;" the bishop answered, "May it please your majesty it is the proper lesson for the day, as appears by the kalendar." Whereupon his majesty was much affected with it, as so aptly serving a seasonable preparation for his death that day. His majesty abandoned all thoughts of earthly concerns, continued in prayer and meditation, and concluded with a cheerful submission to the will and pleasure of the Almighty, saying he was ready to resign himself into the hands of Christ Jesus, and with the kingly prophet, as 'tis expressed in the 31st Psalm, v. 5. "Into thy hands," &c. Col. Francis Hacker then knocked easily at the king's door, but Mr. Herbert being within, would not stir to ask who it was that knocked: at length, the colonel knocking the second time a little louder, the king bade him go to the door; he guessed the business: so Mr. Herbert demanding wherefore he knocked, the colonel said he would speak with the king. The king said let him come in: the colonel, in a trembling manner, came near and told his majesty, Sir, it is time to go to Whitehall, where you may have some further time to rest. The king bade him go forth, and told him I will come presently. Some time his majesty was private, and afterwards taking the good bishop by the hand, looking upon him with a cheerful countenance, said, Come let us go; and bidding Mr. Herbert take with him the silver clock that hung by his bed-side, said, open the door, Hacker has given us a second warning.

The king passed through the garden into the park, where, making a stand, asked Mr. Herbert the hour of the day, and taking the clock in his hand, and looking upon it, gave it to him and said, keep this in memory of me, which Mr. Herbert kept to his dying day. The park had several companies of foot drawn up, who made a guard on each side as the king passed, and a guard of halberdiers in company went, some before, and others followed, the king. The drums beat, and the noise was so great as one could hardly hear what another spoke. Upon the king's right hand went the bishop, and on the left Colonel Matthew Tomlinson, with whom his majesty had some discourse by the way. Mr. Herbert was next behind the king, and after him the guards. In this manner went the king through the park, and coming to the stairs leading into Whitehall, he passed along through the galleries to his bed-chamber; where, after a little repose, the bishop went to prayer: which being done, his majesty bid Mr.

Herbert bring him some bread and wine; which being brought, the king broke the manchet and eat a mouthful of it, and drank a small glass full of claret, and then was some time in private with the bishop, expecting when Hacker would the third and last time give warning. In the mean time his majesty told Mr. Herbert what satin cap he would use; which being provided, Mr. Herbert, after prayer, addressed himself to the bishop, and told him the king had ordered him to have a white satin nightcap ready, but he being not able to endure the sight of the violence that they would offer to the king on the scaffold, he could not be there to give it to the king when he should call for it. The good bishop bid him then give him the cap, and that he should wait at the end of the banqueting-house, near to the scaffold, to take care of the king's body, for (said he) that and his interment will be our last office. Colonel Hacker came soon after to the bedchamber door, and gave his last signal: the bishop and Mr. Herbert weeping, they both fell upon their knees: the king thereupon gave him his hand to kiss, and helped the bishop up, for he was aged. Col. Hacker attending still at the chamber door, the king took notice of it, and said open the door and bid Hacker go, he would follow him.

A guard was made all along the galleries and the banqueting-house, but behind the soldiers, abundance of men and women crowded in, though with some peril to their persons, to behold the saddest sight that England ever saw: and as his majesty passed by with a cheerful look he heard them pray for him. The soldiers did not rebuke any of them, for by their silence and dejected faces they seemed rather afflicted than insulting. There was a passage broke through the wall of the banqueting-house, by which the king passed unto the scaffold; where, after his majesty had spoken and declared publicly that he died a christian according to the profession of the church of England, (the contents of which have been several times printed,) the fatal stroke was given by a disguised person. Mr. Herbert, during this time, was at the door leading to the scaffold much lamenting, and the bishop coming from the scaffold with the royal corpse, which was immediately coffined and covered with a velvet pall, he and Mr. Herbert went with it to the back stairs to have it embalmed; and Mr. Herbert, after the body had been deposited, meeting with the Lord Fairfax, the general, that person asked him how the king did? whereupon Herbert, being something astonished at that question, told him the king was beheaded, at which he seemed much surprised. See more of the said General Fairfax in the *Fasti* following, among the creations of doctors of civil law, under the year 1649. The royal corpse being embalmed and well coffined, and all afterwards wrapt up in lead and covered with a new velvet pall, it was removed to St. James's, where was great pressing by all sorts

of people to see the king, a doleful spectacle, but few had leave to enter or behold it.

Where to bury the king was the last duty remaining. By some historians 'tis said the king spoke something to the bishop concerning his burial. Mr. Herbert, both before and after the king's death, was frequently in company with the bishop, and affirmed that he never mentioned any thing to him of the king's naming any place where he would be buried; nor did Mr. Herbert (who constantly attended his majesty, and after his coming to Hurst Castle was the only person in his bedchamber) hear him at any time to declare his mind concerning it. Nor was it in his lifetime a proper question for either of them to ask, notwithstanding they had oftentimes the opportunity, especially when his majesty was bequeathing to his royal children and friends what is formerly related. Nor did the bishop declare any thing concerning the place to Mr. Herbert, which doubtless he would upon Mr. Herbert's pious care about it; which being duly considered, they thought no place more fit to inter the corpse than in the chapel of King Henry VII. at the end of the church of Westminster Abbey; out of whose loins King Charles I. was lineally extracted, &c. Whereupon Mr. Herbert made his application to such as were then in power for leave to bury the king's body in the said chapel among his ancestors, but his request was denied for this reason, that his burying there would attract infinite numbers of all sorts thither to see where the king was buried; which, as the times then were, was judged unsafe and inconvenient. Mr. Herbert acquainting the bishop with this, they then resolved to bury the king's body in the royal chapel of St. George, within the castle of Windsor, both in regard that his majesty was sovereign of the most noble order of the garter, and that several kings had been there interred, namely, King Henry VI. King Edward IV. and King Henry VIII. &c. Upon which consideration Mr. Herbert made his second address to the committee of parliament, who, after some deliberation, gave him an order bearing date the 6th February, 1648, authorizing him and Mr. Anthony Mildmay to bury the king's body there, which the governor was to observe.

Accordingly the corpse was carried thither from St. James's, Feb. 7, in a hearse covered with black velvet, drawn by six horses covered with black cloth, in which were about a dozen gentlemen, most of them being such that had waited upon his majesty at Carisbrook Castle and other places since his majesty's going from Newcastle. Mr. Herbert showed the governor, Colonel Witchcot, the committee's order for permitting Mr. Herbert and Mr. Mildmay to bury him, the late king, in any place within Windsor Castle that they should think fit and meet. In the first place, in order thereunto, they carried the king's body into the dean's house, which was hung with black, and after to his usual

bedchamber within the palace. After which they went to St. George's chapel to take a view thereof, and of the most fit and honourable place for the royal corpse to rest in. Having taken a view, they at first thought that the tomb-house built by Cardinal Wolsey would be a fit place for his interment, but that place, though adjoining, yet being not within the royal chapel, they waived it: for if King Henry VIII. was buried there, (albeit to that day the particular place of his burial was unknown to any,) yet in regard his majesty King Charles I. (who was a real defender of the faith, and as far from censuring any that might be) would, upon occasional discourse, express some dislike in King Henry's proceedings, in misemploying those vast revenues the suppressed abbeys, monasteries, and other religious houses were endowed with, and by demolishing those many beautiful and stately structures, which both expressed the greatness of their founders and preserved the splendour of the kingdom, which might at the reformation have, in some measure, been kept up and converted to sundry pious uses.

Upon consideration thereof those gentlemen declined it, and pitched upon the vault where King Edward IV. had been interred, being on the north side of the choir, near the altar, that king being one his late majesty would oftentimes make honourable mention of, and from whom his majesty was lineally propagated. That, therefore, induced Mr. Herbert to give order to N. Harrison and Henry Jackson to have that vault opened, partly covered with a fair large stone of touch, raised within the arch adjoining, having a range of iron bars gilt, curiously cut according to church work, &c. But as they were about this work, some noblemen came thither, namely, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Lindsey, and with them Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, who had license from the parliament to attend the king's body to his grave. Those gentlemen, therefore, Herbert and Mildmay, thinking fit to submit and leave the choice of the place of burial to those great persons, they in like manner viewed the tomb-house and the choir, and one of the lords beating gently upon the pavement with his staff, perceived a hollow sound, and thereupon ordered the stones and earth to be removed, they discovered a descent into a vault where two coffins were laid near one another, the one very large of an antique form, and the other little. These they supposed to be the bodies of King Henry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour, his third wife, as indeed they were. The velvet palls that covered their coffins seemed fresh, though they had lain there above 100 years.

The lords agreeing that the king's body should be in the said vault interred, being about the middle of the choir, over against the eleventh stall upon the sovereign's side, they gave order to have the king's name and year he died cut in lead; which, whilst

the workmen were about, the lords went out and gave Puddifant, the sexton, order to lock the chapel door, and not suffer any to stay therein till farther notice. The sexton did his best to clear the chapel, nevertheless Isaac, the sexton's man, said that a foot soldier had hid himself so as he was not discerned; and being greedy of prey, crept into the vault, and cut so much of the velvet pall that covered the great body as he judged would hardly be missed, and wimbled also a hole through the said coffin that was largest, probably fancying that there was something well worth his adventure. The sexton, at his opening the door, espied the sacrilegious person, who being searched, a bone was found about him, with which he said he would haft a knife. The governor being therefore informed of, he gave him his reward; and the lords and others present were convinced that a real body was in the said great coffin, which some before had scrupled. The girdle or circumscription of capital letters of lead put about the king's coffin had only these words: "King Charles, 1648."

The king's body was then brought from his bedchamber down into St. George's Hall, whence, after a little stay, it was with a slow and solemn pace (much sorrow in most faces being then discernible) carried by gentlemen of quality in mourning. The noblemen in mourning also held up the pall, and the governor, with several gentlemen, officers and attendants, came after. It was then observed, that at such time as the king's body was brought out from St. George's Hall, the sky was serene and clear, but presently it began to snow, and the snow fell so fast that by that time the corpse came to the west end of the royal chapel the black velvet pall was all white, (the colour of innocence,) being thick covered over with snow. The body being by the bearers sat down near the place of burial, the Bishop of London stood ready, with the service-book in his hands, to have performed his last duty to the king his master, according to the order and form of burial of the dead, set forth in the book of "Common Prayer;" which the lords likewise desired, but it would not be suffered by Col. Witchcot, the governor of the castle, by reason of the directory, to which (said he) he and others were to be conformable. Thus went the White King to his grave, in the 48th year of his age, and 22d year and 10th month of his reign. To let pass Merlin's prophecy, which some allude to the white satin his majesty wore when he was crowned in Westminster Abbey, former kings having on purple robes at their coronation, I shall conclude this narrative with the king's own excellent expression, running thus: Crowns and kingdoms are not so valuable as my honour and reputation. Those must have a period with my life, but these survive to a glorious kind of immortality when I am dead and gone; a good name being the embalming of princes, and a sweet consecrating of them to an eternity of love and gratitude amongst posterity.

# POETRY.

## THE BUMPKIN'S INVITATION.

*Air : Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang with me ?*

DR. PERCY.

OH ! Molly, wilt thou go with me,  
Nor sigh to quit this noisy place ?  
Can rude log huts have charms for thee,  
And bumpkins rough with ruddy face ?  
No longer dressed in muslins white,  
Nor braided close thine auburn hair,  
Say can'st thou quit these scenes to-night,  
Where thou art fairest of the fair ?

Oh ! Molly, when thou'rt far away,  
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind,  
If thou art forc'd to rake up hay,  
To top the corn, or sheaves to bind ?  
Oh ! can that soft and gentle heart  
Such rural hardships learn to bear,  
If so—we'll from this town depart,  
Where thou art fairest of the fair.

Sweet Molly can'st thou breeches make,  
And neatly spin Merino yarn ;  
Wilt thou soon learn *pone bread* to bake,  
And my old worsted stockings darn ?  
Should harvest whiskey make me fall,  
Would'st thou assume the nurse's care ;  
Nor sullen those gay scenes recall,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when dead drunk I'm put to bed,  
Wilt thou prepare the water gruel ;  
Nor curse the day that thou didst wed,  
And call thy drunken Strephon cruel ?  
If thus he daily wet his clay,  
Wilt thou not drop a briny tear ;  
And wish thou wert with heart more gay,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

Ah ! no, I think thou know'st what's good,  
And to the country will incline,  
Where thou must work to earn thy food,  
And whiskey drink instead of wine.  
On sabbath days to church we'll go,  
I riding Dobbin, thou the Mare ;  
And still I'll think, as old we grow,  
That thou art fairest of the fair.

SEDLEY.

*West River.*

## SONG OF DWINA.

[From Miss Baillie's Plays.]

WAKE awhile and pleasant be,  
Gentle voice of melody.

Say, sweet carol, who are they  
Who cheerly greet the rising day?  
Little birds in leafy bower;  
Swallows twitt'ring on the tower;  
Larks upon the light air borne;  
Hunters rous'd with shrilly horn;  
The woodman whistling on his way;  
'The new-wak'd child at early play,  
Who barefoot prints the dewy green,  
Winking to the sunny sheen;  
And the milk maid who binds her yellow hair,  
And blithly doth her daily task prepare.

Say, sweet carol, who are they  
Who welcome in the ev'ning gray?  
The housewife trim, and merry lout,  
Who sit the blazing fire about;  
'The sage a conning o'er his book;  
'The tired wight, in rushy nook,  
Who half asleep but faintly hears  
The gossip's tale hum in his ears;  
The loosn'd steed in grassy stall;  
The Thanies feasting in the hall;  
But most of all the maid of cheerful soul,  
Who fills her peaceful warrior's flowing bowl.  
Well hast thou said! and thanks to thee,  
Voice of gentle melody!



## FISHERMAN'S SONG.

(From the Same.)

No fish stir in our heaving net,  
And the sky is dark, and the night is wet;  
And we must ply the lusty oar,  
For the tide is ebbing from the shore;  
And sad are they whose faggots burn,  
So kindly stored for our return.

Our boat is small and the tempest raves,  
And nought is heard but the lashing waves;  
And the sullen roar of the angry sea,  
And the wild winds piping drearily:  
Yet sea and tempest rise in vain,  
We'll bless our blazing hearths again.  
Push bravely, Mates! our guiding star  
Now from its towerlet streameth far;  
And now along the nearly strand,  
See, swiftly moves yon flaming brand;  
Before the midnight watch is past,  
We'll quaff our bowl and mock the blast.



## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

(Extracted from late London publications.)

MADAME LA BARONNE DE STAEL's important publication, de L'ALLEMAGNE, will appear during the present month (July) in this country. It is not generally known that this interesting work, the mysterious suppression of which has excited the curiosity of Europe, is the result of Madame de Stael's observations on the *manners*, the *society*, the *literature*, and the *philosophy* of the *Germans*. An edition, consisting of 10,000 copies, was printed at Paris in the year 1810; and although, in its course through the press, it was submitted to the literary police, the whole impression was destroyed by a sudden mandate of Bonaparte. One copy, however, escaped; and from that the present edition is printing. It will contain all the passages originally struck out by the police, and an original preface, developing the causes of this unprecedented literary persecution.

We learn that steam-boats have worked with success on certain rivers in Scotland for a considerable time past, particularly on the Clyde and the Leven. One of these, called the Comet, built about two years ago at Port-Glasgow, is at present on a voyage to London.

Dr. JOHN MOODIE, of Bath, member of several literary societies, has finished for publication a work on which he has been several years engaged, on the modern geography of Asia. It is to contain a full and authentic description of the empires, kingdoms, states, and colonies; with the oceans, seas, and isles, of this great division of the globe; including the most recent discoveries and political alterations. Also a general introduction, illustrative of the physical geography, and present moral and political state of Asia. The whole to form two volumes, quarto, with an atlas. An original work of geography is a literary phenomenon, and Asia particularly merits that attention in Great Britain which Dr. M. has bestowed upon it.

An important work relative to modern Greece, is announced by a gentleman who has been employed by government upon several missions into that country, entitled "Researches in Greece." The first part will be confined to inquiries into the language of the modern Greeks, and the state of their literature and education, with some short notices of the dialects spoken within the limits of Greece, viz. the *Albanian*, *Wallachian*, and *Bulgarian*. It is intended as an introduction to further researches made by the author during his residence in Greece, into the geography, antiquities, and present state of the country.

QUEEN ELIZABETH's navy consisted only of 33 ships of one hundred tons and upwards. One of 1000 tons; three of 900; two of 800; three of 600; six of 500; and the others smaller. Our modern navy consists of 1,000 ships, half of them larger than her largest; and query, will the present times rival in glory those of Elizabeth?

CAPTAIN ALLCUM, of Paris, has contrived a plan of modelling or casting cities in miniature, and has actually modelled, or made a cast of, Paris, on the scale of an inch to two hundred yards.

Some French engineers propose to blow up masses of loose earth, when hardened, during frosts, by means of gunpowder, as an expeditious mode of making canals, &c.

The voyage of discovery of Captain FLINDERS is preparing for publication by the board of admiralty. This work has long been delayed, owing to the detention of Capt. F. in the Isle of France; but no time will now be lost in submitting its details to the world. It will be printed so as to correspond with the voyages of Cook, and be accompanied, like them, with an atlas of historical and geographical engravings. It was the object of this voyage to complete the survey of New Holland, and this duty Capt. F. ably and fully performed. The late maps of Arrowsmith exhibit the general results; but many circumstances in such a voyage claim the notice, and naturally excite the lively curiosity, of the public.

Mr. TURNBULL, the last circumnavigator that has published the history of his voyage, has introduced, in a new and enlarged edition of his work in quarto, a prodigious number of new facts relative to the interesting islands of the Pacific. Among other novelties, he mentions a circumstance, connected with geological speculations, which deserves to be transferred to our pages. In the voyage of Perouse, that navigator describes a reef of shoal banks, a few degrees north of Owhyhee, where he suggested that a pearl fishery might be established to advantage, and he states that the French frigates sailed over them. Some commercial persons, in consequence, lately engaged divers, and visited the spot, but were astonished to find, not only that no vessel can now sail over these banks, but that through a large extent they afford but two or three feet water, and in many places exhibit verdant spots above the water. Mr. T. ascribes the change solely to the unremitting labours of polype and coral insects, and he confirms the hypothesis that many other of the groupes of islands that stud this vast ocean derive their origin from similar causes.

ZERAH COLBURN, the American boy, continues to attract much attention among the curious in London. He multiplies 4 figures into 4 with momentary precision, and extracts the cube root of 12 figures with equal facility.

A late Portuguese work on port wine states, as matter of complaint, that the growers are in the habit of giving only a few hours boiling to the wines, and of *dashing* them, in the course of the fermentation, with bad brandy to give them strength, and with the elderberry, and the rind of the ripe grape, to give them colour. Most of the factories at Oporto buy, it is said, large quantities of brandy and elderberries to mix with the wines in their own cellars.

A pipe of port wine costs at Oporto 15l. and in London 130l.! The duties in England produce 2,000,000l. per annum.

A German moralist, in this age of chymistry, has published an analysis of the character of the German women, and assigned the several proportion of 52 parts as under:—

Vanity	-	-	8 parts.
Love of Rule	-	-	4 parts.
Sexual Passion	-	-	4 parts.
Artifice	-	-	4 parts.
Fickleness	-	-	4 parts.
Timidity	-	-	2 parts.
Innocency	-	-	2 parts.
Superstition	-	-	4 parts.
			<hr/>
			32 parts.

M. CUVIER has just published, in four volumes in quarto, with numerous plates, a collection of all his memoirs on the fossil bones of quadrupeds. He has described seventy-eight species, forty-nine of which were certainly unknown to naturalists, and sixteen or eighteen are still doubtful. The other bones found in these recent beds, appear to belong to animals known. In a preliminary dissertation, the author explains the method which he followed, and the results which he obtained. It appears to him, from facts which he has established, that the earth has undergone several great and sudden revolutions, the last of which, not more remote than five or six thousand years, destroyed the country, at that time inhabited by the species of animals existing, and offered for a habitation to the feeble remains of these species, continents which had been already inhabited by other beings, which a preceding revolution had buried, and which appeared in their actual state at the time of this last revolution.

Sir Robert Kerr Porter's narrative of the late campaign in Russia, containing information drawn from official sources, and from intercepted French documents hitherto unknown to the British public, illustrated with plans, &c. of the general movements of both armies during their advance and retreat, and a portrait of the late General Kutusoff, will be published on the 10th of the present month, (July.)

Died at Paris, the *Abbe Delille*, who was supposed to occupy the poetical chair of his time. He was very much attached to the English poets, and was enabled, by his translation of some of them, and his intimate acquaintance with all, to throw an unusual proportion of strength and richness into his style.

# ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR DECEMBER, 1813.

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With an engraving of Commodore Perry.

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*Memoirs of the Private and Public life of William Penn. By Thomas Clarkson, M. A. 8vo. 2 vol. pp. 1020.*

[From the Edinburgh Review.]

IT is impossible to look into any of Mr. Clarkson's books, without feeling that he is an excellent man—and a very bad writer. Many of the defects of his composition, indeed, seem to be directly referrible to the amiableness of his disposition. An earnestness for truth and virtue, that does not allow him to waste any thought upon the ornaments by which they may be recommended—and a simplicity of character which is not aware that what is substantially respectable may be made dull or ridiculous by the manner in which it is presented—are virtues which we suspect not to have been very favourable to his reputation as an author. Feeling in himself not only an entire toleration of honest tediousness, but a decided preference for it upon all occasions over mere elegance or ingenuity, he seems to have transferred a

little too hastily to books those principles of judgment which are admirable when applied to men; and to have forgotten, that though dulness may be a very venial fault in a good man, it is such a fault in a book as to render its goodness of no avail whatsoever. Unfortunately for Mr. Clarkson, moral qualities alone will not make a good writer; nor are they even of the first importance on such an occasion: and accordingly, with all his philanthropy, piety, and inflexible honesty, he has not escaped the sin of tediousness—and that to a degree that must render him almost illegible to any but quakers, reviewers, and others, who make public profession of patience insurmountable. He has no taste, and no spark of vivacity—not the vestige of an ear for harmony—and a prolixity of which modern times have scarcely preserved any other example. He seems to have a sufficiently sound and clear judgment, but no great acuteness of understanding; and, though visibly tasking himself to judge charitably and speak candidly of all men, is evidently beset with such an antipathy to all who persecute quakers, or maltreat negroes, as to make him very unwilling to report any thing in their favour. On the other hand, he has great industry—scrupulous veracity—and that serious and sober enthusiasm for his subject, which is sure in the long run to disarm ridicule, and win upon attention—and is frequently able to render vulgarity impressive, and simplicity sublime. Moreover, and above all, he is perfectly free from affectation; so that, though we may be wearied, we are never disturbed or offended—and read on, in tranquillity, till we find it impossible to read any more.

It will be guessed, however, that it is not on account of its literary merits that we are induced to take notice of the work before us. WILLIAM PENN, to whose honour it is wholly devoted, was, beyond all doubt, a personage of no ordinary standard—and ought, before this time, to have met with a biographer capable of doing him justice. He is most known, and most deserving of being known, as the settler of Pennsylvania; but his private character also is interesting, and full of those peculiarities which distinguished the temper and manners of a great part of the English nation at the period in which he lived. His theological and polemical exploits are no less characteristic of the man and of the times; though all that is really edifying in this part of his history might have been given in about one twentieth part of the space which is allotted to it in the volumes of Mr. Clarkson.

William Penn was born in 1644, the only son of Admiral Sir W. Penn, the representative of an ancient and honourable family in Buckingham and Gloucestershire. He was regularly educated; and entered a gentleman commoner at Christ's church, Oxford, where he distinguished himself very early for his proficiency both

in classical learning and athletic exercises. When he was only about sixteen, however, he was roused to a sense of the corruptions of the established faith by the preaching of one Thomas Loe, a quaker—and immediately discontinued his attendance at chapel; and, with some other youths of his own way of thinking, began to hold prayer meetings in their private apartments. This, of course, gave great scandal to his academical superiors; and a large fine, with suitable admonitions, were imposed on the young nonconformist. Just at this critical period, an order was unluckily received from court to resume the use of the surplice, which it seems had been discontinued almost ever since the period of the reformation; and the sight of this unfortunate vestment “operated,” as Mr. Clarkson expresses it, “so disagreeably on William Penn, that he could not bear it; and, joining himself with some other young gentlemen, he fell upon those students who appeared in surplices, and tore them everywhere over their heads.” This, we conceive, was not quite correct, even as a quaker proceeding; and was but an unpromising beginning for the future champion of religious liberty. Its natural consequence, however, was, that he and his associates were, without further ceremony, expelled from the university; and when he went home to his father, and attempted to justify by argument the measures he had adopted, it was no less natural that the good admiral should give him a box on the ear, and turn him out at the door.

This course of discipline, however, not proving immediately effectual, he was sent upon his travels, along with some other young gentlemen, and resided for two years in France, and the Low Countries; but without any change either in those serious views of religion, or those austere notions of morality, by which his youth had been so prematurely distinguished. On his return, his father again endeavoured to subdue him to a more worldly frame of mind; first, by setting him to study law at Lincoln's Inn; and afterwards, by sending him to the Duke of Ormond's court at Dublin, and giving him the charge of his large possessions in that kingdom. These expedients might have been attended with success, had he not accidentally fallen in at Cork with his old friend Thomas Loe, the quaker—who set before him such a view of the dangers of his situation, that he seems from that day forward to have renounced all secular occupations, and betaken himself to devotion, as the main business of his future life.

The reign of Charles II. however, was not auspicious to dissenters; and in those evil days of persecution, he was speedily put in prison for attending several of the quaker meetings; but was soon liberated, and again came back to his father's house, where a long disputation took place upon the subject of his new creed. It broke up with this moderate and very loyal proposition on the

part of the viceadmiral—that the young quaker should consent to sit with his hat off, in presence of the king—the Duke of York—and the admiral himself! in return for which slight compliance, it was stipulated that he should be no longer molested for any of his opinions or practices. The heroic convert, however, would listen to no terms of composition; and, after taking some days to consider of it, reported, that his conscience could not comport with any species of *hat worship*—and was again turned out of doors for his pains.

He now took openly to preaching in the quaker meetings, and shortly after began that course of theological and controversial publications, in which he persisted to his dying day; and which has had the effect of overwhelming his memory with two vast folio volumes of political pamphlets. His most considerable work seems to have been that entitled “No Cross, no Crown;” in which he not only explains and vindicates, at great length, the grounds of the peculiar doctrines and observances of the society to which he belonged—but endeavours to show, by a very large and entertaining introduction of instances from profane history, that the same general principles had been adopted and acted upon by the wise and good in every generation, and were suggested indeed to the reflecting mind by the inward voice of conscience, and the analogy of the whole visible scheme of God’s providence in the government of the world. The intermixture of worldly learning, and the larger and bolder scope of this performance, render it far more legible than the pious exhortations and pertinacious polemics which fill the greater part of his subsequent publications. In his love of controversy and of printing, indeed, this worthy sectary seems to have been the very PRIESTLEY of the 17th century. He not only responded in due form to every work in which the principles of his sect were directly or indirectly attacked—but whenever he heard a sermon that he did not like—or learned that any of the Friends had been put in the stocks;—whenever he was prevented from preaching—or learned any edifying particulars of the death of a quaker, or of a persecutor of quakers, he was instantly at the press with a letter, or a narrative, or an admonition—and never desisted from the contest till he had reduced the adversary to silence. The members of the established church, indeed, were rarely so unwary as to make any rejoinder; and most of his disputes accordingly were with rival sectaries, in whom the spirit of proselytism and jealous zeal is always stronger than in the members of a larger and stronger body. They were not always contented indeed with the regular and general war of the press, but frequently challenged each other to personal combat, in the form of solemn and public disputations. William Penn had the honour of being repeatedly appointed the champion of the

quakers in these theological duels; and never failed, according to his partial biographer, completely to demolish his opponent;—though it appears that he did not always meet with perfectly fair play on the occasion, and that the chivalrous law of arms was by no means correctly observed in these ghostly encounters. His first set to was with one Vincent, the oracle of a neighbouring congregation of presbyterians, and affords rather a ludicrous example of the futility and indecorum which are apt to characterize all such exhibitions. After the debate had gone on for some time, Vincent made a long discourse, in which he openly accused the quakers of blasphemy; and as soon as he had done, he made off, and desired all his friends to follow him. Penn insisted upon being heard in defence; but the presbyterian troops pulled him down by the skirts; and proceeding to blow out the candles, (for the battle had already lasted till midnight,) left the indignant orator in utter darkness. He was not to be baffled or appalled, however, by a privation of this description; and accordingly went on to argue and retort in the dark, with such force and effect, that it was thought advisable to send out for his fugitive opponent, who, after some time, appeared with a candle in his hand, and begged that the debate might be adjourned to another day. But he could never be prevailed on, Mr. Clarkson assures us, to renew the combat; and Penn, after going and defying him in his own meeting-house, had recourse, as usual, to the press; and put forth “*The Sandy Foundation Shaken*,” for which he had the pleasure of being committed to the tower, on the instigation of the Bishop of London; and solaced himself, during his confinement, by writing six other pamphlets.

Soon after his deliverance, he was again taken up, and brought to trial before the lord mayor and recorder for preaching in a quaker meeting. He afterwards published an account of this proceeding; and it is in our opinion one of the most curious and instructive pieces that ever came from his pen. The times to which it relates, are sufficiently known indeed to have been times of gross oppression and judicial abuse; but the brutality of the court upon this occasion seems to us to exceed any thing that is recorded elsewhere; and the firmness of the jury still deserves to be remembered, for example to happier days. The prisoner came into court, according to quaker custom, with his hat on his head: but the door-keeper, with a due zeal for the dignity of the place, pulled it off as he entered. Upon this, however, the lord mayor became quite furious, and ordered the unfortunate beaver to be instantly replaced—which was no sooner done than he fined the poor culprit for appearing covered in his presence! William Penn now insisted upon knowing what law he was accused of having broken—to which simple question the recorder was reduced to



answer, "that he was an impertinent fellow—and that many had studied thirty or forty years to understand the law, which he was for having expounded in a moment." The learned controversialist, however, was not to be silenced so easily; he quoted Lord Coke and *magna charta* on his antagonist in a moment; and chastised his insolence by one of the best and most characteristic repartees that we recollect ever to have met with. "I tell you to be silent, cried the recorder in a great passion, if we should suffer you to ask questions till to-morrow morning you would be never the wiser." "That," replied the quaker, with his immovable tranquillity, "that is, according as *the answers* are." "Take him away, take him away," exclaimed the mayor and the recorder in a breath—"turn him into the Bale Dock;" and into the Bale Dock, a filthy and pestilent dungeon in the neighbourhood, he was accordingly turned—discoursing calmly all the way on *magna charta* and the rights of Englishmen; while the courtly recorder delivered a very animated charge to the jury, in the absence of the prisoner.

The jury, however, after a short consultation, brought in a verdict, finding him merely "guilty of *speaking* in Grace Church-street." For this cautious and most correct deliverance they were loaded with reproaches by the court, and sent out to amend their verdict—but in half an hour they returned with the same ingenious finding, fairly written out and subscribed with all their names. The court now became more furious than ever, and shut them up without meat, drink, or fire, till next morning, when they twice over came back with the same verdict;—upon which they were reviled, and threatened so furiously by the recorder, that William Penn protested against this plain intimidation of the persons to whose *free* suffrages the law had intrusted his cause. The answer of the recorder was, "Stop his mouth, gaoler—bring fetters and stake him to the ground." William Penn replied with the temper of a quaker, and the spirit of a martyr, "Do your pleasure—I matter not your fetters." And the recorder took occasion to observe, "that, till now, he never understood the policy of the Spaniards, in suffering *the inquisition* among them. But now he saw that it would never be well with us till we had something like the Spanish inquisition in England!" After this sage remark, the jury were again sent back—and kept other twenty-four hours, without food or refreshment. On the third day the natural and glorious effect of this brutality on the spirits of Englishmen was at length produced. Instead of the special and unmeaning form of their first verdict, they now, all in one voice, declared the prisoner NOT GUILTY. The recorder again broke out into abuse and menace; and, after "praying God to keep his life out of such hands," proceeded, we really do not see on what

pretext, to fine every man of them in forty marks, and to order them to prison till payment. William Penn then demanded his liberty; but was ordered into custody till he paid the fine imposed on him for wearing his hat; and was forthwith dragged away to his old lodging in the Bale Dock, while in the very act of quoting the 29th chapter of the great charter, "*Nullus liber homo*," &c. As he positively refused to acknowledge the legality of this infliction by paying the fine, he might have lain long enough in this dungeon; but his father, who was now reconciled to him, sent the money privately, and he was at last set at liberty.

The spirit, however, which had dictated these proceedings was not likely to cease from troubling; and, within less than a year, the poor quaker was again brought before the magistrate on an accusation of illegal preaching; and was again about to be dismissed for want of evidence, when the worthy justice ingeniously bethought himself of tendering to the prisoner the oath of allegiance, which, as well as every other oath, he knew that his principles would oblige him to refuse. Instead of the oath, W. Penn accordingly offered to give his reasons for not swearing; but the magistrate refused to hear him: and an altercation ensued, in the course of which the justice having insinuated, that, in spite of his sanctified exterior, the young preacher was as bad as other folks in his practice, the quaker forgot, for one moment, the systematic meekness and composure of his sect, and burst out into this triumphant appeal—

"I make this bold challenge to all men, women, and children upon earth, justly to accuse me with having seen me drunk, heard me swear, utter a curse, or speak one obscene word, much less that I ever made it my practice. I speak this to God's glory, who has ever preserved me from the power of these pollutions, and who from a child begot a hatred in me towards them. Thy words shall be thy burden, and I trample thy slander as dirt under my feet." P. 99, 100.

The greater part of the audience confirmed this statement; and the judicial calumniator had nothing for it, but to sentence this unreasonable puritan to six months' imprisonment in Newgate: where he amused himself, as usual, by writing and publishing four pamphlets in support of his opinions.

It is by no means our intention, however, to digest a chronicle either of his persecutions or his publications—In the earlier part of his career, he seems to have been in prison every six months; and, for a very considerable period of it, certainly favoured the world with at least six new pamphlets every year. In all these, as well as in his public appearances, there is a singular mixture of earnestness and sobriety—a devotedness to the cause in which he was engaged, that is almost sublime: and a temperance and pa-

tience towards his opponents that is truly admirable : while in the whole of his private life there is redundant testimony, even from the mouths of his enemies, that his conduct was pure and philanthropic in an extraordinary degree, and distinguished at the same time for singular prudence and judgment in all ordinary affairs. His virtues and his sufferings appear at last to have overcome his father's objections to his peculiar tenets ; and a thorough and cordial reconciliation took place previous to their final separation. On his deathbed the admiral is said to have approved warmly of every part of his son's conduct ; and to have predicted, that "if he and his friends kept to their plain way of preaching and of living, they would speedily make an end of the priests, to the end of the world."—By his father's death, he succeeded to a handsome estate, then yielding upwards of 1,500*l.* a year, but made no change either in his professions or way of life. He was at the press and in Newgate, after this event, exactly as before ; and defied and reviled the luxury of the age just as vehemently, when he was in a condition to partake of it, as in the days of his poverty. Within a short time after his succession, he made a pilgrimage to Holland and Germany in company with George Fox ; where it is said that they converted many of all ranks, including young ladies of quality and old professors of divinity. They were ill used, however, by a surly *graf* or two, who sent them out of their dominions under a corporal's guard ; an attention which they repaid by long letters of expostulation and advice, which the worthy *grafs* were probably neither able nor willing to read.

In the midst of these labours and trials, he found time to marry a lady of great beauty and accomplishment ; and settled himself in a comfortable and orderly house in the country—but, at the same time, remitted nothing of his zeal and activity in support of the cause in which he had embarked. When the penal statutes against popish recusants were about to be passed, in 1678, by the tenor of which certain grievous punishments were inflicted upon all who did not frequent the established church, or purge themselves, *upon oath*, from popery, William Penn was allowed to be heard before a committee of the house of commons, in support of the quakers' application for some exemption from the unintended severity of these edicts ;—and what has been preserved of his speech upon that occasion certainly is not the least respectable of his performances. It required no ordinary magnanimity for any one, in the very height of the frenzy of the popish plot, boldly to tell the house of commons, "that it was unlawful to inflict punishment upon catholics themselves, on account of a conscientious dissent." This, however, William Penn did, with the firmness of a true

philosopher; but at the same time, with so much of the meekness and humility of the quaker, that he was heard without offence or interruption:—and having thus put in his protest against the general principle of intolerance, he proceeded to plead his own cause and that of his brethren as follows:

“I was bred a protestant, and that strictly too. I lost nothing by time or study. For years, reading, travel, and observations made the religion of my education the religion of my judgment. My alteration hath brought none to that belief; and though the posture I am in may seem odd or strange to you, yet I am conscientious; and, till you know me better, I hope your charity will call it rather my unhappiness than my crime. I do tell you again, and here solemnly declare, in presence of the Almighty God, and before you all, that the profession I now make, and the society I now adhere to, have been so far from altering that protestant judgment I had, that I am not conscious to myself of having receded from an iota of any one principle maintained by those first protestants and reformers of Germany, and our own martyrs at home, against the see of Rome. On the contrary, I do with great truth assure you, that we are of the same negative faith with the ancient protestant church; and upon occasion shall be ready, by God's assistance, to make it appear that we are of the same belief as to the most fundamental positive articles of her creed too: and therefore it is we think it hard, that though we deny in common with her those doctrines of Rome so zealously protested against, (from whence the name protestants,) yet that we should be so unhappy as to suffer, and that with extreme severity, by those very laws on purpose made against the maintainers of those doctrines which we do so deny. We choose no suffering; for God knows what we have already suffered, and how many sufficient and trading families are reduced to great poverty by it. We think ourselves a useful people. We are sure we are a peaceable people; yet, if we must still suffer, let us not suffer as popish recusants, but as protestant dissenters.” P. 220, 221.

About the same period we find him closely leagued with no less a person than Algernon Sydney, and busily employed in canvassing for him in the burgh of Guilford. But the most important of his occupations at this time were those which connected him with that region which was destined to be the scene of his greatest and most memorable exertions. An accidental circumstance had a few years before engaged him in some inquiries with regard to the state of that district in North America, since called New Jersey and Pennsylvania. A great part of this territory had been granted by the crown to the family of Lord Berkeley, who had recently sold a large part of it to a quaker of the name of Billygne; and this person having fallen into pecuniary embarrassments, prevailed upon William Penn to accept of a conveyance of this property, and to undertake the management of it, as

trustee for his creditors. The conscientious trustee applied himself to the discharge of this duty with his habitual scrupulousness and activity;—and having speedily made himself acquainted with the condition and capabilities of the great province in question, was immediately struck with the opportunity it afforded, both for a beneficent arrangement of the interests of its inhabitants, and for providing a pleasant and desirable retreat for such of his own communion as were willing to leave their native land in pursuit of religious liberty. The original charter had vested the proprietor, under certain limitations, with the power of legislation; and one of the first works of William Penn was to draw up a sort of constitution for the land vested in Billynge—the cardinal foundation of which was, that no man should be troubled, molested, or subjected to any disability, on account of his religion. He then superintended the embarkation of two or three shiploads of quakers, who set off for this land of promise;—and continued from time to time, both to hear so much of their prosperity, and to feel how much a larger proprietor might have it in his power to promote and extend it, that he at length conceived the idea of acquiring for himself a much larger district, and founding a settlement upon a still more liberal and comprehensive plan. The means of doing this were providentially placed in his hands, by the circumstance of his father having a claim upon the dissolute and needy government of that day, for no less than 16,000*l.*—in lieu of which W. Penn proposed that the district since called Pennsylvania should be made over to him, with such ample powers of administration as made him little less than absolute sovereign of the country. The right of legislation was left entirely to him, and such councils as he might appoint; with no other limitation, than that his laws should be liable to be rescinded by the privy council of England within six months after they were reported to it. This memorable charter was signed on the 4th of March, 1681. He originally intended that the country should have been called New Wales; but the under secretary of state being a Welshman, thought, it seems, that this was using too much liberty with the ancient principality, and objected to it. He then suggested Sylvania; but the king himself insisted upon adding Penn to it—and after some struggles of modesty, it was found necessary to submit to his gracious desires.

He now proceeded to encourage settlers of all sorts—but especially such sectaries as were impatient of the restraints and persecutions to which they were subjected in England; and published certain conditions and regulations, “the first fundamental of which,” as he expresses it, “was, that every person should enjoy the free profession of his faith, and exercise of worship towards God, in such way as he shall in his conscience believe is most

acceptable; and should be protected in this liberty by the authority of the civil magistrate." With regard to the native inhabitants, he positively enacted, that "whoever should hurt, wrong, or offend any Indian, should incur the same penalty as if he had offended in like manner against his fellow planter;" and that the planters should not be their own judges in case of any difference with the Indians, but that all such differences should be settled by twelve referees, six Indians and six planters; under the direction, if need were, of the governor of the province, and the chief, or king of the Indians concerned. Under these wise and merciful regulations, three ships full of passengers sailed for the new province in the end of 1681. In one of these was Colonel Markham, a relation of Mr. Penn's, and intended to act as his secretary when he should himself arrive. He was the chief of several commissioners, who were appointed to confer with the Indians with regard to the cession or purchase of their lands, and the terms of a perpetual peace—and was the bearer of the following letter to them from the governor, which we think worthy of being transcribed, for the singular plainness, and engaging honesty of its manner.

" ' There is a great God, and Power, which hath made the world and all things therein, to whom you, and I, and all people, owe their being and well-being, and to whom you and I must one day give an account for all that we have done in the world.

" ' This great God has written his law in our hearts; by which we are taught and commanded to love, and to help, and to do good to one another. Now this great God hath been pleased to make me concerned in your part of the world; and the king of the country where I live hath given me a great province therein: but I desire to enjoy it with your love and consent, that we may always live together as neighbours and friends; else what would the great God do to us, who hath made us (not to devour and destroy one another, but) to live soberly and kindly together in the world? Now, I would have you well observe, that I am very sensible of the unkindness and injustice which have been too much exercised towards you by the people of these parts of the world, who have sought themselves to make great advantages by you, rather than to be examples of goodness and patience unto you. This I hear hath been a matter of trouble to you, and caused great grudging and animosities, sometimes to the shedding of blood; which hath made the great God angry. But I am not such a man, as is well known in my own country. I have great love and regard towards you, and desire to win and gain your love and friendship by a kind, just, and peaceable life; and the people I send are of the same mind, and shall in all things behave themselves accordingly; and if in any thing any shall offend you or your people, you shall have a full and speedy satisfaction for the same, by an equal number of just men on both sides, that by no means you may have just occasion of being offended against them.



“ ‘ I shall shortly come to see you myself, at which time we may more largely and freely confer and discourse of these matters. In the mean time I have sent my commissioners to treat with you about land and a firm league of peace. Let me desire you to be kind to them and to the people, and receive the presents and tokens which I have sent you as a testimony of my good will to you, and of my resolution to live justly, peaceably and friendly with you.

“ ‘ I am your loving friend,

WILLIAM PENN.’ ”

In the course of the succeeding year, he prepared to follow these first colonists; and accordingly embarked, with about a hundred other quakers, in the month of September, 1682. Before separating himself, however, from his family on this long pilgrimage, he addressed a long letter of love and admonition to his wife and children, from which we are tempted to make a pretty large extract for the entertainment and edification of our readers. There is something, we think, very touching and venerable in the affectionateness of its whole strain, and the patriarchal simplicity in which it is conceived; while the language appears to us to be one of the most beautiful specimens of that soft and mellow English, which, with all its redundancy and cumbrous volume, has, to our ears, a far richer and more pathetic sweetness than the epigrams and apothegms of modern times. The letter begins in this manner.

“ My dear wife and children,

“ My love, which neither sea, nor land, nor death itself, can extinguish or lessen towards you, most endearingly visits you with eternal embraces, and will abide with you forever: and may the God of my life watch over you, and bless you, and do you good in this world and forever!—Some things are upon my spirit to leave with you in your respective capacities, as I am to one a husband, and to the rest a father, if I should never see you more in this world.

“ My dear wife! remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life: the most beloved, as well as most worthy of all my earthly comforts: and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellencies, which yet were many. God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence’s making; and God’s image in us both was the first thing, and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes. Now I am to leave thee, and that without knowing whether I shall ever see thee more in this world, take my counsel into thy bosom, and let it dwell with thee in my stead while thou livest.”

Then, after some counsel about godliness and economy, he proceeds—

“ And now, my dearest, let me recommend to thy care my dear children; abundantly beloved of me, as the Lord’s blessings, and the



sweet pledges of our mutual and endeared affection. Above all things endeavour to breed them up in the love of virtue, and that holy plain way of it which we have lived in, that the world in no part of it get into my family. I had rather they were homely than finely bred as to outward behaviour; yet I love sweetness mixed with gravity, and cheerfulness tempered with sobriety. Religion in the heart leads into this true civility, teaching men and women to be mild and courteous in their behaviour; an accomplishment worthy indeed of praise.

“Next breed them up in a love of one another: tell them it is the charge I left behind me: and that it is the way to have the love and blessing of God upon them. Sometimes separate them, but not long; and allow them to send and give each other small things to endear one another with. Once more, I say, tell them it was my counsel they should be tender and affectionate one to another. For their learning be liberal. Spare no cost; for by such parsimony all is lost that is saved: but let it be useful knowledge, such as is consistent with truth and godliness, not cherishing a vain conversation or idle mind: but ingenuity mixed with industry is good for the body and the mind too. I recommend the useful parts of mathematics, as building houses or ships, measuring, surveying, dialling, navigation; but agriculture is especially in my eye: let my children be husbandmen and housewives; it is industrious, healthy, honest, and of good example: like Abraham, and the holy ancients, who pleased God and obtained a good report. This leads to consider the works of God and nature, of things that are good, and diverts the mind from being taken up with the vain arts and inventions of a luxurious world. Rather keep an ingenious person in the house to teach them than send them to schools, too many evil impressions being commonly received there. Be sure to observe their genius, and do not cross it as to learning: let them not dwell too long on one thing; but let their change be agreeable, and all their diversions have some little bodily labour in them. When grown big, have most care for them; for then there are more snares both within and without. When marriageable, see that they have worthy persons in their eye, of good life, and good fame for piety and understanding. I need no wealth, but sufficiency; and be sure their love be dear, fervent, and mutual, that it may be happy for them. I choose not they should be married to earthly, covetous kindred: and of cities and towns of concourse, beware: the world is apt to stick close to those who have lived and got wealth there: a country life and estate I like best for my children. I prefer a decent mansion, of a hundred pounds per annum, before ten thousand pounds in London, or such like place, in a way of trade.”

He next addresses himself to his children.

“Be obedient to your dear mother, a woman whose virtue and good name is an honour to you; for she hath been exceeded by none in her time for her integrity, humanity, virtue, and good understanding; qualities not usual among women of her worldly condition and quality. Therefore honour and obey her, my dear children, as your mother,

and your father's love and delight; nay, love her, too, for she loved your father with a deep and upright love, choosing him before all her many suitors: and though she be of a delicate constitution and noble spirit, yet she descended to the utmost tenderness and care for you, performing the painfulest acts of service to you in your infancy, as a mother and a nurse too. I charge you, before the Lord, honour and obey, love and cherish your dear mother.

"Next: betake yourselves to some honest, industrious course of life, and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition, and marry, choose with the knowledge and consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians, or those that have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you. And being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship; neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not."

After a great number of other affectionate counsels, he turns particularly to his elder boys.

"And as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania, I do charge you before the Lord God and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you: therefore do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers; cherish no informers for gain or revenge; use no tricks; fly to no devices to support or cover injustice; but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant."

We should like to see any private letter of instructions from a sovereign to his heir apparent, that will bear a comparison with the injunctions of this honest sectary. He concludes as follows:

"Finally, my children, love one another with a true, endeared love, and your dear relations on both sides, and take care to preserve tender affection in your children to each other, often marrying within themselves, so as it be without the bounds forbidden in God's law, that so they may not, like the forgetting, unnatural world, grow out of kindred, and as cold as strangers; but, as becomes a truly natural and christian stock, you and yours after you may live in the pure and fer-

nt love of God towards one another, as becometh brethren in the  
iritual and natural relation.

“ So farewell to my thrice dearly beloved wife and children !

“ Yours, as God pleaseth, in that which no waters can quench, no  
time forget, nor distance wear away, but remains forever,

“ *Worminghurst, fourth of* WILLIAM PENN.”  
*sixth month, 1682.*

Immediately after writing this letter, he embarked, and arrived  
sely in the Delaware with all his companions. The country as-  
igned to him by the royal charter was yet full of its original inha-  
tants ; and the principles of William Penn did not allow him to  
ok upon that gift as a warrant to dispossess the first proprietors  
the land. He had accordingly appointed his commissioners,  
e preceding year, to treat with them for the fair purchase of a  
rt of their lands, and for their joint possession of the remainder ;  
d the terms of the settlement being now nearly agreed upon, he  
oceeded, very soon after his arrival, to conclude the settlement,  
d solemnly to pledge his faith, and to ratify and confirm the treaty  
sight both of the Indians and planters. For this purpose a  
and convocation of the tribes had been appointed near the spot  
here Philadelphia now stands ; and it was agreed that he and the  
esiding sachems should meet and exchange faith, under the  
reading branches of a prodigious elm-tree that grew on the  
unk of the river. On the day appointed, accordingly, an innu-  
erable multitude of the Indians assembled in that neighbour-  
ood ; and were seen, with their dark visages and brandished  
ms, moving, in vast swarms, in the depth of the woods which  
en overshadowed the whole of that now cultivated region. On the  
her hand, William Penn, with a moderate attendance of friends,  
lvanced to meet them. He came of course unarmed—in his  
ual plain dress—without banners, or mace, or guards, or car-  
ages ; and only distinguished from his companions by wearing a  
ue sash of silk network, (which it seems is still preserved by  
r. Kett of Seething-hall, near Norwich,) and by having in his  
and a roll of parchment, on which was engrossed the confirma-  
on of the treaty of purchase and amity. As soon as he drew  
ear the spot where the sachems were assembled, the whole mul-  
tude of Indians threw down their weapons, and seated themselves  
a the ground in groups, each under his own chieftain ; and the  
esiding chief intimated to William Penn that the nations were  
eady to hear him. Mr. Clarkson regrets, and we cordially join  
the sentiment, that there is no written cotemporary account of  
ie particulars attending this interesting and truly novel transac-  
on. He assures us, however, that they are still in a great mea-  
ure preserved in oral tradition, and that both what we have just  
ated, and what follows, may be relied on as perfectly accurate.  
he sequel we give in his own words.

" Having been thus called upon, he began. The Great Spirit, he said, who made him and them, who ruled the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood, and love. After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and by means of the same interpreter conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the compact then made for their eternal union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits even in the territory they had alienated, for it was to be common to them and the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein relating to the improvement of their grounds, and providing sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English, and half Indians. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents besides from the merchandise which had been spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added that he would not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call them children or brothers only; for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely; and brothers sometimes would differ; neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the sachem who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had remained himself with them to repeat it." P. 341—343.

The Indians, in return, made long and stately harangues—of which, however, no more seems to have been remembered, but that "they pledged themselves to live in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the sun and moon should endure." And thus ended this famous treaty;—of which Voltaire has remarked, with so much truth and severity, "that it was the only one ever concluded between savages and christians that was not ratified by an oath; and the only one that never was broken!"

Such, indeed, was the spirit in which the negotiation was entered into, and the corresponding settlement conducted, that for the space of more than seventy years; and so long indeed as the

quakers retained the chief power in the government, the peace and amity which had been thus solemnly promised and concluded, never was violated; and a large and most striking, though solitary example afforded, of the facility with which they who are really sincere and friendly in their own views, may live in harmony even with those who are supposed to be peculiarly fierce and faithless. We cannot bring ourselves to wish that there were nothing but quakers in the world—because we fear it would be insupportably dull; but when we consider what tremendous evils daily arise from the petulance and profligacy, and ambition and irritability, of sovereigns and ministers, we cannot help thinking it would be the most efficacious of all reforms to choose all those ruling personages out of that plain, pacific, and sober-minded sect.

William Penn now held an assembly, in which fifty-nine important laws were passed in the course of three days. The most remarkable were those which limited the number of capital crimes to two—murder and high treason—and which provided for the reformation, as well as the punishment of offenders, by making the prisons places of compulsory industry, sobriety, and instruction. It was likewise enacted that all children, of whatever rank, should be instructed in some art or trade. The fees of law proceedings were fixed, and inscribed on public tables; and the amount of fines to be levied for offences also limited by legislative authority. Many admirable regulations were added, for the encouragement of industry, and mutual usefulness and esteem. There is something very agreeable in the contentment, and sober and well-earned self-complacency, which breathe in the following letter of this great colonist, written during his first rest from those great labours.

“ I am now casting the country into townships for large lots of land. I have held an assembly, in which many good laws are passed. We could not stay safely till the spring for a government. I have annexed the territories lately obtained to the province, and passed a general naturalization for strangers; which hath much pleased the people. As to outward things, we are satisfied; the land good, the air clear and sweet, the springs plentiful, and provision good and easy to come at; an innumerable quantity of wild fowl and fish; in fine, here is what an Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would be well contented with: and service enough for God, for the fields are here white for harvest. O, how sweet is the quiet of these parts, freed from the anxious and troublesome solicitations, hurries, and perplexities of woful Europe!”  
P. 350, 351.

We cannot persuade ourselves, however, to pursue any farther the details of this edifying biography. W. Penn returned to England after a residence of about two years in his colony—got

then under his hands, that he might instantly attend the admiral. 'No!' said Nelson, 'I will take my turn with my brave fellows.' Nor would he suffer his own wound to be examined till every man, who had been previously wounded, was properly attended to."

It gives us great pleasure to repeat this trait of magnanimity, which must irresistibly have won the hearts of the poor fellows who were bleeding near him; and have almost made them forget their own individual sufferings in their admiration of his generous sympathy. When Nelson's wound was examined, and he was declared out of danger, there was an unfeigned expression of joy amongst the whole crew. As Nelson remarked,

"victory was hardly a name strong enough for the result of this memorable engagement with the French fleet. It amounted almost to a total capture or destruction of the force of the enemy; for of thirteen sail of the line, nine were taken and two burnt: of the four frigates, one burnt, another sunk."

"Had Nelson," says his present biographer, "been provided with small craft, nothing could have prevented the destruction of the store-ships and transports in the port of Alexandria;—four bomb vessels would, at that time, have burnt the whole in a few hours. 'Were I to die this moment,' said he in his despatches to the admiralty, '*want of frigates* would be found stamped on my heart! No words of mine can express what I have suffered, and am suffering, for want of them.'"

After this signal triumph over the French, a profusion of presents and honours, from different courts and governments, christian and mahometan, catholic and protestant, was showered on the hero by whom it was achieved. The Grand Seignior was amongst the foremost in testifying his gratitude for this victory over the "swinish infidels" who had invaded his Egyptian provinces. He presented the British admiral with

"a pelisse of sable, with broad sleeves, valued at five thousand dollars; and a diamond aigrette valued at eighteen thousand; the most honourable badge among the Turks; and, in this instance, more especially honourable, because it was taken from one of the royal turbans. 'If it were worth a million,' said Nelson to his wife, 'my pleasure would be to see it in your possession.' The sultan also sent, in a spirit worthy of imitation, a purse of two thousand sequins, to be distributed among the wounded. The mother of the sultan sent him a box, set with diamonds, valued at one thousand pounds." \* \* \*

By his own government Nelson was rewarded with the title of "Baron Nelson of the Nile and Burnham Thorpe," and "with a pension of 2,000*l.* for his own life and those of his two immediate successors." "Gold medals were distributed to the captains, and



the first lieutenants of all the ships were promoted, as had been done after Lord Howe's victory." Nelson exerted himself to the utmost that the captain and first lieutenant of the *Culloden*, which ship had unfortunately run aground and could take no part in the action, should not be passed by because they had not been actually engaged. The zeal and friendship which he manifested on this occasion, place his character in a very amiable light. He represented to the admiralty, in the strongest terms, that Captain Trowbridge's conduct was as justly entitled to distinction, as that of any officer in the fleet.

"It was Trowbridge," said he, "who equipped the squadron so soon at Syracuse: it was Trowbridge who exerted himself for me after the action: it was Trowbridge who saved the *Culloden*, when none that I know in the service would have attempted it."

The gold medal, therefore, by the king's express desire, was given to Captain Trowbridge, "for his services both before and since, and for the great and wonderful exertions which he made at the time of action, in saving and getting off his ship." The private letter from the admiralty to Nelson, informed him that the first lieutenants of all the ships *engaged*, were to be promoted. Nelson instantly wrote to the first lord of the admiralty.

"I sincerely hope," said he, "this is not intended to exclude the first lieutenant of the *Culloden*.—For heaven's sake—for my sake—if it be so, get it altered. Our dear friend Trowbridge has endured enough. His sufferings were, in every respect, more than any of us."

After the battle of the Nile, Nelson proceeded to Naples, where his victory had occasioned the most frantic joy; and where he was welcomed, on his arrival, with every demonstration of gratitude which the court could show. It was on this occasion that his transient acquaintance with Lady Hamilton, whom he had seen only for a few days about four years before, was quickly converted, either by the arts of the lady or the destiny of the hero, into a passion, the ardour of which, at least on his part, has hardly any parallel even in romance. After having subdued the French at Aboukir, Nelson was himself as completely subdued by one of the daughters of Eve in the bay of Naples. Nelson had too much of the frank, openhearted character of the British sailor, to guard against the Sirens on that treacherous coast. He forgot the story of Ulysses; and he approached the shore without having his ears sealed with wax or his body lashed to the mast. He went, he saw, he heard the Siren in the form of a British fair, and he was spell-bound forever! When the *Vanguard*, Nelson's ship, ap-



proached the bay of Naples, Lady Hamilton, in her barge, coming alongside, "at the sight of Nelson sprang up at the ship's side, and exclaiming, O God! is it possible! fell into his arms—more, he says, like one dead than alive." Nelson described the meeting as "*terribly affecting*." The lady seems to have acted her part well, both in this instance and in the sequel. From this period we may regard Nelson as caught in the toils of feminine fascination. Henceforth Lady Hamilton became the constant object of his tender solicitude and his ardent admiration. Her witcheries, at times, wrought his mind up to the highest pitch of amorous devotion; and no knight-errant, even under the meridian of chivalry, was ever more subservient to the will or the caprice of the mistress he adored.

Nelson, even after he had begun to be entangled in the web of artifice which Lady H. was sedulously contriving in order to hold him in durance soft, but vile, seems, at this period, to have had a very contemptible idea of the people and government of Naples, though he afterwards, under the influence of the above-mentioned lady, became an auxiliary in the perfidious cruelty of the court.

"What precious moments," said he, "the courts of Naples and Vienna are losing! Three months would liberate Italy; but this court is so enervated, that the happy moment will be lost. I am very unwell, and their miserable conduct is not likely to cool my irritable temper. It is a country of fiddlers and poets, whores and scoundrels."

The French after this got possession of Naples, owing to the imbecility and corruption of the government, and the cowardice, or treachery, or both combined, of General Mack. Nelson had early the sagacity to discover the total insufficiency of this man for the high post in which he was placed. "When Mack," says Mr. Southey,

"was introduced by the king and queen (of Naples) to the British admiral, the queen said to him, 'Be to us by land, general, what my hero Nelson has been by sea.' Mack, on his part, did not fail to praise the force which he was appointed to command: 'It was,' he said, 'the finest army in Europe.' Nelson agreed with him that there could not be finer men; but when the general, at a review, so directed the operations of a mock fight, that, by an unhappy blunder, his own troops were surrounded instead of those of the enemy, he turned to his friends and exclaimed, with bitterness, that the fellow did not understand his business. Another circumstance, not less characteristic, confirmed Nelson in this judgment. 'General Mack,' said he, in one of his letters, 'cannot move without five carriages! I have formed my opinion. I heartily pray I may be mistaken.'"

The royal family of Naples were, soon after this, obliged to fly their kingdom and seek refuge in Palermo, whither they were conducted by Lord Nelson. Mack, though at the head of what he had but lately called the "finest army in Europe," deserted to the French general Championet, "under pretext of taking shelter from the fury," or rather the incensed patriotism, of the lazzaroni, who alone proved true to their country in this crisis of her fate. When the royal family of Naples were afterwards enabled to return to their capital, that event was preceded by circumstances which reflect great disgrace upon Lord Nelson; and which Mr. Southey has very faithfully recorded, and very properly condemned. In the transaction to which we allude, the malignant influence of Lady Hamilton on the mind of the British admiral is but too apparent; and it grieves us to think that the blandishments of beauty should, for a moment, have rendered him insensible to the dictates of justice and humanity.

Whilst Lord Nelson was absent on another service,

"Captain Foote, in the *Seahorse*, with the Neapolitan frigates and some small vessels under his command, was left to act with a land force, consisting of a few regular troops, of four different nations, and with the armed rabble which Cardinal Ruffo called the christian army. His directions were, to coöperate to the utmost of his power with the royalists, at whose head Ruffo had been placed; and had no other instructions whatever."

The castles of Uovo and Nuovo, which commanded the anchorage in the bay of Naples, and of which it was, at the time, a point of great importance to obtain possession, had agreed to capitulate on terms which were proposed to the garrison by Cardinal Ruffo. This capitulation was accepted, and "signed by the cardinal, and the Russian and Turkish commanders; and lastly, by Captain Foote as commander of the British force." When Nelson shortly afterwards arrived in the bay, he annulled the treaty which had been thus solemnly concluded. The cardinal, like a man of honour, earnestly remonstrated against the infraction of this agreement; but he was compelled to yield to the authority of Nelson, whose arguments were seconded by those of Sir W. and Lady Hamilton.

"Captain Foote was sent out of the bay; and the garrisons, taken out of the castles, under pretence of carrying the treaty into effect, were delivered over as rebels to the vengeance of the Sicilian court. A deplorable transaction! A stain upon the memory of Nelson, and the honour of England! To palliate it would be in vain; to justify it would be wicked; there is no alternative for one who will not make himself a participator in guilt, but to record the disgraceful story with sorrow and with shame."

But the conduct of Nelson in the trial and execution of Prince Caraccioli, an aged Neapolitan nobleman of high character and great worth, deserves no less severity of condemnation than in the transaction which we have just mentioned. Prince Caraccioli, who was at the head of the marine, had been constrained to serve under the revolutionary government which had been established by the French, had been seized and carried on board Lord Nelson's ship, where Sir W. and Lady Hamilton then were. Nelson

“ issued an order to the Neapolitan commodore, Count Thurn, to assemble a courtmartial of Neapolitan officers, on board the British flag-ship, proceed immediately to try the prisoner, and report to him, if the charges were proved, what punishment he ought to suffer. These proceedings were as rapid as possible; Caraccioli was brought on board at nine in the forenoon, and the trial began at ten. It lasted two hours; he averred in his defence that he had acted under compulsion, having been compelled to serve as a common soldier till he consented to take command of the fleet. This, the apologists of Lord Nelson say, he failed in proving. They forget that the possibility of proving it was not allowed him; for he was brought to trial within an hour after he was legally in arrest; and how, in that time, was he to collect his witnesses? He was found guilty, and sentenced to death; and Nelson gave orders that the sentence should be carried into effect that evening, at five o'clock, on board the Sicilian frigate *La Minerva*, by hanging him at the foreyard-arm till sunset; when the body was to be cut down and thrown into the sea. Caraccioli requested Lieutenant Parkinson, under whose custody he was placed, to intercede with Lord Nelson for a second trial—for this, among other reasons, that Count Thurn, who presided at the courtmartial, was notoriously his personal enemy. Nelson made answer that the prisoner had been fairly tried by the officers of his own country, and he could not interfere; forgetting that, if he felt himself justified in ordering the trial and the execution, no human being could ever have questioned the propriety of his interfering on the side of mercy. Caraccioli then entreated that he might be shot.—‘I am an old man, sir,’ said he: ‘I leave no family to lament me, and therefore cannot be supposed to be very anxious about prolonging my life; but the disgrace of being hanged is dreadful to me.’ When this was repeated to Nelson, he only told the lieutenant, with much agitation, to go and attend his duty. As a last hope, Caraccioli asked the lieutenant if he thought an application to Lady Hamilton would be beneficial? Parkinson went to seek her; she was not to be seen on this occasion—but she was present at the execution. She had the most devoted attachment to the Neapolitan court; and the hatred which she felt against those whom she regarded as its enemies, made her, at this time, forget what was due to the character of her sex, as well as of her country. Here, also, a faithful historian is called upon to pronounce a severe and unqualified condemnation of Nelson's conduct. Had he the authority of his Sicilian majesty for proceed-

ing as he did? If so, why was not that authority produced? If not, why were the proceedings hurried on without it? Why was the trial precipitated, so that it was impossible for the prisoner, if he had been innocent, to provide the witnesses who might have proved him so? Why was a second trial refused, when the known animosity of the president of the court against the prisoner was considered? Why was the execution hastened so as to preclude any appeal for mercy, and render the prerogative of mercy useless? Doubtless the British admiral seemed to himself to be acting under a rigid sense of justice; but to all other persons it was obvious that he was influenced by an infatuated attachment—a baneful passion, which destroyed his domestic happiness, and now, in a second instance, stained ineffaceably his public character.

“The body was carried out to a considerable distance, and sunk in the bay, with three double-headed shot, weighing 250 pounds, tied to its legs. Between two and three weeks afterwards, when the king was on board the *Foudroyant*, a Neapolitan fisherman came to the ship, and solemnly declared that Caraccioli had risen from the bottom of the sea, and was coming, as fast as he could, to Naples, swimming half out of the water. Such an account was listened to like a tale of idle credulity. The day being fair, Nelson, to please the king, stood out to sea; but the ship had not proceeded far before a body was distinctly seen, upright in the water, and approaching them. It was soon recognised to be, indeed, the corpse of Caraccioli, which had risen, and floated, while the great weights attached to the legs kept the body in a position like a living man. A fact so extraordinary astonished the king, and perhaps excited some feelings of superstitious fear, akin to regret. He gave permission for the body to be taken on shore, and receive christian burial. It produced no better effect. Naples exhibited more dreadful scenes than it had witnessed in the days of *Massaniello*. After the mob had had their fill of blood and plunder, the reins were given to justice; if that can be called justice which annuls its own stipulations, looks to the naked facts alone, disregarding all motives and all circumstances; and, without considering character, or science, or sex, or youth, sacrifices its victims, not for the public weal, but for the gratification of greedy vengeance.”

Nelson displayed his usual zeal and ability in driving the French from the Neapolitan states, and the then deliverance of these states from those oppressors is more owing to his vigour and enterprise than to any other cause. On this occasion he was ably seconded by Captain Trowbridge and the other officers of the navy. The Neapolitans seemed to have little will or spirit to do any thing for themselves. When Trowbridge was engaged in the siege of St. Elmo, he declared that he had more difficulties to overcome in the character of the Neapolitans than in the strength of the place or the skill of the French. “Such damned cowards and villains,” he declared, “he had never seen be-

fore." 'Though Nelson had been successful in expelling the French from Naples,

"he deceived himself," as Mr. Southey remarks, "when he imagined that he had seated Ferdinand firmly on his throne, and that he had restored happiness to millions. These objects might have been accomplished if it had been possible to inspire virtue and wisdom into a vitious and infatuated court; and if Nelson's eyes had not been, as it were, spell-bound by that unhappy attachment which had now completely mastered him, he would have seen things as they were; and might, perhaps, have awakened the Sicilian court to a sense of their interest, if not of their duty. That court employed itself in a miserable round of folly and festivity, while the prisons of Naples were filled with groans, and the scaffolds streamed with blood."

At the battle of Copenhagen, Nelson exhibited a degree of heroism which proceeded, at least, to the very verge of temerity. It was, however, justified by the success; and, with many, this seems the only rule for appreciating actions of this extraordinary kind. When Nelson's

"signal lieutenant called out that No. 39. (the signal for discontinuing the action) was thrown out by the commander in chief, he continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal officer met him at the next turn, and asked if he should repeat it. 'No,' he replied, 'acknowledge it.' Presently he called after him to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted; and being answered in the affirmative, said, 'Mind you keep it so.' He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion. 'Do you know,' said he to Mr. Ferguson, 'what is shown on board the commander in chief? No. 39!' Mr. Ferguson asked what that meant.—'Why, to leave off action!' Then, shrugging up his shoulders, he repeated the words—'Leave off action! Now damn me if I do! You know, Foley,' turning to the captain, 'I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes:—and then putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, 'I really do not see the signal!' Presently he exclaimed, 'Damn the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals! Nail mine to the mast!'"

Nelson embraced a favourable opportunity during the action to open a negotiation, and, retiring into the stern gallery, he

"wrote thus to the crown prince: 'Viceadmiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag: but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having

the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English.' A wafer was given to him; but he ordered a candle to be brought from the cockpit, and sealed the letter with wax, affixing a larger seal than he ordinarily used. 'This,' said he, 'is no time to appear hurried and informal.' "

This negotiation ultimately led to an armistice. In one of his interviews with the crown prince, Nelson told him "that he had been in a hundred and five engagements, but that this was the most tremendous of all." "The French," he said, "fought bravely; but they could not have stood for one hour the fight which the Danes had supported for four." This had been indeed a murderous action; for the killed and wounded, on board the British ships, amounted to "nine hundred and fifty-three."

During the short peace of Amiens, Nelson resided at a house which he had purchased at Merton, in Surrey, and appears to have intended to "pass his days there, in the society of Sir William and Lady Hamilton." But Sir W. H. died early in 1803, at the age of seventy-nine.

"He expired," says Mr. Southey, "in his wife's arms, holding Nelson by the hand: and, almost in his last words, left her to his protection; requesting him that he would see justice done her by the government, as he knew what she had done for her country. He left him her portrait in enamel, calling him his dearest friend," &c. &c.

When the war was renewed, Nelson was sent to take the command of the Mediterranean fleet. He took his station off Toulon to watch the French fleet in that harbour. This was altogether a very arduous service, and required the utmost patience and perseverance, in which he excelled as well as in other more active and enterprising qualities.

"From May, 1803, to August, 1805, he himself went out of his ship but three times; each of those times was upon the king's service, and neither time of absence exceeded an hour. The weather had been so unusually severe, that, he said, the Mediterranean seemed altered. It was his rule never to contend with the gales; but either run to the southward to escape their violence, or furl all the sails, and make the ships as easy as possible. The men, though he said flesh and blood could hardly stand it, continued in excellent health, which he ascribed, in great measure, to a plentiful supply of lemons and onions."

The commander of the French fleet, M. Latouche Treville, is said to have occasioned his death

“by walking so often to the signal post upon Sepet to watch the British fleet. ‘I always pronounced this would be his death,’ said Nelson. ‘If he had come out and fought me, it would, at least, have added ten years to my life.’”

When news arrived in this country that the combined fleets had entered the harbour of Cadiz after the indecisive action of the French with Sir Robert Calder, Nelson was then at his seat at Merton.

“Captain Blackwood, on his way to London with despatches, called on him at five in the morning. Nelson, who was already dressed, exclaimed, the moment he saw him—‘I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets! I think I shall yet have to beat them.’ They had refitted at Vigo, after the indecisive action with Sir Robert Calder; then proceeded to Ferrol, brought out the squadron from thence, and with it entered Cadiz in safety. ‘Depend on it, Blackwood,’ he repeatedly said, ‘I shall yet give M. Villeneuve a drubbing.’ But when Blackwood had left him, he wanted resolution to declare his wishes to Lady Hamilton and his sisters, and endeavoured to drive away the thought.—He had done enough; he said, ‘Let the man trudge it who has lost his budget!’ His countenance belied his lips; and as he was pacing one of the walks in the garden, which he used to call the quarter-deck, Lady Hamilton came up to him, and told him she saw he was uneasy. He smiled, and said, ‘No, he was as happy as possible; he was surrounded by his family, his health was better since he had been on shore, and he would not give sixpence to call the king his uncle.’ She replied that she did not believe him—that she knew he was longing to get at the combined fleets—that he considered them as his own property—that he would be miserable if any man but himself did the business; and that he ought to have them, as the price and reward of his two years’ long watching, and his hard chase. ‘Nelson,’ said she, ‘however we may lament your absence, offer your services:—they will be accepted, and you will gain a quiet heart by it: you will have a glorious victory, and then you may return here and be happy.’ He looked at her with tears in his eyes:—‘Brave Emma!—Good Emma!—If there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons.’”

Before the battle of Trafalgar, when they were clearing for action, and the portrait of Lady Hamilton, which hung in his cabin, and on which he was wont to gaze with the most extravagant fondness, was taken down, he told the men who removed it “to take care of his guardian angel.” “In this manner he frequently spoke of it as if he believed there were a virtue in the image. He wore a miniature of her also next his heart.”

Mr. Southey has given a very distinct and interesting description of the battle of Trafalgar, and of the death of Lord Nelson. We will extract the account of his death.



"It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulet on his left shoulder—about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. 'They have done for me at last, Hardy,' said he. 'I hope not?' cried Hardy. 'Yes,' he replied; 'my back bone is shot through.' Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately:—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.—Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of *Trafalgar*.

"The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's birth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood which he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful. 'For,' said he, 'you can do nothing for me.'—All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck the crew of the *Victory* hurraed; and, at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, 'Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!'—An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful, and yet sublimest moment. 'Well, Hardy,' said Nelson, 'how goes the day with us?'—'Very well,' replied Hardy; 'ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt

of giving them a drubbing.'—'I hope,' said Nelson, 'none of our ships have struck?' Hardy answered 'There was no fear.' Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. 'I am a dead man, Hardy,' said he; 'I am going fast:—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me.' Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. 'O, no!' he replied, 'it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.' Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

"By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, 'You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast'—putting his hand on his left side—'which tells me so.' And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great? he replied, so great, that he wished he was dead. 'Yet,' said he, in a lower voice, 'one would like to live a little longer too!' And after a few minutes, in the same under tone, he added: 'What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation.' Next to his country, she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly:—but fourteen or fifteen at least. 'That's well,' cried Nelson; 'but I bargained for twenty.' And then, in a stronger voice, he said: 'Anchor, Hardy. anchor.' Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. 'Not while I live, Hardy!' said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: 'Do you anchor.' His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, 'Don't throw me overboard:' and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings, 'Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton.'—'Kiss me, Hardy,' said he. Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, 'Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty.' Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two; then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. 'Who is that?' said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, 'God bless you, Hardy.' And Hardy then left him—forever.

"Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, 'I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone.' Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, 'Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner:' and, after a short pause, 'Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton, and my daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country.' His articulation now became difficult! but he was distinctly heard to say, 'Thank God I have done my duty!' These words he had repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound."

Nelson was altogether a man of many great and many amiable qualities. His heroism was of the most sublime species, because it was seldom, indeed we believe never, except in the two instances which we have mentioned, separated from the most refined sentiments of humanity, and from a sort of hallowed impression of a providential Governor of the world. His devotion, for he was perpetually devout, was equally remote from the chilly feeling of philosophical skepticism, and from the torrid fervour of fanatical delusion. His courage was not the effect of an unreflecting mind, nor of physical insensibility. In all his plans he showed great quickness of discernment and comprehension of view. He did not rush blindly into danger without calculating the means of resistance, or the adaptation of his strength to the foe which he had to subdue, or the obstacles to overcome. But he knew and felt the resources of his own genius; and what might have been regarded only as precipitate rashness in minds of an inferior order, was often only sober daring in him. He might, without any charge of temerity, rush upon a hydra, where it would be a sufficient degree of enterprise in other men to attack a snake. His daring assault upon Copenhagen is, in point of wisdom, the most questionable of all his enterprises; but, if wisdom be justified of her children, in this case the wisdom was proved by the result. What might have been fool-hardiness in a common commander was prospective sagacity in him.

The two specks in the sun of Nelson's glory, of the broadest surface and the deepest dye, are the transactions which we have mentioned in the bay of Naples. Here, even his sense of justice and his feeling of humanity, both of which appear uniformly to have governed his conduct in other parts of his life, were, for a moment, forgotten, that he might yield a base and unworthy compliance with the wishes of the fair sorceress by whom his affections were beguiled. But, if the heart of Nelson were not made of stuff sufficiently stern to withstand the blandishments of Lady Hamilton, let him not be censured with bitterness, nor condemned without mercy. No one, who has not been in similar circumstances, can measure the force of the temptation with which he had to contend, or the variety of the lures by which he was finally overcome. Let it be remembered that there are often partial defects in great characters, which are a sort of tax which they pay to the vulgar mass as the price of their elevation. They thus, in some measure, tend to preserve the equilibrium of humanity. For, if there were any characters so great or so brilliant as to be without any defects or blots, who, after contemplating them, would be able to endure the rest of his species?

If Nelson became in any degree the victim of a particular infirmity, let it not be forgotten that this infirmity has been the

accompaniment of men as great, or greater, than himself. Athens never produced a greater man than Pericles; but even Pericles was sometimes besfooled by the witcheries of beauty in the form of Aspasia. Who does not recollect that Alexander was, sometimes, blind to the view of glory, deaf to the voice of fame, and torpid to all the nobler impulses of ambition in the arms of a courtesan? Ambition never burned with a more impetuous flame in any breast than in that of Cæsar; but even in the breast of Cæsar, the desire of subduing the world was, for an interval, smothered, if not extinguished, by the softer blandishments of Cleopatra.

We say not this to apologize for the temporary deviation from rectitude of the hero of the Nile and of Trafalgar; but we do say that his infirmity has been that of many noble minds. Those who have not intellect enough to estimate his other excellencies, may, if they please, indulge their malignity in carping at this defect. We may suggest it as a problem for the solution of the curious, whether Nelson would have been altogether more estimable if the ingredients of his character had been mingled in different proportions; or if his excellencies had been in any considerable degree less balanced by his defects. He had some vice, but he had more virtue; and who is there, in the average of human instances, with so much of the one, or so little of the other? Nelson had not sufficient virtue to be regarded as a prodigy; but had he sufficient vice to incur our detestation? We admire him as transcendently brave; but can we also altogether help regarding him as an amiable character? He was not a saint, but he was a hero; and, what is better for human happiness, he was a friendly and an honest man.

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*Poems, by S. Rogers.* Small 8vo. pp. 276.

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THE first poem in this collection does not fall within the province of our criticism. It has been published many years, and has acquired that sort of popularity which is, perhaps, more decisive than any other *single* test of merit. It has been generally admired, and, what is not always a certain consequence of being admired, it has been generally read. The circulation of it has not been confined to the highly educated and critical part of the public, but it has received the applause which to works of the imagination is quite as flattering—of that far more numerous class, who, without attempting to judge by accurate and philosophical rules, read poetry only for the pleasure it affords them, and praise be-

cause they are delighted. It is to be found in all libraries, and in most parlour windows.

Not that the "Pleasures of Memory" entitles its author to a place in the higher class of English poets. But it was published at a moment of great poetical dearth, when the old school (if we may so express ourselves) was drawn almost to its lecs, and before the new one had appeared:—the subject was very fortunate, and it was not too long—it abounded in pleasing, though detached, pictures—and it everywhere afforded evidence of a highly cultivated and elegant mind.

We have always been desirous to see something more from the hand of an author whose first appearance was so auspicious. But year after year rolled on, and we began to fear that indolence, the occupations of a busy life, or the dread of detracting from a reputation already so high, would forever prevent our wishes from being gratified. We were therefore both pleased and surprised, when, upon accidentally taking up the last edition of Mr. Rogers's poems, we found that it was enriched, not only with several very elegant wooden cuts, but with an entirely new performance in eleven cantos, called "Fragments of a Poem on the Voyage of Columbus."

The first remark that presents itself to our minds upon reading the title of this work is, that Mr. Rogers has been far less happy than before in his choice of a subject. True it is, that in the whole history of the world we find no greater event than the discovery of America—no more illustrious name than that of the discoverer. Still, however, we have strong doubts whether either the man or the event is well calculated to become the subject of poetical composition. Columbus is a purely historical person. His virtues and actions, though they place him incontestably in the highest class of great men, are not of that sort that ever have been, or ever can be, "married to immortal verse." He was a grave, austere, thinking, scientific personage. He had courage—true, manly courage—but it was not of that showy, brilliant kind which seeks out and shines in combats and martial achievements. Inferior to the Achilles, and Orlandos, and Marmions, as a theme for epic and romantic song, as much as he is superior to these splendid and mischievous personages in the eye of reason and philosophy, the most brilliant imagination would seek in vain to supply a single trait that should render more striking the simplest tale that can be told of his sufferings and his glories. His severe, awful, and melancholy form, unveiled by the hand of truth, will command the gratitude and veneration of all ages: you only weaken its effect by attempting to hang over it the drapery of fiction.

As the discoverer of America is not a poetical person, so neither is the discovery itself a circumstance capable of much

poetical illustration. *It is not the mere greatness of an event* that renders it fit for verse. The charm of poetry consists in its pictures of external nature, and still more in its description of the diversities of human character, and the workings of human passions. It is the misfortune of Mr. Rogers's subject that it excludes both. Poetry refuses itself to the melancholy task of detailing the disappointments and humiliations of Columbus wandering from court to court, and beseeching in vain the avaricious or shortsighted sovereigns of Europe to become participators in that glory which he justly and confidently anticipated. Mr. Rogers's good taste has taught him, that though such a topic may be *alluded to* with grace and pathos, it cannot be *dwelt upon* without disgust. The voyage too, itself, is barren of circumstances. Nothing happens in the course of it that either accelerates or retards the catastrophe. It exhibits to our view one man, and one event—a man who must be portrayed in the soberest colours of reality—one event which sinks all the rest into absolute insignificance. The subject is still more unfavourable to description than it is to narration. It would be idle and tedious to make the voyage of Columbus a vehicle of describing objects common to every voyage whatever; and it affords very little that is peculiar to itself. The new-found world indeed is full of grand, delightful, and curious objects; but you cannot describe them because the interest of the poem must cease with the discovery.

These are some of the difficulties which we conceive belong to the subject. We must now consider how far Mr. Rogers has been able to overcome them.

The story is strictly confined to the voyage. It begins with the sailing of Columbus, and ends a few hours after he lands. It is supposed to be related, not by the poet, but by one of the companions of Columbus himself, retired to a monastery, where, not long before his death, he composed this account of the great adventure in which he had been engaged.

The idea appears to us happy—but we do not observe that much use is made of it. Except for one or two passages, the lay might with equal propriety have been left in the mouth of the minstrel. Those passages, however, are executed with considerable taste and feeling, and it was, perhaps, worth while, even for their sake, to adopt a contrivance which, where it does no good, at least does no harm.

Sensible that barrenness is the defect of his subject, Mr. Rogers has called in the aid of invention to supply it with a little more of variety and incident than naturally belong to it. We have, in the third canto, “an assembly of the Zemi, or evil spirits,” convoked by their chief “Merion,” who acquaints them that the period prescribed by Omnipotence to their rule over this



part of the globe is drawing fast to a close, and that they must prepare

“ Thrones to resign for lakes of living fire,  
And triumph for despair.”

He determines, however, to make a last effort to counteract the decrees of fate, and, in the fifth canto, wings his flight in the shape of a condor across the ocean.

In the sixth he exchanges the form of a condor for that of a vampire, who,

“ ———couched on Roldan's ample breast,  
Each secret pore of breathing life possessed.”

Under this malignant influence Roldan forgets his duty to his heroic chief, and stirs up a mutiny. This, however, is appeased by a pathetic discourse from Columbus, in which (as is historically true) he begs three days more, and the voyage proceeds. Our readers will have already observed that this machinery is quite superfluous—a mere vehicle for fine writing—a contrivance to prevent the poem from ending too soon. The evil spirits do nothing in proportion to the dignity, activity, and malignant ingenuity of such personages. Merion holds a meeting—makes a speech—takes a long aerial journey, and changes his masquerade dress twice, all for a most inadequate effect, that of giving Columbus half an hour's uneasiness. Not only is he unable to prevent the discovery of America, but even to retard it a single moment. Mr. Rogers seems to have forgot that supernatural agency, though sometimes, is not always and necessarily, the most poetical way of accomplishing an event. In this instance we are inclined to doubt whether the *knot* was worthy of the *divinity*. The mutiny, undoubtedly, was too important to be omitted, especially in such a paucity of incidents; but we think that it would have made a better figure if it had been attributed to mere human causes, suspicion and superstitious fears operating upon ferocious and untractable minds, described as Mr. Rogers is well able to describe them.

In fact, as we have already taken occasion to remark, the strong, distinctive character of the great event which he has chosen to celebrate, is *truth* and *reality*. In these consist its interest and its greatness, and we hardly know an instance in which they so absolutely refuse to ally themselves with fable. So that when, in another place, (Canto 6. verse 5.) Mr. Rogers represents his hero as acting by inspiration, he is guilty of a great mistake as to the nature of his subject, and the means it gives him for producing



effect. Inspiration finds no more place in the poetry than it has in the *history* of the discovery. When Virgil guides Æneas by the voice of oracles, and the display of prodigies, through the storms and dangers raised against him by the wrath of hostile deities, he adds to the dignity of his subject; which, when stripped of its marvellous accompaniments, is nothing but the story of an adventurer of royal descent, who, driven from his native country, wanders from shore to shore with his band of companions, till at last he lands in Italy, (a known and not very distant part of the world,) where he makes unjust war upon one of the native chieftains, defeats him in battle, and robs him of his kingdom and of the princess to whom he was betrothed. The interference and sanction of heaven were necessary, both to give dignity to these transactions and to excuse their iniquity.

The voyage to America is a subject of a completely different kind. Columbus ranks with the first of men, but it is not because he was aided *directly* from above. Providence interfered in this instance, as it usually interferes, through *secondary* causes. To make him inspired is to make him great; but with a kind of greatness altogether different from that which really belonged to him. The discovery strikes us most as being the mightiest and most astonishing of all events *purely human*—accomplished by *human* courage, *human* perseverance, and *human* sagacity, and uniting in itself, by a coincidence forever singular, the character of an heroic achievement with that of a grand, deliberate, successful experiment in natural science. Columbus dreamed no dreams, and saw no visions; but he became persuaded by reasons drawn from the true theory of the earth, that there must be other regions accessible, but still unknown, to the inhabitants of this; and the design which he had formed with the genius of a philosopher, he executed with the magnanimity of a hero. But to talk of inspiration is just as idle as it would be, in a philosophical poem, to say that Sir Isaac Newton dreamt the earth was flat at the poles, or that the mathematicians who were sent to ascertain the truth of his theory, were guided by omens and prodigies to the object of their search.

In the 8th canto the new world is discovered, and with the discovery the great interest of the subject ends. The poem, however, is continued through several more cantos. In the 9th, we have the description of "Cora," an Indian girl, who was perhaps intended to become the heroine of some adventure in the 11th, which is wanting. In the 10th, an American banquet, which is a little disturbed by the appearance of the ghost of Cazriva, an old cacique, "employed during his lifetime," "and after his death, to alarm his people." In the 12th, Columbus sees a vision, in which are foretold to him his own misfortunes, the cruelties of the

Spaniards in Mexico and Peru, the prosperity and glory of the republic founded by General Washington, and the ultimate conversion of the whole continent to christianity.

From this sketch of the story our readers will perhaps incline to think, with us, that the inherent defects of the subject have not been entirely removed by the skill of the poet, and that "the Fragment on the Voyage of Columbus" is deficient (as might reasonably be expected) in that variety of incident, and that display of human characters and feelings, which form the great charm of narrative poetry. If we are reminded that it is only a fragment, we answer, first, that by leaving his work in that imperfect form, the author has only acknowledged, but has not at all surmounted, the difficulties arising out of the topic he had chosen; in the next place, we are utterly at a loss to conceive, and we believe he would be equally at a loss to explain, how the "lacunæ" could be filled up so as to render the narrative more interesting. In fact the story, such as it is, is complete in spite of them. Cora, indeed, might have made the subject of an episode. But a love-tale about this young Indian lady, however pretty and interesting in itself, would form no very suitable appendage to an account, in verse or prose, of the discovery of America; and it was, perhaps, a recollection of this incongruity which prevented the 11th canto from seeing the light—perhaps, from existing at all. We now proceed to a more important point, the execution of it.

It exhibits what we were not at all prepared to expect—evident marks of haste. After a long and profound silence, Mr. Rogers seems to have been seized with a sudden and eager desire to appear again before the public. It is to this cause we ascribe some inaccuracies of which no example is to be found in his earlier performances. What, for instance, but extreme haste and carelessness could have occasioned the author of the Pleasures of Memory to mistake for a verse such a line as,

"There silent sat many an unbidden guest :"—Canto X ?

or, in the very first line but one of the poem, to use "possessed" in the sense of "got possession," or "made himself master of?" We could mention other instances of the same kind, if it were not a disagreeable task, both to ourselves and our readers, to present them with a longer catalogue of minute defects.

But these are comparatively trifling faults. The author has, we can hardly doubt, already perceived them himself; and they are such as he may acknowledge without pain, and correct without difficulty. We only blame him for that impatience to publish, which, except in works of a mere temporary interest, is not easily to be excused.

But we have also to notice an error more closely interwoven with the whole texture of the work, more deliberate and more systematic, and more likely, we fear, to cast a shade upon the poetical reputation of the author. In the "Voyage of Columbus," Mr. Rogers has aimed at a style very different from that of his earlier compositions, and in which, with every disposition to acknowledge his merits, we cannot but confess that he has been unsuccessful. It was as the faithful, diligent disciple of Pope and Goldsmith, that Mr. Rogers became deservedly a favourite of the public, and it is to the imitation of these splendid and captivating, but safe and correct models of excellence, that he seems most fitted by the bent of his genius, and the direction of his studies. Endowed with an ear naturally correct, and attuned by practice to the measure of his favourite masters, nice to the very verge of fastidiousness, accurate almost to minuteness, habitually attentive to the finer turns of expression, and the more delicate shades of thought, Mr. Rogers was always harmonious, always graceful, and often pathetic. But his beauties are all beauties of execution and detail, arising from the charm of skilful versification, the "*curiosa felicitas*" of expression culled with infinite care and selection, and applied with no vulgar judgment, and with the refined tenderness of a polished and feeling mind. But to the flow, the unity, the boldness, the grandeur that belong to the higher style of poetical composition, he is altogether a stranger—removed at like distance from its commanding excellencies, and its minute defects, and receding farthest from his favourite masters on that side where they approach nearest to those mighty geniuses who alone are entitled to be called their superiors. In passing this opinion upon the earlier writings of Mr. Rogers, we do him no intentional injustice, and we are sure it is perfectly consistent with feelings of considerable respect for his poetical character.

True it is, that the style he first adopted, and that in which we think he is most fitted to excel, is not that in which success even more complete than his own indicates the highest powers of understanding. But it requires diligence and taste, and judgment and feeling, such as fall to the lot of but few even in a polished age, and of which we wish we could feel quite certain that the literature of this country would always afford a living example. In short, we had looked to Mr. Rogers as one of those who were to continue and support that correct and elaborate school of poetry, which, from the days of Pope to the beginning of this century, engrossed so much the largest share of the public approbation, and which, we own, we regard with peculiar favour, not only on account of its own intrinsic beauties, but because the cultivation of it appears to afford the best security against that entire depravation of the national taste in poetry, which would probably be the consequence of a universal attempt to reach the higher and more

perilous kinds of excellence. Unluckily Mr. Rogers has taken a different view of this subject. Stimulated by the astonishing success of some late writers, he has tried to equal their fame, not by perfecting himself in that style of composition which belongs to him, but by partially adopting that of his rivals—or, rather, by interweaving it with his own, and bringing together things that are in their nature incompatible. Desirous, as was natural and fair, to reach the eminence upon which they stand, he has erroneously supposed that it was necessary to pursue the same path, and climb the hill upon the same side. *Columbus* indeed is written in the same measure as the *Pleasures of Memory*; but it is evident that the author has had in view several writers, some of whom, when he was employed upon that elegant and popular poem, were not known to the public, and others who had not then entered into his thoughts as objects of imitation. Harmony, elegance, correctness, pathos, are all within his reach, and a sufficient foundation for a considerable poetical fame—but he has resolved to content himself with nothing short of varied cadence, striking traits, awful magnificence, and the lofty flights of a creative fancy. Tired of pleasing, he is ambitious to astonish and transport his readers. The consequences of failure are harshness and abruptness, instead of variety in the versification—obscurity for grandeur, and in some instances, mere baldness, where he intended to exhibit the native force of simple and unadorned expression.

We have mentioned these faults with the less scruple, because it appears to us that they are owing not to any want of skill or talent in the author, but to the misdirection of those powers which we have formerly seen, and hope again to see, more happily employed. And after all it is probable that this work, which the author has suffered to glide into public without any of the usual forms of introduction, is designed by him merely as an experiment, (on which he was not willing to throw away too much time and labour,) in order to ascertain what his success was likely to be in a new style of composition.

There is an affectation of historical precision in the notes, which consist chiefly of little quotations from old English, Latin, and Spanish authors. We own that in a poem we set but little value on this species of accuracy. Unluckily, too, Mr. Rogers has himself been guilty of a notable deviation from it. In the list of presents which *Columbus* makes the cacique who received him upon his landing, we find a *telescope*, and there are afterwards some beautiful lines in which *Cora* is described watching her lover through it, who is in his boat out at sea. Now most of our readers, though they have not read the cotemporary chronicles, know that the telescope was not invented in the days of *Columbus*. We should not have noticed this minute error, if the author had not

fallen into it in the midst of his pursuit of that minute excellence which is directly opposed to it.

Still, however, and with all its defects both of subject and of execution, the poem is by no means undeserving attention. Mr. Rogers has not been able to depart from his former manner, that which use had made natural to him—so much as he perhaps intended. He is often himself in spite of himself. Habit, good taste, and an exquisite ear, are constantly bringing him back to the right path, even when he had set out with a resolution to wander from it. Hence, though the poem will not bear to be looked at as a whole, and though there runs through it an affectation of beauties which it is not in the author's power to produce, yet it contains passages of such merit as would amply repay the trouble of reading a much larger and more faulty work. It will be the more pleasing part of our task to select a few of them, with an assurance to our readers that they are not the only ones, and with a strong recommendation to read the whole—a recommendation with which they will very easily comply, as the poem does not exceed seven or eight hundred lines.

In the first canto there is a very pretty couplet about the compass—

“That oracle to man in mercy given,  
Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from heaven.”

Soon after comes a description of the monsoon, which is very striking, though we do not see what practical advantage is gained by ascribing it to the agency of an angel—or what necessity there is to quote “Revelations, cap. 19. ver. 17.” as an authority for the expression “mighty wind.”

“He spoke, and at his call, a mighty wind,  
Not like the fitful blast, with fury blind,  
But deep majestic in its destined course,  
Rushed with unerring, unabating force,  
From the bright East. Tides duly ebb'd and flow'd,  
Stars rose and set, and new horizons glow'd;  
Yet still it blew; as with *primeval* sway,  
Still did its ample spirit, night and day,  
Move on the waters!”—

*Primeval* is a word that has become a great favourite among our modern poets, and we often find it used on occasions where we very little expected to meet with it, and when we feel considerable difficulty in ascertaining the sense it was intended to convey. When Mr. Rogers says the wind blew with “*primeval* sway,” we presume (for we are not quite sure) he means that it blew just as it did when the world was created. But he must pardon us for saying that this is an obscure, affected way of ex-

pressing the thought, and makes a blemish in what is otherwise a very brilliant passage.

Of the second canto, Mr. Rogers, speaking in his own person of the hermit's narration, says, "This canto appears to have suffered more than the rest. We wander as it were—*ubi rebus nox abstulit atra colorem*." This is very true, in one sense, for it is broken and obscure; but it is only trifling with the reader to offer him such a confession by way of apology. The only reason for putting the story into the mouth of a cotemporary adventurer—is to give it additional life and spirit, and to diffuse over it that venerable hue of antiquity which is so grateful to poetical eyes: but as an excuse for defects, this expedient is absolutely ludicrous. If the canto was broken, why was not a little more MS. discovered?—If it is unintelligible, why did not the author translate his hermit into clearer language?

In the fourth canto, "The Voyage continued," are some admirable lines on the intrepidity of Columbus in exploring an unknown ocean.

"Yet who but he undaunted could explore  
A world of waves, a sea without a shore,  
Trackless, and vast, and wild, as that reveal'd,  
When round the ark the birds of tempest wheel'd;  
When all was still in the destroying hour,  
No sign of man, no vestige of his power."

The speech of Columbus to the mutineers is also a very successful effort.

"Generous and brave! when God himself is here,  
Why shake at shadows in your mid career?  
He can suspend the laws himself design'd,  
He walks the waters and the winged wind;  
Himself your guide! and your's the high behest,  
'To lift your voice, and bid the world be blest!  
And can you shrink! to you, to you consign'd  
'The glorious privilege to serve mankind?  
Oh, had I perish'd when my failing frame  
Clung to the shatter'd oar mid wrecks of flame!  
—Was it for this I lingered life away,  
The scorn of folly, and of fraud the prey,  
Bow'd down my mind the gift his bounty gave,  
At courts a suitor, and of slaves the slave," &c.

In the seventh canto they first behold the new world—the greatest natural event that ever happened, and it may safely be affirmed, that ever can happen, in the history of mankind; and it is, perhaps, rendered the more striking, because it is brought, as



it were, into so small a focus, reducible to a precise point of time, and attended by circumstances on which the imagination so readily seizes. Compare it, for instance, with those events that approach nearest to it in importance—those great battles by which the fate of empires has been decided. It is impossible to fix the precise moment of victory and defeat, or to represent them to the mind otherwise than by a series of successive images. Besides, many of the ideas unavoidably connected with a battle are such as no one can dwell upon without disgust and pain—blood, carnage, the desolation of the earth, and the misery of its inhabitants. But till the dawn of the day when Columbus beheld the land, the new world was as unknown as it was in the days of Homer—that moment was the moment of discovery. The transition is instant, and the two hemispheres are joined, never again to be separated. The whole thing presents itself to us at once in the most distinct form, and in the liveliest colours. A calm day in a tropical climate, a tranquil sea, and the distant prospect of a green shore growing gradually upon the eye, and already scenting the air with its unknown flowers. This is the *scenery*, if we may so express ourselves, of that mighty event which is forever to live in the recollection, and to influence the fate of mankind. This is the sensible form in which it is embodied. We are introduced to every thing that is most grand and astonishing through the medium of every thing that is most beautiful. This is the great feature of Mr. Rogers's poem; of course, he does his best, and we will afford to our readers an opportunity of judging how far he has been successful.

We ought first to observe, that in the close of the seventh canto the symptoms are described by which, on the preceding evening, they were led to suspect that the object of their voyage was near at hand.

“ The sails were furl'd, with many a melting close,  
Solemn and slow the evening anthem rose :  
Rose to the virgin—'Twas the hour of day  
When setting suns o'er summer seas display  
A path of glory opening in the west,  
To golden climes and islands of the blest,  
And human voices in the silent air,  
Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there !  
Chosen of men ! 'twas thine at noon of night,  
First from the prow to hail the glimmering light :  
Pedro ! Rodrigo ! there methought it shone !  
'There in the west ! and now alas 'tis gone !  
'Twas all a dream, we gaze and gaze in vain !  
But mark and speak not—there it comes again !  
It moves—what form unseen, what being there,  
With torch-like lustre fires the murky air ?



His instincts, passions, say how like our own;  
Oh, when will day reveal a world unknown?"

Here we remark an apparent inconsistency—in the first part of this passage they are supposed to have seen the light about sunset. In the last we are told that they descried it at midnight. The lines are very happily executed; but the author should have made his choice betwixt the two suppositions.

Canto eighth.—“The New World” opens thus:

“Long on the wave the morning mists repose;  
They rise—and, melting into light, disclose  
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods,  
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods.”

These lines too are very good so far as they go: but, though we have the old expedient of an “hiatus”—valde deflendus, if the author thought any thing ought to be added, and very absurd if he did not—Mr. Rogers ought to recollect, that to evade the business of connecting together by proper shades and gradations the *salient* and striking parts of a composition, is neither more nor less than to leave unconquered its chief difficulty—to sacrifice its chief beauty, and forfeit its chief praise. After a proper number of asterisks we proceed.

“—Oh say, when all, to holy transport given,  
Embrac'd and wept as at the gates of heav'n;  
When one and all at once repentant ran,  
And on their faces bless'd the wondrous man,  
Say, was the Muse deceiv'd—or from the skies,  
Burst on their ear seraphic harmonies?  
Glory to God! unnumbered voices sang,  
Glory to God! the vales and mountains rang,  
Voices that hail'd creation's primal morn,  
And to the shepherds sung a Saviour born!”—

We object to nothing but the *Muse*—were it only from good taste, the fables of heathen mythology (splendid and beautiful as they are in themselves) ought never to be brought into contact with the awful history of the true religion.

The poem languishes till the twelfth canto, when it revives again in the “Vision.” The idea is happy. In fact, it affords the only means by which the interest could be protracted beyond the discovery. It exhibits a rapid, spirited, poetical view of the future fate of Columbus himself, and of the world he had discovered. We could with pleasure make some extracts, but we have not room; and the specimens already given will probably have convinced our readers, that notwithstanding its defects, the poem has beauties of no ordinary kind.

*For the Analectic Magazine.*

## HINTS ON THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE brilliant victories obtained by our gallant navy naturally lead every lover of his country to consider the means by which its glory may be perpetuated and its successes continued. Both of these objects are rendered difficult in a state of war, particularly with Great Britain; whose numerous fleets appear to render a long struggle for our existence upon the ocean almost impracticable. Those gallant sailors who have gained the trophies of which we so justly boast, have their ranks thinned by death and captivity; the commercial marine, from which recruits must be drawn, is driven from the ocean, and its navigators are obliged to seek bread in other occupations, to which comparative ease will attach them. It will therefore become more and more difficult to recruit picked and experienced hands for the service; and our crews, blockaded in ports by superior force, will lose those habits of discipline and subordination to which their victories were owing. The inexperienced in naval affairs who boast of the *natural* superiority of their countrymen, may ridicule such gloomy forebodings; "when we meet an enemy in equal force we will always subdue them," they cry; but let them recollect that equal force does not always constitute equal terms; that skill in seamanship and gunnery can only be obtained by unremitted exercise, and that a port is destructive of discipline among sailors. Let them recollect that the marine of France, which, at the commencement of the reign of Lewis XIV., bade defiance to the united navies of England and Holland, was annihilated before his death; not by the force of his enemies, but by inattention to its equipment and exercise. Let them also recollect that the lion of England is roused; that her "meteor flag," though dimmed in splendour, and waning in the presence of the American star, still burns terrific on our coasts. Let them remember that the shame which makes even cowards fight,

animates the breasts of thousands of the brave ; each of whom considers himself individually as the champion of his country ; and they will see the danger to which not only our navy's existence, but even its hard earned honour, is exposed.

Before, however, entering into any considerations of the means of preserving a navy, it is first necessary to inquire into the practicability of forming one ; and of the kind of force most proper to be created under existing circumstances. That force which has been recommended by naval men as the most effective, is a powerful fleet of ships of the line, with a number of stout frigates. Could such a force be collected we might bid defiance to any enemy whose means of offence must be drawn from Europe ; but some reasons will hereafter be mentioned for differing in opinion on this head. The requisites for forming such a fleet are ports fit for building it, easy of access to ourselves, but capable of defence against even a powerful enemy—materials of every kind cheap and convenient—workmen and sailors. The chief materials required in the equipment and building of ships of war are timber, iron, copper, hemp, and naval stores. The timber should be that which is most durable, lightest, and least liable to splinter. We know of no wood which unites all these advantages. Oak possesses the first and last, and it is to our forests we must look for this essential article.

Most of the oak of the eastern states is of a comparatively perishable nature, and should be entirely rejected in building ships of war. The white oak of the middle states is of much longer duration, and may be used to great advantage in all those parts of a vessel that can be repaired with ease ; but it is to the southern states we must look for the almost imperishable live oak, which must, as long as it can be procured, furnish the more important and essential parts of the frame. The swamp oak of the western parts of New-York, and the states of Ohio and Kentucky, is said to be little inferior to it ; but until full proof has been had on that head, it would be unsafe to venture upon it in large vessels. In some of the older settled countries, particularly in the lower parts of Jersey and Long Island, white oaks are to be met with growing singly ; these are much finer in texture, and much more durable than those which grow in the primitive forests. Their

large curved branches also are indispensable for knees and ribs. Such trees as these should be carefully guarded by their proprietors; and trees growing in open and exposed situations should be cherished, as likely to be at some future period valuable to the whole community. An unfortunate idea has prevailed among the inhabitants of this country, that wood was unsightly and a mark of bad cultivation; in consequence our farmers, when they undertake to improve, as they term it, begin by laying waste the forest; and often do not even leave sufficient trees standing to afford the necessary shade for their cattle. We have heard the anecdote of an American set on shore in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, who pronounced the north of Scotland the most highly cultivated country he had ever seen, as not a tree was to be met with; this anecdote is characteristic, and shows the unfortunate prejudice against wood in this country.

In Philadelphia, where the finest merchant ships are certainly built, both for model and durability, it has been the habit to make the floor timbers and lower foothooks of white oak, and all the others of live oak and red cedar. This mode of building, though sanctioned by long custom, is not the most prudent. In the Philadelphia ships we have examined, (and we have seen some of their finest opened at almost every stage of their duration,) the floor timbers have almost uniformly been found in a state of comparative decay, and in some cases entirely rotten. The reason that has been alleged for making those important timbers of a more perishable material than the rest of the ship is, that white oak when wet will last as long as live oak. This mode of reasoning, however, can only apply to such of them as are in the well of the ship; those at a distance from it being always dry, and those in its neighbourhood liable to changes from moist to dry, which are very pernicious to timber. Some builders, it is said, have lately began to construct those timbers of live oak, and we have no doubt but the duration of their vessels will be much increased. Live oak is only to be met with in the southern states, and principally in Georgia. Much of the most valuable trees for the construction of large vessels, which could be easily brought to the waters, were felled for the construction of seventy-fours, at the close of the administration of Mr. Adams; they still remain in

our dockyards, and, if they have been properly preserved, are still fit for the purposes they were originally intended to answer. Some live oak still remains uncut, and in favourable situations. But the number of trees that will supply timber for the building of line of battle ships is so small, especially in our thick natural forests, that we fear too much is calculated from this source. Much may, however, be drawn from the Floridas.

The upper timbers in Philadelphia are usually, in their best ships, made of the live oak and red cedar. This last wood is also brought from the southward; for in the northern states it is of too small a growth to be considered as shipbuilding timber. The larch is to be found in the state of Vermont in large quantities, and it has been applied in Europe to a variety of purposes in shipbuilding. White pine for masts and spars, and pitch pine for joiners' work are to be procured with ease in all the ports of the northern, and pitch pine abounds in the southern states, where masts are often made of it, and it excels in strength and durability. The chesnut has been recommended by some late writers in England as a useful wood; we, however, have never heard of its being used, either here or in that country. Should it answer, it is a tree of the quickest growth and largest size, and from its pliability admirably calculated for the wales and bends of large ships. It is, however, liable to splinter, and its durability in ships has never been tested, although it has been found to last a great length of time in sheltered situations. The Lombardy poplar was, on its first introduction, highly spoken of as ship timber; its wood, however, appears of too soft and perishable a nature. The treenails are usually made of locust; the quantity of this valuable wood is unfortunately diminishing, in consequence of a disease which affects it. There are many other trees which probably might be useful. The tulip, the largest of our forest trees, grows to an immense height, of straight and knotless trunk, and would make fine keels and beams; but it has never been tried as yet, and therefore cannot be employed with safety.

Iron is to be had in every direction in our country, and much of it of excellent quality, both hammered and cast. Copper is much scarcer; we have only heard of one mine which has been worked, that of Belville in Jersey, belonging to the Schuyler

family; and that has been neglected for several years. Its ore was abundant and rich in quality. A vast mass of copper exists on Lake Superior, but ages may elapse before it can be turned to account. As copper is one of the most important materials in the equipment of a ship of war, our government should lose no time in searching for this valuable mineral, and in procuring the opening of those mines which may be discovered. Hemp can be raised to any extent in this country, and we have two other plants which may serve as its substitutes. Its cultivation should be encouraged by an ordinance forbidding its importation, while it can be supplied to the navy at a fixed price and of good quality. There is a manufactory of sailcloth at Boston, which is, as far as we know, the only one in the country. Naval stores of all kinds abound in the state of North Carolina.

It is thus evident that our country possesses within itself every material for a navy; and the beauty of our merchant ships, the fine and perfect construction of our frigates, show that we have plenty of excellent workmen. The cannon cast in this country, however, are very inferior to those of Europe, in strength, beauty, and lightness. This might, with a little attention, be obviated; as cylinders for steam engines, certainly a much more difficult manufacture, have been cast and bored in the city of New-York no way inferior to those of Watt & Boulton.

As to the manning of our ships, we have seamen sufficient for any navy that can be desired. Previous to the first embargo there were in the merchant service and fisheries, 100,000 seamen; it cannot be denied that many of these are lost to their country since; but enough still remain, and the war will render it easy to procure a larger proportion of those for manning a navy than before. 30,000 would man 20 sail of the line, 30 large frigates, and 50 or 60 smaller vessels; and it is a far less numerical proportion of our whole body of seamen than is employed in the navy of any other nation. The commerce of Great Britain does not employ so many seamen as its navy by one third. The navy of France employs at least four times the number of its merchant service; and Sweden, with less than one half the population, and without one third of the foreign commerce possessed by the United States previous to the war, sends to sea 12 sail of the line, and a proportionate number of other vessels.

But although the above is stated as the force the United States might have equipped previous to the war, and as that which, at the commencement of hostilities, would have been the most formidable, it is probable that it would be impossible to collect such a fleet under existing circumstances, and that it would not be effective when collected. In the first place, the number of navy officers is small, and can only be increased gradually. Ships are more easily built than officers made. Every increase of force, above that which can be commanded by officers who have risen to their stations through the regular grades of marine education, would only serve to render our navy, like that of the French, a ponderous mass of weakness and insufficiency. It had better remain on the limited and frugal footing in which it is at present than that this should happen; for the character of our navy is far more terrible to an enemy than its effective force can be made, and that character should be preserved. Should heavy ships of the line be built, it would be impossible to have them concentrated; for until a national navy-yard is established sufficiently extensive to build, equip, and repair the whole force, they must be constructed in far separate ports. A squadron of a few ships cruising on the coast, without attempting a blockade, would prevent their junction; as it would be madness to put to sea, in single ships on a coasting voyage, while a superior force might be met in the track. The utility of our navy, moreover, consists, not in guarding our coast, for it is to be hoped that our countrymen, except in a few exposed situations, are fully brave and numerous enough to defend their own firesides, but in annoying the commerce of the enemy; and for such purpose ships of the line are useless, except in attacking some of their great commercial fleets; to protect which, however, in the event of our collecting a navy sufficiently powerful, squadrons could be sent by Great Britain. It is on her own coast that she is vulnerable. Some of our countrymen may still remember that at the breaking out of the American war such was the success of the cruisers of the United States, that the British merchants took up French vessels to carry on the trade to Ireland, and that the goods were shipped as French (then neutral) property. What happened then may happen again, and would have happened, had not the blockade of our ports existed to such



an extent as to deprive our private armed vessels of any reasonable chance of bringing in their prizes. With government vessels the case is different; let them sink, burn and destroy; the crews will serve to deliver, by exchange, our brave countrymen from bondage, and increase our own resources; the loss of the vessels will inflict a wound upon that very trade to which the British look for support, should all their communications with other countries be destroyed. It would, therefore, be politic to discontinue the building of ships of the line, except, perhaps, three or four, to act, as occasion may offer, upon our own coasts; but that every other description of vessels be increased as much as possible. The security of large fast-sailing frigates from capture, is easily seen from the proof that only one of ours has fallen into the hands of an enemy who blockades every port, and whose navy covers every sea, and that was captured in a combat which was sought for. Our smaller vessels have had nearly as much good fortune as the frigates. The measure which would be most likely to annoy the enemy, would be to put into commission a number of stout pilot built schooners, which would be equal in force to the British gun brigs, but a very superior description of vessels; they would furnish separate commands for numbers of meritorious young officers, and give room for an increase in the number of junior lieutenants and midshipmen. The injury they might do to the enemy's commerce in its most vital parts, by preventing the assembling of convoys, by ruining its fisheries, and by harassing its colonies, is incalculable. They might be procured at the present time in any number which might be wanted; skilful sailing-masters may be found for them; they can be fitted and repaired in any port; no blockade can be so rigid as to keep them from sailing, or prevent their return. We have seen, since the breaking out of the war, the most gallant actions fought by this description of vessels in private employ; whose successes have added little to the national wealth, and nothing to the national honour. Booty has been their only object; danger, where booty could not be obtained, has been studiously avoided. In the hands of national officers, booty would be a secondary concern; danger would be courted, and difficulties surmounted in the pursuit of reputation. While our larger vessels might be cooped in port,

or compelled to take refuge up rivers, by the overwhelming force of the enemy, as has already been the case, these smaller vessels might vex every sea. While writing this article, news has arrived of the ravages of the *Argus* on the coast of Ireland, in those very **NARROW SEAS** in which the British claim supremacy, and where, in former times, they exacted the compliment of taking in topsails, and striking the flag, from vessels of all nations. The amount of vessels destroyed by her in a few days, is more than taken by several of our larger vessels in cruises of many months, and the loss incurred by the nation in her capture, with the exception of the valuable lives of her commander and officers, amounts not to one half the cost of one of her prizes. May we often find such enterprise among our officers. The heart to dare, and the skill to execute such a cruise, reflects more honour on Captain Allen than the most brilliant victory; and he has shown that if he could not command success, he at least deserved it.

But although it is most advisable to increase the number of our smaller rates of vessels during a war, yet on the re-establishment of peace, our government should immediately make arrangements for the equipment of such a navy as will preserve our coasts and trade from insult on any future emergency. It has already been shown that we can command the materials, workmen and crews for the second navy in the world; proper dockyards and stations for its repair and equipment should be provided; and these should be somewhere in the middle states, or Virginia. The other southern states possess no harbours of sufficient depth of water for the larger vessels. In them also the mechanic arts are considered dishonourable, so that the trades connected with shipbuilding are little cultivated. The eastern states are too far from the seat of government; wood, except in the remote province of Maine, is too scarce; it would also be necessary to have dry docks, and we recollect of no navigable stream which will afford a fall of water to supply them. Dry docks are essential to the construction and repair of large vessels; the risk of total loss, and the injury incurred by straining, in the usual American mode of careening, is immense; and the accidents in launching are numerous. In Great Britain all vessels are repaired and coppered in dock; in Sweden they are built there. In Europe the docks are

filled and emptied by the natural rise and fall of the tide ; in this country this must either be performed by pumps or by the natural fall of water. The streams of New-York, Pennsylvania, Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia were all examined by order of the federal administration, to ascertain some situation where wet and dry docks might be established, by the latter method. We believe none were found on the Chesapeake or Delaware ; but great numbers on the Hudson. The lofty banks of that river are broken by numbers of considerable streams with falls near their mouths. The nearest of these to the sea is at Philipsburgh, 20 miles above New-York ; but this and several others were passed in order to find a situation of greater security from invasion. Such a one was found at Newburgh, about 70 miles from New-York, immediately beyond the impregnable situation of West Point ; safe from every attack ; in the heart of a populous and plentiful country ; on a river of easy navigation, with banks covered with naval artisans. Timber and iron are to be procured in the greatest quantities ; the drowned lands on the Walkill will supply abundance of hemp. Masts, though not as plentiful as formerly, are still brought down the Hudson. The harbour of New-York, possessed of two outlets, will require a blockading squadron of double the force, to prevent a fleet lying in it from putting to sea. It is easy of access ; has sufficient depth of water ; more particularly in the entrance through the sound. Seamen can be procured in greater numbers than in any port on the continent ; in short, it possesses all the advantages necessary for the rendezvous of a large squadron. Besides an arsenal upon the Hudson, there should be one of less extent, calculated for refitting vessels after winter cruises, upon the Chesapeake ; the neighbourhood of Norfolk would be best. The present navy-yard at Washington is too distant from the sea ; its outlet may be blockaded by a less force than lies in it ; and the blockading squadron can safely ride out stormy weather, which would oblige them to abandon northern ports. Seamen must be brought at a great expense from some of the commercial cities ; every species of labour is scarcer and more expensive than to the northward. Portsmouth and Boston present many advantages as ports for the construction of ships of war ; they, however, are open to sudden attacks from the sea, and docks cannot be easily made at them ; all the other eastern

ports have more or less of the same disadvantages. So that somewhere upon the Hudson the great naval arsenal of this country will one day be established.

Though it is certain that a powerful navy cannot be collected in time of war, yet the formation of one in time of peace will not be attended with any thing like the expense that is usually apprehended. The vessels, to be sure, must be built; their hulks kept in repair; cannon and gunners' stores always in readiness; a stock of masts, sails, and rigging kept on hand; but they need not be manned, they need not be sent to sea; and if they be well built, and carefully preserved from the weather, their duration will be greater than if exposed to all the vicissitudes of actual service, and still greater than if laid up, as done in the British service, at their anchors, in ordinary, as it is called. A small squadron only need be in constant commission, to have a certainty of always procuring skilful officers, and for having them in greater numbers, a plan, similar to that used in Denmark, might be adopted; where, in times of peace, there is always in service a vessel manned, with the exception of the petty officers and a few old seamen of tried skill and conduct, by cadets, who are on the same footing in that service as our midshipmen. Any declaration of war or interruption of commerce would immediately throw out of commercial employ sailors and artisans to equip and man them. To encourage the increase of native seamen, all foreigners should, in time of peace, be rigorously excluded from our vessels. To enforce this, all sailors should be registered in the collection district in which they are born; and no others permitted to serve in the merchant employ. It was by the exclusion of foreign seamen that Great Britain laid the foundation for her unparalleled power, and the employment of them in late years, though perhaps necessary in the present situation of her affairs, is by slow degrees undermining the very existence of that power. The policy of our government has hitherto been widely different; it has perhaps, as yet, added to our commercial riches, but it has not added to our power. Registered seamen, also, will afford a sure and certain resource in case of the failure of voluntary enlistments. A nation has a full right to the service of all her citizens in cases of emergency, on any terms, and a prior right, in any case, on fair and equal terms of

pay. This right should always be exercised with caution and tenderness ; yet the hardships and sufferings of individuals, though they may render it unpopular, do not render it less a right. As exercised in the impressment by the British navy, without discrimination, and at a pay far below the fair value of the service, it is odious and oppressive in the highest degree ; but by a regular system of registry, it may be made mild as to person, and by a proper arrangement of wages, even desirable and advantageous to the individual. Such a system, with fewer advantages than the one proposed, has prevailed in most parts of Europe ; and such a system, adopted in time, would have probably saved us from the calamities of the present war.

Should any of the above remarks prove advantageous to the rising navy of this country, the object of the author, which was merely to draw attention to so important a subject, will be fully answered. Should they awaken a discussion that will bring to light any of the naval energies of the nation, they will fully attain the end proposed.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF

COMMODORE PERRY.

IN TAKING up the pen to commemorate another of our naval victories, we solicit the patience of our readers if we indulge in a few preliminary reflections, not strictly arising out of the subject of this memoir, though, we trust, not wholly irrelevant.

Indeed, we do not pretend to the rigid precision and dispassionate coolness of historic narrative. Excited as we are by the tone and temper of the times, and the enthusiasm that prevails around us, we cannot, if we would, repress those feelings of pride and exultation, that gush warm from the heart, when the triumphs of our navy are the theme. Public joy is at all times contagious ; but in the present lowering days of evil, it is a sight as inspiring as it is rare, to behold a whole nation breaking forth into gladness.

There is a point, however, beyond which exultation becomes insulting, and honest pride swells into vanity. When this is exceeded even success proves injurious, and, instead of begetting a proper confidence in ourselves, produces that most disgusting of all national faults, boastful arrogance. 'This is the evil against the encroachments of which we would earnestly caution our countrymen; it comes with such an open and imposing front of worthy patriotism, and at such warm and incautious moments, that it is apt to take possession of us before we are aware. We have already noticed some symptoms of its prevalence. We have seen many of our papers filled with fulsome and extravagant paragraphs, echoing the vulgar joy and coarse tauntings of the rabble: these may be acceptable to the gross palates of the mean minded; but they must grieve the feelings of the generous and liberal; and must lessen our triumphs in the eyes of impartial nations. In this we behold the striking difference between those who fight battles, and those who merely talk about them. Our officers are content modestly to announce their victories; to give a concise statement of their particulars, and then drop the subject: but then the theme is taken up by a thousand vaunting tongues and vaunting pens; each tries to outvie the other in extravagant applause, until the very ear of admiration becomes wearied with excessive eulogium.

We do not know whether, in these remarks, we are not passing censure upon ourselves, and whether we do not largely indulge in the very weakness we condemn: but of this we are sure, that in our rejoicings no feelings enter insulting to the foe. We joy, indeed, in seeing the flag of our country encircled with glory, and our nation elevated to a dignified rank among the nations of the earth; but we make no boastful claims to intrinsic superiority, nor seek to throw sneer or stigma on an enemy, whom, in spite of temporary hostility, we honour and admire.

But, surely, if any impartial mind will consider the circumstances of the case, he will pardon our countrymen for overstepping, in the flush of unexpected and repeated success, the modest bounds of propriety. Is it a matter of surprise that, while our cheeks are yet scarce cool from the blushes—the burning blushes—of wounded pride and insulted patriotism, with which we have heard our country ridiculed and set at naught by other nations—while our ears still ring with the galling terms in which even British

statesmen have derided us, as weak, pusillanimous and contemptible—while our memories are still sore with the tales of our flag insulted in every sea, and our countrymen oppressed in every port—is it a matter of surprise that we should break forth into transports at seeing these foul aspersions all suddenly brushed away—at seeing a continued series of brilliant successes flashing around the national standard, and dazzling all eyes with their excessive brightness? “Can such things be, and overcome us, like a summer cloud,” without, not merely our “special wonder,” but our special exultation? He who will cast his eye back, and notice how, in little more than one short year, we have suddenly sprung from peaceful insignificance to proud competition with a power whose laurels have been the slow growth of ages, will easily excuse the temporary effervescence of our feelings.

For our parts we truly declare that we revere the British nation. One of the dearest wishes of our hearts is to see a firm and well grounded friendship established between us. But friendship can never long endure, unless founded on mutual respect, and maintained with mutual independence; and however we may deplore the present war, this double good will spring out of it, we will learn our own value and resources, and we will teach our antagonist and the world at large to know and estimate us properly. There is an obsequious deference in the minds of too many of our countrymen towards Great Britain, that not only impairs the independence of the national character, but defeats the very object they would attain. They would make any sacrifices to maintain a precarious, and patched up, and humiliating, connexion with her; but they may rest assured that the good opinion of Great Britain was never gained by servile acquiescence; she never will think the better of a people for thinking despicably of themselves. We execrate that lowliness of spirit that would flatter her vanity, cower beneath her contumely, and meanly lay our honours at her feet. We wish not her friendship gratuitously; but to acquire it as a right; not to supplicate it by forbearance and long suffering, but gallantly to win and proudly to maintain it. After all, if she will not be a friend, she must be content to become a rival; she will be obliged to substitute jealousy for contempt, and surely it is more tolerable, at any time, to be hated than despised.



Such is the kind of feeling that we avow towards Great Britain—equally removed, we trust, from rancorous hostility on the one side, and blind partiality on the other.

Whatever we may think of the expediency or in expediency of the present war, we cannot feel indifferent to its operations. Whenever our arms come in competition with those of the enemy, jealousy for our country's honour will swallow up every other consideration. Our feelings will ever accompany the flag of our country to battle, rejoicing in its glory—lamenting over its defeat. For there is no such thing as releasing ourselves from the consequences of the contest. He who fancies he can stand aloof in interest, and by condemning the present war, can exonerate himself from the shame of its disasters; is woefully mistaken. Other nations will not trouble themselves about our internal wranglings and party questions; they will not ask who among us fought, or why we fought—but *how* we fought. The disgrace of defeat will not be confined to the contrivers of the war, or the party in power, or the conductors of the battle; but will extend to the whole nation, and come home to every individual. If the name of American is to be rendered honourable in the fight, we shall each participate in the honour; if otherwise, we must inevitably support our share of the ignominy. For these reasons do we watch, with anxious eye, the various fortunes of this war; a war awfully decisive of the future character and destinies of the nation. But much as we are gladdened by the bright gleams that occasionally break forth amid the darkness of the times, yet joyfully, most joyfully, shall we hail the period, when the "troubled night" of war shall be passed, and the "star of peace" again shed its mild radiance on our country.

We have seized this opportunity to express the foregoing sentiments, because we thought that if of any value, they might stand some chance of making an impression, when accompanied by the following memoir. And, indeed, in writing these naval biographies, it is our object not merely to render a small tribute of gratitude to these intrepid champions of our honour; but to render our feeble assistance towards promoting that national feeling which their triumphs are calculated to inspire.

Oliver Hazard Perry is the eldest son of Christopher Raymond Perry, Esq. of the United States navy. He was born at Newport, Rhode Island, in August, 1785, and being early destined for the navy, he entered the service in 1798, as midshipman, on board the sloop of war General Greene, then commanded by his father. When that ship went out of commission he was transferred to a squadron destined to the Mediterranean, where he served during the Tripolitan war. His extreme youth prevented his having an opportunity of distinguishing himself; but the faithfulness and intelligence with which he discharged the duties of his station, recommended him greatly to the favour of his superior officers; while his private virtues, and the manly dignity of his deportment, commanded the friendship and respect of his associates.

On returning from the Mediterranean he continued sedulously attentive to his profession, and though the reduction of the navy, and the neglect into which it fell during an interval of peace, disheartened many of the officers, and occasioned several to resign, yet he determined to adhere to its fortunes, confident that it must at some future period rise to importance. It would be little interesting to enumerate the different vessels in which he served, or to trace his advances through the regular grades. In 1810, we find he was ordered to the United States schooner *Revenge*, as lieutenant commandant. This vessel was attached to the squadron of Commodore Rodgers, at New London, and employed in cruising in the Sound, to enforce the embargo act. In the following spring he had the misfortune to lose the *Revenge* on Watch Hill Reef, opposite Stoney Town. He had sailed from Newport, late in the evening, for New London, with an easterly wind, accompanied by a fog. In the morning he found himself enveloped in a thick mist, with a considerable swell going. In this situation, without any possibility of ascertaining where he was, or of guarding against surrounding dangers, the vessel was carried on the reef, and soon went to pieces. On this occasion Perry gave proofs of that admirable coolness and presence of mind for which he is remarkable. He used every precaution to save the guns and property, and was in a great measure successful. He got off all the crew in perfect safety, and was himself the last to leave the wreck. His conduct in respect to this disaster under-

went examination by a court of inquiry, at his own request, and he was not merely acquitted of all blame, but highly applauded for the judgment, intrepidity, and perseverance he had displayed. The secretary of the navy, Mr. Hamilton, also wrote him a very complimentary letter on the occasion.

Shortly after this event he returned to Newport, being peculiarly attracted thither by a tender attachment for Miss Mason, daughter of Dr. Mason, and niece of the Hon. Christopher Champlin of the United States senate; a lovely and interesting young lady, whom he soon after married.

At the beginning of 1812 he was promoted to the rank of master and commander, and ordered to the command of the flotilla of gun-boats stationed at the harbour of New-York. He remained on this station about a year; during which time he employed himself diligently in disciplining his crew to serve either as landsmen or mariners; and brought his flotilla into an admirable state of preparation for active operations.

The gun-boat service, however, is at best but an irksome employ. Nothing can be more dispiriting for ardent and daring minds than to be obliged to skulk about harbours and rivers, cramped up in these diminutive vessels, without the hope of exploit to atone for present inconvenience. Perry soon grew tired of this inglorious service, and applied to the secretary of the navy to be ordered to a more active station, and mentioned the Lakes as the one he should prefer. His request was immediately complied with, and he received orders to repair to Sackett's Harbour, Lake Ontario, with a body of mariners to reinforce the squadron under Commodore Chauncey. So popular was he among the honest tars under his command, that no sooner was the order known than nearly the whole of the crews volunteered to accompany him.

In a few days he was ready to depart, and tearing himself from the comforts of home, and the endearments of a young and beautiful wife and blooming child, he set off at the head of a large number of chosen seamen, on his expedition to the wilderness. The rivers being completely frozen over, they were obliged to perform the journey by land, in the depth of winter. The greatest order and good humour, however, prevailed throughout the little band of ad-

venturers, to whom the whole expedition seemed a kind of frolic, and who were delighted with what they termed a land cruise.

Not long after the arrival of Perry at Sackett's Harbour, Commodore Chauncey, who entertained a proper opinion of his merits, detached him to Lake Erie, to take command of the squadron on that station, and to superintend the building of additional vessels. The American force at that time on the Lake consisted but of several small vessels; two of the best of which had recently been captured from the enemy in a gallant style by Captain Elliot, from under the very batteries of Malden. The British force was greatly superior, and commanded by Commodore Barclay, an able and well tried officer. Commodore Perry immediately applied himself to increase his armament, and having ship carpenters from the Atlantic coast, and using extraordinary exertions, two brigs of twenty guns each were soon launched at Erie, the American port on the Lake.

While the vessels were constructing, the British squadron hovered off the harbour, but offered no molestation. At length, his vessels being equipped and manned, on the fourth of August Commodore Perry succeeded in getting his squadron over the bar at the mouth of the harbour. The water on the bar was but five feet deep, and the large vessels had to be buoyed over: this was accomplished in the face of the British, who fortunately did not think proper to make an attack. The next day he sailed in pursuit of the enemy, but returned on the eighth, without having encountered him. Being reinforced by the arrival of the brave Elliot, accompanied by several officers and eighty-nine sailors, he was enabled completely to man his squadron, and again set sail on the twelfth, in quest of the enemy. On the fifteenth he arrived at Sandusky Bay, where the American army under General Harrison lay encamped. From thence he cruised off Malden, where the British squadron remained at anchor, under the guns of the fort. The appearance of Perry's squadron spread great alarm on shore; the women and children ran shrieking about the place, expecting an immediate attack. The Indians, we are told, looked on with astonishment, and urged the British to go out and fight. Finding the enemy not disposed to venture a battle, Commodore Perry returned to Sandusky.

Nothing of moment happened until the morning of the tenth of September. The American squadron were, at that time, lying at anchor in Put-in-Bay, and consisted of

Brig Lawrence,	Com. Perry,	20 guns.
Niagara,	Capt. Elliot,	20
Caledonia,	Purser M'Grath,	3
Sch. Ariel,	Lieutenant Packet,	4
Scorpion,	Sailing-Master Champlin,	2
Somers,	Almy,	2 and 2 swivels.
Tigress,	Lieutenant Conklin,	1
Porcupine,	Mid. G. Senat,	1
Sloop Trippe,	Lieutenant Smith,	1
		—
		54 guns.

At sunrise they discovered the enemy, and immediately got under way and stood for him with a light wind at southwest. The British force consisted of

Ship Detroit,	19 guns,	1 on pivot, and 2 howitzers.
Queen Charlotte,	17	1 on pivot.
Sch. Lady Prevost,	13	1 do.
Brig Hunter,	10	
Sloop Little Belt,	3	
Sch. Chippeway,	1	2 swivels.
		—
		63 guns.

At 10 A. M. the wind haled to the southeast and brought our squadron to windward. Commodore Perry then hoisted his Union Jack, having for a motto, the dying words of the valiant Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship!" It was received with repeated cheerings by the officers and crews. And now having formed his line he bore for the enemy; who likewise cleared for action, and haled up his courses. It is deeply interesting to picture to ourselves the advances of these gallant and well-matched squadrons to a contest, where the strife must be obstinate and sanguinary, and the event decisive of the fate of almost an empire.

The lightness of the wind occasioned them to approach each other but slowly, and prolonged the awful interval of suspense and anxiety that precedes a battle. This is the time when the stoutest

heart beats quick, "and the boldest holds his breath;" it is the still moment of direful expectation; of fearful looking out for slaughter and destruction; when even the glow of pride and ambition is chilled for a while, and nature shudders at the awful jeopardy of existence. The very order and regularity of naval discipline heighten the dreadful quiet of the moment. No bustle, no noise prevails to distract the mind, except at intervals the shrill piping of the boatswain's whistle, or a murmuring whisper among the men, who, grouped around their guns, earnestly regard the movements of the foe, now and then stealing a wistful glance at the countenances of their commanders. In this manner did the hostile squadrons approach each other, in mute watchfulness and terrible tranquillity; when suddenly a bugle was sounded from on board the enemy's ship *Detroit*, and loud huzzas immediately burst forth from all their crews.

No sooner did the *Lawrence* come within reach of the enemies' long guns, than they opened a heavy fire upon her, which, from the shortness of her guns, she was unable to return. Commodore Perry, without waiting for his schooners, kept on his course in such gallant and determined style that the enemy supposed it was his intention to board. In a few minutes, having gained a nearer position, he opened his fire. The length of the enemies' guns, however, gave them vastly the advantage, and the *Lawrence* was excessively cut up without being able to do any great damage in return. Their shot pierced her sides in all directions, killing our men on the birth deck and in the steerage, where they had been taken down to be dressed. One shot had nearly produced a fatal explosion; passing through the light room it knocked the snuff of the candle into the magazine; fortunately the gunner happened to see it, and had the presence of mind to extinguish it immediately with his hand.

Indeed, it seemed to be the enemies' plan to destroy the commodore's ship, and thus throw the squadron into confusion. For this purpose their heaviest fire was directed at the *Lawrence*, and blazed incessantly upon it from their largest vessels. Finding the hazard of his situation, Perry made sail, and directed the other vessels to follow for the purpose of closing with the foe. The tremendous fire, however, to which he was exposed, soon cut away every brace and bowline, and the *Lawrence* became unmanageable.

Even in this disastrous plight she sustained the action for upwards of two hours, within canister distance, though for a great part of the time he could not get more than three guns to bear upon her antagonists. It was admirable to behold the perfect order and regularity that prevailed among her valiant and devoted crew, throughout this scene of horror. No trepidation, no confusion occurred, even for an instant; as fast as the men were wounded they were carried below and others stepped into their places; the dead remained where they fell until after the action. At this juncture the fortune of the battle trembled on a point, and the enemy believed the day their own. The Lawrence was reduced to a mere wreck; her decks were streaming with blood, and covered with mangled limbs and the bodies of the slain; nearly the whole of her crew was either killed or wounded; her guns were dismounted, and the commodore and his officers helped to work the last that was capable of service.

Amidst all this peril and disaster the youthful commander is said to have remained perfectly composed, maintaining a serene and cheerful countenance, uttering no passionate or agitated expression, giving out his orders with calmness and deliberation, and inspiring every one around him by his magnanimous demeanour.

At this crisis, finding the Lawrence was incapable of further service, and seeing the hazardous situation of the conflict, he formed the bold resolution of shifting his flag. Giving the ship, therefore, in charge to Lieutenant Yarnall, who had already distinguished himself by his bravery, he haled down his union, bearing the motto of Lawrence, and taking it under his arm, ordered to be put on board of the Niagara, which was then in close engagement. In leaving the Lawrence he gave his pilot choice either to remain on board, or accompany him; the faithful fellow told him "he'd stick by him to the last," and jumped into the boat. He went off from the ship in his usual gallant manner, standing up in the stern of the boat, until the crew absolutely pulled him down among them. Broad sides were levelled at him, and small arms discharged by the enemy, two of whose vessels were within musket shot, and a third one nearer. His brave shipmates who remained behind, stood watching him, in breathless anxiety; the balls struck around him and flew over his head in every direction; but the same special providence that seems to have watched over the youthful hero



throughout this desperate battle, conducted him safely through a shower of shot, and they beheld with transport his inspiring flag hoisted at the mast head of the Niagara. No sooner was he on board than Captain Elliot volunteered to put off in a boat and bring into action the schooners which had been kept astern by the lightness of the wind; the gallant offer was accepted, and Elliot left the Niagara to put it in execution.

About this time the commodore saw, with infinite regret, the flag of the Lawrence come down. The event was unavoidable; she had sustained the whole fury of the enemy, and was rendered incapable of defence; any further show of resistance would but have been most uselessly and cruelly to have provoked carnage among the relics of her brave and mangled crew. The enemy, however, were not able to take possession of her, and subsequent circumstances enabled her again to hoist her flag.

Commodore Perry now made signal for close action, and the small vessels got out their sweeps and made all sail. Finding that the Niagara was but little injured, he determined, if possible, to break the enemy's line. He accordingly bore up and passed ahead of the two ships and brig, giving them a raking fire from his starboard guns, and also to a large schooner and sloop from his larboard side at half pistol shot. Having passed the whole squadron, he luffed up and laid his ship along side the British commodore. The smaller vessels under the direction of Captain Elliot having, in the mean time, got within grape and canister distance, and keeping up a well directed fire, the whole of the enemy struck excepting two small vessels which attempted to escape, but were taken.

The engagement lasted about three hours, and never was victory more decisive and complete. The captured squadron, as has been shown, exceeded ours in weight of metal and number of guns. Their crews were also more numerous; ours were a motley collection, where there were some good seamen, but eked out with soldiers, volunteers and boys, and many were on the sick list. More prisoners were taken than we had men to guard. The loss on both sides was severe. Scarcely any of the Lawrence's crew escaped unhurt. Among those slain was Lieutenant Brooks of the marines, a gay and elegant young officer, full of spirit, of amiable manners, and remarkable for his personal beauty. Lieutenant Yar-

naul, though repeatedly wounded, refused to quit the deck during the whole of the action. Commodore Perry, notwithstanding that he was continually in the most exposed situations of the battle, escaped uninjured; he wore an ordinary seaman's dress, which, perhaps, prevented him from being picked off by the enemies' sharp shooters. He had a younger brother with him on board the *Lawrence* as midshipman, who was equally fortunate in receiving no injury, though his shipmates fell all round him. Two Indian chiefs had been stationed in the tops of the *Detroit* to shoot down our officers, but when the action became warm, so panic struck were they with the terrors of the scene, and the strange perils that surrounded them, that they fled precipitately to the hold of the ship, where they were found after the battle in a state of utter consternation. The bodies of several other Indians are said to have been found the next day on the shores of the Lake, supposed to have been slain during the engagement and thrown overboard.

It is impossible to state the number of killed on board the enemy. It must, however, have been very great, as their vessels were literally cut to pieces; and the masts of their two principal ships so shattered that the first gale blew them overboard. Commodore Barclay, the British commander, certainly did himself honour by the brave and obstinate resistance which he made. He is a fine looking officer, of about thirty-six years of age. He has seen much service, having been desperately wounded in the battle of Trafalgar, and afterwards losing an arm in another engagement with the French. In the present battle he was twice carried below, on account of his wounds. While below the second time, his officer came down and told him that they must strike, as the ships were cut to pieces, and the men could not be kept to their guns. Commodore Barclay was then carried on deck, and after taking a view of their situation, and finding all chance of success was over, reluctantly gave orders to strike.

We have thus endeavoured to lay before our readers as clear an account of this important battle as could be gathered from the scanty documents that have reached us; though sketched out, we are sensible, with a hand but little skilled in naval affairs. The

leading facts, however, are all that a landsman can be expected to furnish, and we trust that this glorious affair will hereafter be recorded with more elaborate care and technical precision. There is, however, a distinctness of character about a naval victory, that meets the capacity of every mind. There is such a simple unity in it; it is so well defined; so complete within itself; so rounded by space; so free from those intricacies and numerous parts that perplex us in an action on land, that the meanest intellect can fully grasp and comprehend it. And then, too, the results are so apparent; a victory on land is liable to a thousand misrepresentations; retreat is often called falling back, and abandoning the field called taking a new position; so that the conqueror is often defrauded of half the credit of his victory; but the capture or destruction of a ship is not to be mistaken, and a squadron towed triumphantly into port, is a notorious fact that admits of no contradiction.

In this battle, we trust, incontrovertible proof is given, if such proof were really wanted, that the success of our navy does not arise from chance, or superiority of force; but from the cool, deliberate courage, the intelligent minds and naval skill of our officers, the spirit of our seamen, and the excellent discipline of our ships; from principles, in short, which must insure a frequency of prosperous results, and give permanency to the reputation we have acquired. We have been rapidly adding trophy to trophy, and successively driving the enemy from every excuse in which he sought to shelter himself from the humiliation of defeat; and after having perfectly established our capability of fighting and conquering in single ships, we have now gone further, and shown that it is possible for us to face the foe in squadron, and vanquish him even though superior in force.

In casting our eye over the details of this engagement, we are struck with the prominent part which the commander takes in the contest. We realize in his dauntless exposure and individual prowess, what we have read in heroic story, of the warrior, streaming like a meteor through the fight, and working wonders with his single arm. The fate of the combat seemed to rest upon his sword; he was the master spirit that directed the storm of battle, moving amid flames, and smoke, and death, and mingling wherever the struggle was most desperate and deadly. After

sustaining in the *Lawrence* the whole blaze of the enemy's cannonry ; after fighting until all around him was wreck and carnage ; we behold him, looking forth from his shattered deck, with unruffled countenance, on the direful perils that environed him, calculating with wary eye the chances of the battle, and suddenly launching forth on the bosom of the deep, to shift his flag on board another ship, then in the hottest of the action. This was one of those master strokes by which great events are achieved, and great characters stamped, as it were, at a single blow—which bespeak the rare combination of the genius to conceive, the promptness to decide, and the boldness to execute. Most commanders have such glorious chances for renown, some time or another, within their reach ; but it requires the nerve of a hero to grasp the perilous opportunity. We behold Perry following up his daring movement with sustained energy—dashing into the squadron of the enemy—breaking their line—raking starboard and larboard—and in this brilliant style achieving a consummate victory.

But if we admire his presence of mind and dauntless valour in the hour of danger, we are no less delighted with his modesty and self command amidst the flush of triumph. A courageous heart may carry a man stoutly through the battle, but it argues some strong qualities of head to drain unmoved the intoxicating cup of victory. The first care of Perry was to attend to the comfort of the suffering crews of both squadrons. The sick and wounded were landed as soon as possible, and every means taken to alleviate the miseries of their situation. The officers who had fallen, on both sides, were buried on Sunday morning, on an island in the lake, with the honours of war. To the surviving officers he advanced a loan of one thousand dollars, out of his own limited purse—but, in short, his behaviour in this respect is best expressed in the words of Commodore Barclay, who, with generous warmth and frankness, has declared that “the conduct of Perry towards the captive officers and men was sufficient, of itself, to immortalize him !”

The letters which he wrote announcing the intelligence were remarkably simple and laconic. To the secretary of the navy he observes, “It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of

the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command, after a sharp conflict." This has been called an imitation of Nelson's letter after the battle of the Nile; but it was choosing a noble precedent, and the important national results of the victory justified the language. Independent of the vast accession of glory to our flag, this conquest insured the capture of Detroit—the rout of the British armies—the subjugation of the whole peninsula of Upper Canada, and, if properly followed up, the triumphant success of our northern war. Well might he say "it has pleased the Almighty," when, by this achievement, he beheld immediate tranquillity restored to an immense extent of country. Mothers no longer shrunk aghast, and clasped their infants to their breasts, when they heard the shaking of the forest or the howling of the blast—the aged sire no longer dreaded the shades of night, lest ruin should burst upon him in the hour of repose, and his cottage be laid desolate by the firebrand and the scalping knife—Michigan was rescued from the dominion of the sword, and quiet and security once more settled on the harassed frontiers, from Huron to Niagara.

But we are particularly pleased with his subsequent letter giving the particulars of the battle. It is so chaste, so moderate and perspicuous; equally free from vaunting exultation and affected modesty; neither obtruding himself upon notice, nor pretending to keep out of sight. His own individual services may be gathered from the letter, though not expressly mentioned; indeed, where the fortune of the day depended so materially upon himself, it was impossible to give a faithful narrative without rendering himself conspicuous.

We are led to notice these letters thus particularly, because that we find the art of letter writing is an accomplishment as rare as it is important among our military gentlemen. We are tired of the valour of the pen, and the victories of the inkhorn. There is a common French proverb, "Grand parleur, mauvais combattant," which we could wish to see introduced into our country, and engraven on the swords of our officers. We wish to see them confine themselves in their letters to simple facts, neither

swaggering before battle, nor vaunting afterwards. It is unwise to boast before, for the event may prove disastrous—and it is superfluous to boast afterwards, for the event speaks for itself. He who promises nothing may with safety perform nothing, and will receive praise if he perform but little; but he who promises much will receive small credit unless he perform miracles. If a commander have done well, he may be sure the public will find it out, and their gratitude will be in proportion to his modesty. Admiration is a coin which, if left to ourselves, we lavish profusely, but we always close the hand when dunned for it.

Commodore Perry, like most of our naval officers, is yet in the prime of youth. He is of a manly and prepossessing appearance; mild and unassuming in his address, amiable in his disposition, and of great firmness and decision. Though early launched among the familiar scenes of naval life, (and nowhere is familiarity more apt to be licentious and encroaching,) yet the native gentility and sober dignity of his deportment always chastened, without restraining, the freedom of intimacy. It is pleasing thus to find public services accompanied by private virtues; to discover no drawbacks on our esteem; no base alloy in the man we are disposed to admire; but a character full of moral excellence, of high-minded courtesy, and pure, unsullied honour.

Were any thing wanting to perpetuate the fame of this victory, it would be sufficiently memorable from the scene where it was fought. This war has been distinguished by new and peculiar characteristics. Naval warfare has been carried into the interior of a continent, and navies, as if by magic, launched from among the depths of the forest. The bosoms of peaceful lakes which, but a short time since, were scarcely navigated by man, except to be skimmed by the light canoe of the savage, have all at once been ploughed by hostile ships. The vast silence that had reigned for ages on those mighty waters, was broken by the thunder of artillery, and the affrighted savage stared with amazement from his covert, at the sudden apparition of a seafight amid the solitudes of the wilderness.

The peal of war has once sounded on that lake, but probably will never sound again. The last roar of cannonry that died along her shores, was the expiring note of British domination. Those

vast internal seas will, perhaps, never again be the separating space between contending nations; but will be embosomed within a mighty empire; and this victory, which decided their fate, will stand unrivalled and alone, deriving lustre and perpetuity from its singleness.

In future times, when the shores of Erie shall hum with busy population; when towns and cities shall brighten where now extend the dark and tangled forest; when ports shall spread their arms, and lofty barks shall ride where now the canoe is fastened to the stake; when the present age shall have grown into venerable antiquity, and the mists of fable begin to gather round its history; then will the inhabitants of Canada look back to this battle we record, as one of the romantic achievements of the days of yore. It will stand first on the page of their local legends, and in the marvellous tales of the borders. The fisherman, as he loiters along the beach, will point to some half buried cannon, corroded with the rust of time, and will speak of ocean warriors that came from the shores of the Atlantic—while the boatman, as he trims his sail to the breeze, will chant in rude ditties the name of Perry—the early hero of Lake Erie.



*For the Analectic Magazine.*

## OBITUARY.

“DIED on the eighth of October last, at the seat of John R. Livingston, Esq. Miss Julia Eliza Montgomery Livingston, daughter of Edward Livingston, Esq. of New Orleans, aged 19—one of the most lovely and accomplished young women of the age.”

*New-York Gazette.*

To this brief, though comprehensive eulogium, all who were acquainted with the subject of it, must consider her as eminently entitled. Her many virtues and amiable qualities, while they render her loss more insupportable to her disconsolate relations, entitle her to a distinguished rank in the history of her



**hex.** It is by holding up as a bright example one so nearly approximating to perfection, that more effect is produced than by all the rules that can be written, to improve the female character. In her were seen, admirably harmonized, a combination of qualities apparently incompatible. To a deportment at once easy, affable, and engaging, she united a pride truly becoming, and an air of dignity, majestic and impressive. At times gay and animated, and participating in social mirth and innocent recreation, yet never losing for a moment a most perfect self command, or in the smallest degree overstepping the bounds of that delicate decorum, which is one of the brightest gems in the character of woman. She was endued with a mind finely organized and highly cultivated; governed by a discriminating judgment, and embellished by a lively imagination. All her pursuits bespoke a classical refinement of taste, and an exquisite idea of the graceful and the beautiful. With these high claims to mental distinction, she possessed a diffidence truly feminine, free from all pedantry, shrinking from ostentatious display, and, indeed, requiring to be studied in order to be known. Her temper was uncommonly serene and equal, never agitated by passion, or ruffled by any harsh emotion; but breathing a spirit of gentle benevolence and sweet complacency. Tenderly alive to the happiness of her relatives and friends—kind and condescending to her inferiors—in all her words and in all her deeds continually shone forth those amiable charities, and radiant virtues, that emanate from a pure and noble heart. “Nature, too, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on her every bodily accomplishment.” Her form was above the middle size, slender and fragile, but admirably proportioned—her every motion was grace personified, and her every action spoke *the lady*. A weak constitution, often the attendant on a superior mind, gave to her countenance an extreme delicacy, and an air touchingly interesting. Its beauty consisted, not in a monotonous symmetry, or unmeaning regularity of feature, but in a general expression of exquisite refinement, of high-wrought elegance, of sweet and tempered dignity, that conveyed an immediate idea of the rare and spotless soul that animated it. To see was to admire—to know was to esteem and love her: and the

affection she once inspired was unchanging, for further intimacy did but develop new excellencies. We have never before known a character of either sex without alloy, or whose virtues were not in some degree eclipsed by the dark interposition of some blemish; but in the one now under contemplation we look for such blemish in vain. Indeed, she appeared to be "the model of that perfect character which the poets are fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of the imagination than in the hope of ever seeing it really existing."

Thus rarely endowed by nature, and accomplished by education; amiably virtuous, tenderly affectionate, modestly intelligent, and eminently beautiful; it was the hard lot of her relations to behold her suddenly smitten by consumption, fading before their eyes, and sinking rapidly and irretrievably into the tomb. To be thus cut off in the bloom of youth and pride of loveliness—to be snatched from the world when every thing seemed within her reach that could render life desirable—is a fate, which, while we bow with reverence to the inscrutable designs of an allwise providence, we must regard as peculiarly lamentable. The only consolation that can be offered to a fond father and a wide circle of afflicted relatives, is the confident hope, that her gentle spirit has left this world for an abode more congenial to its nature, and a society more worthy of its purity—the blest communion of kindred souls made perfect.

LUCRETIA.

# SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

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## ANECDOTES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

[From his Memoirs by Mr. Northcote, recently published in England.]

“WHEN young Reynolds first came to London, he was sent by his master to make a purchase for him at a sale of pictures, and it being a collection of some consequence, the auction-room was uncommonly crowded. Reynolds was at the upper end of the room, near the auctioneer, when he perceived a considerable bustle at the farther part of the room, near the door, which he could not account for, and at first thought somebody had fainted, as the crowd and heat were so great. However, he soon heard the name of ‘Mr. Pope, Mr. Pope,’ whispered from every mouth; for it was Mr. Pope himself, who then entered the room. Immediately every person drew back to make a free passage for the distinguished poet, and all those on each side held out their hands for him to touch as he passed; Reynolds, although not in the front row, put out his hand also, under the arm of the person who stood before him, and Pope took hold of his hand, as he likewise did to all as he passed. This was the only time that Reynolds ever saw that great poet.”

“Whilst pursuing his studies at Rome, several other English artists were also there, particularly Mr. John Astley, who had been his fellow pupil in the school of Hudson, and of whom Reynolds used to say that Astley would rather run three miles to deliver his message by word of mouth than venture to write a note.

“It was a usual custom with the English painters at Rome to meet in the evenings for conversation, and frequently to make little excursions together in the country. On one of those occasions, on a summer afternoon, when the season was particularly hot, the whole company threw off their coats, as being an encumbrance to them, except poor Astley, who alone showed great reluctance to take off his. This seemed very unaccountable to his companions, when some jokes made on his singularity at last obliged him to take his coat off also. The mystery was then immediately explained; for it appeared that the hinder part of his waistcoat was made, by way of thriftiness, out of one of his own pictures, and thus displayed a tremendous waterfall on his back, to the great diversion of all the spectators.”

“It is a curious circumstance, and scarcely to be credited in the life of an artist so refined, who seems, even from the earliest dawning of his genius, to have devoted himself to the service of the graces, that he should ever have been, at any period, a caricaturist. Yet this was actually the case during his residence at Rome, where he painted several pictures of that kind; particularly one which is a sort of parody of Raffaele’s School of Athens, comprising about thirty figures, and representing most of the English gentlemen then in that city: this picture, I have been informed, is now in the possession of a Mr. Joseph Henry, of Straffan, in Ireland, whose portrait also it contains.”

“The earliest specimen he gave of his improvement in the art, was the head of a boy in a Turkish turban, richly painted, something in the style of Rembrandt, which being much talked of, induced his old master, Hudson, to pay him a visit, when it so much attracted his attention that he called every day to see it in its progress, and perceiving at last no trace of his own manner left, he exclaimed, ‘By G—, Reynolds, you don’t paint so well as when you left England!’”

“At the time when Sir Joshua resided in Newport-street, he one afternoon, accompanied by his sister Frances, paid a visit to the Misses Cotterell, who lived much in the fashionable world. Johnson was also of the party on this tea visit, and at that time being very poor, he was, as might be expected, rather shabbily and slovenly apparelled. The maid servant, by accident, attended at the door to let them in, but did not know Johnson, although he had been a frequent visitor at the house, he having always been attended by the man servant. Johnson was the last of the three that came in, when the servant maid, seeing this uncouth and dirty figure of a man, and not conceiving he could be one of the company who came to visit her mistresses, laid hold of his coat just as he was going up stairs, and pulled him back again, saying, ‘You fellow, what is your business here? I suppose you intended to rob the house.’ This most unlucky accident threw poor Johnson into such a fit of shame and anger, that he roared out like a bull, for he could not immediately articulate, and was with difficulty at last able to utter, ‘What have I done? What have I done?’ Nor could he recover himself for the remainder of the evening from this mortifying circumstance.”

“In unison with the preceding anecdote of the doctor, whose external appearance had so much deceived the servant at the Misses Cotterell, I may also note that Johnson, it is well known, was as remarkably uncouth in his gait and action, as slovenly in his dress; insomuch as to attract the attention of passengers who by chance met him in the street. Once, particularly, he was thus annoyed by an impertinent fellow, who noticed him, and insultingly imitated him so ludicrously, that the doctor could not avoid see-

ing it, and was obliged to resent it, which he did in this manner:—  
 ‘ Ah!’ said Johnson, ‘ you are a very weak fellow, and I will convince you of it;’ when immediately he gave him a blow which knocked the man out of the footpath into the dirty street, flat on his back, and the doctor walked calmly on.”

“ Roubiliac, the famous sculptor, desired of Sir Joshua that he would introduce him to Dr. Johnson, at the time when the doctor lived in Gough-square, Fleet-street. His object was to prevail on Johnson to write an epitaph for a monument on which Roubiliac was then engaged, for Westminster Abbey. Sir Joshua accordingly introduced the sculptor to the doctor, they being strangers to each other, and Johnson received him with much civility, and took them up into a garret, which he considered as his library, in which, besides his books, all covered with dust, there was an old crazy deal table, and a still worse and older elbow chair, having only three legs. In this chair Johnson seated himself, after having, with considerable dexterity and evident practice, first drawn it up against the wall, which served to support it on that side on which the leg was deficient. He then took up his pen, and demanded what they wanted him to write. On this Roubiliac, who was a true Frenchman, (as may be seen by his works,) began a most bombastic and ridiculous harangue, on what he thought should be the kind of epitaph most proper for the purpose, all which the doctor was to write down for him in correct language; when Johnson, who could not suffer any one to dictate to him, quickly interrupted him in an angry tone of voice, saying “ come, come, sir, let us have no more of this bombastic ridiculous rhodomontade, but let me know, in simple language, the name, character, and quality of the person whose epitaph you intend to have me write.”

“ Such was the first interview of two men, both eminent for genius; and of Roubiliac I may here record another anecdote, which took place on the return of that sculptor from Rome, when he paid a visit to Reynolds, and expressed himself in raptures on what he had seen on the continent—on the exquisite beauty of the works of antiquity—and the captivating and luxuriant splendour of Bernini. ‘ It is natural to suppose,’ said he, ‘ that I was infinitely impatient till I had taken a survey of my own performances in Westminster Abbey, after having seen such a variety of excellence, and by G—, my own work looked to me meager and starved, as if made of nothing but tobacco pipes.”

“ There is no doubt that Miss Reynolds gained much of his (Johnson’s) good will, by her good-humoured attention to his extraordinary predilection for tea, he himself saying, that he wished his tea-kettle never to be cold; but Sir Joshua having once, whilst spending the evening at Mr. Cumberland’s. reminded him of the

enormous quantity he was swallowing, observing that he had drank eleven cups, Johnson replied, ‘ Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine—why then should you number up my cups of tea ?’ ”

“ David Garrick sat many times to Sir Joshua Reynolds for different portraits. At one of these sittings he gave a very lively account of his having sat once for his portrait to an indifferent painter, whom he wantonly teased; for when the artist had worked on the face till he had drawn it very correctly, as he saw it at the time, Garrick caught an opportunity, whilst the painter was not looking at him, totally to change his countenance and expression, when the poor painter patiently worked on to alter the picture, and make it like what he then saw; and when Garrick perceived that it was thus altered, he seized another opportunity, and changed his countenance to a third character, which, when the poor tantalized artist perceived, he, in a great rage, threw down his pallet and pencils, saying he believed he was painting from the devil, and would do no more to the picture.”

“ Sir Joshua Reynolds had it long in contemplation to paint a picture of an extensive composition, purposely to display the various powers of David Garrick as an actor. The principal figure in the front was to have been a full length of Garrick, in his own proper habit, in the action of speaking a prologue, surrounded by groups of figures representing him in all the different characters, by personifying which he had gained some fame on the stage.

“ This scheme Sir Joshua described to Garrick at the time he was painting his portrait; and Garrick expressed great pleasure when he heard it, and seemed to enjoy the idea prodigiously, saying, ‘ that will be the very thing I desire; the only way, by G—, that I can be handed down to posterity.’ ”

“ Dr. Mudge, when in Garrick’s company at Mount Edgecumbe, heard him say that his regard for his mother’s peace and happiness prevented him from appearing on the stage till after her death, and that he imagined this circumstance greatly contributed to the vast success he had met with; for being then turned of thirty, his judgment was more mature, and occasioned his avoiding many errors which he might have run into had he begun earlier in life.

“ I also remember to have heard old Dr. Chauncey say, at Sir Joshua’s table, that he saw Garrick at his first appearance on the stage in Goodman’s Fields, at which time he was infinitely more excellent, more purely natural, than afterwards, when he had acquired many stage tricks and bad habits.”

“ On the morning after Garrick had appeared in the part of King Richard III. Gibbon the historian called on Sir Joshua, when he mentioned his having been at the play on the preceding evening, and immediately began to criticise Garrick’s manner of acting

that character. He said he thought he gave it, in the first scenes, a mean, creeping, vulgar air, totally failing in the impression of a prince; and in the latter part so very different a cast, that it did not seem to be the same person, and therefore not in harmony as a whole."

"It has been related as an anecdote, that on one of the evenings when Sir Joshua delivered his discourses at the academy, and when the audience was, as usual, numerous, and composed principally of the learned and great, the Earl of C——, who was present, came up to him, saying, 'Sir Joshua, you read your discourse in so low a tone, that I could not distinguish one word you said.' To which the president, with a smile, replied, 'that was to my advantage.'"

### THEORY OF WINDS.

[From Playfair's Outlines of Natural Philosophy.]

"THE principal cause of those currents of air to which we give the name of *Winds*, is the disturbance of the equilibrium of the atmosphere by the unequal distribution of heat.

"In order that an equilibrium may take place in an elastic fluid, circumfused about a solid, to which it gravitates, every level stratum of the fluid, that is, every stratum, which, when continued round, cuts the directions of gravity everywhere at right angles, should be of the same density, and, therefore, of the same temperature. As this is not the case, the equilibrium of the atmosphere is inconsistent with the actual distribution of heat on the earth's surface.

"The general tendency, in such circumstances, is for the heavier columns to displace the lighter, and for the air at the surface to move from the poles towards the equator. The only supply for the air thus constantly abstracted from the higher latitudes, must be produced by a counter current in the upper regions of the atmosphere, carrying back the air from the equator towards the poles. The quantity of air transported by these opposite currents, is so nearly equal, that the average weight of the air, as measured by the barometer, is the same in all places of the earth.

"If the surface of the earth were wholly covered with water, so that there was no part of it more disposed than another to obstruct the motion of the air, or that had a greater capacity than another of acquiring or communicating heat, the air would probably circulate continually in this manner from the poles to the equator, and back again, without any irregularity whatsoever.



“ In consequence of the rotation of the earth on its axis, another motion is combined with that of the currents just described. The air, which is constantly moving from points where the earth's motion on its axis is slower, to those where it is quicker, cannot have precisely the same motion eastward with the part of the surface over which it is passing, and therefore must, relatively to that surface, describe a curve having its convexity turned to the east. The two currents, therefore, from the opposite hemispheres, when they meet toward the middle of the earth, have each acquired an apparent motion westward; and as their opposite motions from south and north must destroy one another, nothing will remain but this motion, by which they will go on together, and form a wind blowing directly from the east.

“ This is the cause of the *Trade Wind*, which (with certain exceptions) blows continually between the tropics, or rather between  $30^{\circ}$  on one side of the equator, and  $30^{\circ}$  on the other.

“ The Trade Wind declines somewhat from due east towards the parallel to which the sun is vertical at different seasons of the year. As the sun approaches the southern tropic, the Trade Wind is directed somewhat to the south; and as he approaches the northern, somewhat to the north.

“ The cause usually assigned for the Trade Wind, is the constant motion towards the west of the spot to which the sun is vertical, and where, of course, the rarefaction is greatest. This, it is supposed, draws along with it the air from the east. This, however, is by no means satisfactory, and it seems certain, that if the Trade Wind were produced in this way, it must have great rapidity, in place of being a gentle breeze, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour.

“ The opinion that the Trade Wind is produced by the air in its motion southward falling back towards the west, is mentioned, but rejected by Halley. It has since been espoused by Franklin and La Place, and is, on the whole, less objectionable than any other.”

“ Sudden and strong gales of wind appear almost always to arise from a diminution of the weight of the air in the tract where the wind prevails, and are accompanied, or preceded, by a fall of the barometer.

“ The sudden sinking of the barometer almost always indicates a gale of wind, though a gale that is sometimes at a considerable distance. When the barometer begins to rise, it is a symptom that the gale has reached its height; and though it may still continue to blow for a long time, it is usually with decreasing violence.

“ Notwithstanding these irregularities, there is in most countries a tendency to periodical winds, more or less remarkable, according to the steadiness of the climate.”

# POETRY.

*For the Analectic Magazine.*

## THE SEAT.

FANCY! dear forest tripping queen,  
Forever near, yet never seen!  
If e'er thy footsteps lov'd to stray  
Alone through solitary way,  
Where never wandering sunbeams glide,  
And everlasting shadows bide;  
If e'er thou sought'st the devious glen,  
Far from noisy haunts of men;  
Along whose wild and rocky way  
The leaping torrent loves to play,  
Come and abide in this lone scene,  
Mid hoary cliffs and mosses green.

Here thou may'st sit apart from all,  
Lull'd by the gushing water fall,  
Whose whirling tide is seen to leap,  
With headstrong rage, adown the steep,  
Scattering its glittering mists above,  
And gemming all th' o'erhanging grove;  
And as its soft care-soothing sound  
Plays on the rapt ear all around,  
Awake some wild unstudied strain,  
Such as will please the rural train,  
And touch the heart of gentle maid,  
By naught but simple nature sway'd.

Or let thy mounting spirit rise,  
And parley with the distant skies,  
That through the twining branches shew  
Just here and there a tint of blue.  
Or listen to the amorous grove  
That woos the vagrant Zephyr's love;  
Or in thy magic mirror trace  
Some musing maid, whose sober grace,  
And touching, soul-subduing way,  
Leads many a youth's light heart astray;  
And often makes him sorely sigh,  
And grieve, sad soul, he scarce knows why.

Or if to gloomy thought inclin'd,  
List to the sighing of the wind,  
That finds its sadly moaning way  
Between the rocks all hoary gray,

And seems like wailing ghost to tell  
 Of murders in this shadowy dell.  
 Then think how from yon dizzy height  
 Some care-tired soul might wing its flight  
 Quick from this sad world here below,  
 And snatch from fate whole years of woe.

Or think how on some pelting night  
 A lone, bewilder'd, wandering wight,  
 Benighted far away from home,  
 And left in unknown paths to roam;  
 Sear'd by the screechowl's boding scream,  
 Daunted by lightning's livid gleam,  
 And muttering thunder rolling far,  
 With hollow sound, and fearful jar,  
 Might lose his forest-bounded way,  
 And, heedless of the danger, stray  
 To where yon pine trees frowning keep  
 Their watch upon the ridgy steep,  
 Whence headlong hurl'd, the screaming wight  
 Finds never end to that long night.

But if inclin'd to sportive mood,  
 Seek yon rude rock that breaks the flood,  
 Along whose sides in eddying play,  
 The azure bubbles speed their way.  
 And as adown the rapid tide  
 The little gaudy coxcombs glide,  
 Sparkling in rays of varying light,  
 And burst with swelling pride outright;  
 Think with a smile "such are our beaux,  
 Who sport awhile their Sunday clothes,  
 And dazzle us with splendid glare—  
 Then disappear—no one knows where."

Then, goddess! shouldst thou change thy mind,  
 And be for exercise inclin'd,  
 See yonder blood red floweret peep,  
 Just o'er the margin of the steep,  
 And trembling wave aye here and there  
 With every gentle breath of air.  
 Thither, O! Fancy, thou canst flit,  
 And in its petal careless sit,  
 Where blithely swinging to and fro,  
 Sweet airy motion thou wilt know,  
 Such as the Elfin pack most love  
 At moonlight in some lonely grove.

If these delights, O! goddess dear,  
 Can win thy steps to linger here,  
 Come, and in this my lonely seat,  
 Thy most enchanting notes repeat.

Charm echo from yon trickling cave,  
 Call up the river gods that lave  
 In the pure bosom of the tide,  
 The Dryads that in woods abide,  
 And Sylvan lads, from forest rude,  
 Where pines old maiden solitude,  
 Who many a nymph from bubbling spring,  
 Lock'd arm in arm shall with them bring.  
 Then, if such fellowship might be,  
 And such stout rivals could agree,  
 Invite the little Elfin band,  
 That dance by moonlight hand in hand,  
 With that same mischief making wight,  
 Who plays such pranks in summer night—  
 Mab's jester, who, to please the court  
 Of fairy queen, makes such rare sport  
 With dairy maids, and grown up boys,  
 Addled by love's expected joys—  
 I mean Dan Puck, who ties the grass  
 Across the path where schoolboys pass.  
 Who trip and tumble on their nose,  
 As many a luckless urchin knows.  
 And then to grace our rural treat,  
 A favour'd guest or two shall meet.  
 Young innocence that knows no guile,  
 And she who wears the gentlest smile,  
 With pure simplicity shall join  
 As welcome guests of yours and mine.  
 With these we'll spend our blameless time,  
 In pleasant talk, or careless rhyme;  
 Nor envy those luxurious wights  
 Who have no soul for such delights.

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### GOOD COUNCILS OF CHAUCER.

*[Written in the agonies of death.]*

Flee from the crowd, and be to virtue true,  
 Content with what thou hast, though it be small;  
 To hoard brings hate;—nor lofty things pursue:  
 He who climbs high, endangers many a fall.  
 Envy's a shade that ever waits on fame,  
 And oft the sun that raises it, will hide;  
 Trace not in life a vast expansive scheme,  
 But be thy wishes to thy state allied.  
 Be mild to others, to thyself severe—  
 So truth shall shield thee, or from hurt or fear.

Think not of bending all things to thy will,  
 Nor vainly hope that fortune shall befriend;  
 Inconstant she; but be thou constant still,  
 Whate'er betide, unto an honest end.  
 Yet needless dangers never madly brave,  
 Kick not thy naked foot against a nail;  
 Or from experience the solution crave,  
 If *well and pitcher* strive which shall prevail.  
 Be in thy cause as in thy neighbour's clear—  
 So truth shall shield thee, or from hurt or fear.

Whatever happens, happy in thy mind  
 Be thou; nor at thy lot in life repine;  
 He 'scapes all ill whose bosom is resign'd,  
 Nor way nor weather shall be always fine.  
 Beside, thy *home's* not here; a journey this;  
 A pilgrim thou: then hie thee on thy way;  
 Look up to God, intent on heavenly bliss,  
 Take what the road affords, and praises pay.  
 Shun brutal lusts, and seek the soul's high sphere—  
 So truth shall shield thee, or from hurt or fear.



#### FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

[*By the Rev. Mr. Bland.*]

I would not change for cups of gold  
 This little cup that you behold:  
 'Tis from the beech that gave a shade  
 At noon-day to my village maid.

I would not change for Persian loom  
 The humble matting of my room:  
 'Tis of those very rushes twined  
 Oft pressed by charming Rosalinde.

I would not change my lowly wicket  
 That opens on her favourite thicket,  
 For portal proud, or towers that frown,  
 The monuments of old renown.

I would not change this foolish heart,  
 That learns from her to joy or smart,  
 For his that burns with love of glory,  
 And loses life to live in story.

Yet in themselves, my heart, my cot,  
 My mat, my bowl, I value not;  
 But only as they, one and all,  
 My lovely Rosalinde recall.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

**MR. OGILVIE.** This gentleman has returned to the Atlantic cities after about two years' retirement in the western country. During this time he has employed himself in revising his former orations, and in writing several new ones. He has also prepared critical lectures on a new plan, wherein he recites passages from various authors, following each with a critical and philosophical analysis, showing the beauties and defects, and the causes why disgust and pleasure is excited. Since his reappearance he has delivered orations and lectures at Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New-York, and given great satisfaction.

### SELECTED FROM LATE LONDON PUBLICATIONS.

**MR. GALT** is preparing the second volume of his travels for publication. It will contain, besides his observations on the islands of the Archipelago, an account of his first voyage to the Levant, supplying those details which he purposely omitted in the first volume. In addition to minute circumstantial descriptions of the existing manners, customs, and popular superstitions of the Greeks, Mr. Galt intends to give the substance of a statistical survey of the Cyclades, executed by an agent of the Porte; and will probably also give memoirs relative to recent intrigues in Constantinople, and the British authors of the late war between Russia and Turkey.

During the last three months the public have been gratified by an exhibition of the works of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, at the rooms formerly the Shakspeare gallery in Pall Mall. The owners of many of the principal pictures of that great master having lent their treasures for the purposes of this exhibition, nearly 150 specimens of his transcendent genius have thus been brought into one point of view, and have afforded a high treat to the amateurs of fine painting. Sir Joshua required no better proofs of his divine grace, his accurate discrimination, his disciplined taste, and his powers of executing the happiest conceptions, than are to be found in every variety of composition in this exhibition. All the beauties of the first masters of the Italian and Flemish schools, with few or none of their offensive peculiarities, are to be seen in this assemblage of the original works of our British painter. Modest nature, graceful nature, intellectual nature, never appeared in more pleasing forms, than in the triumph of art afforded by these various works of our illustrious REYNOLDS.

A new novel from the pen of the authoress of Cecilia, Evelina, &c. will appear early in November.

**MR. GODWIN** is engaged on a biographical account of John and Edward Philips, the nephews of Milton.

**REPORT OF THE PROGRESS OF CHYMISTRY.** A series of most interesting experiments upon the radiation of heat, has lately been instituted by Mr. Delaroche, which are at considerable variance with many of the principal conclusions formerly published by Count Rumford in his essays, and by Mr. Leslie, in his very excellent inquiry into the nature of heat, and which have hitherto been deemed incontrovertible. The celebrated Scheele first, we believe, observed the difficulty with which radiant heat made its way through solid bodies, and Mr. Leslie, from the great effect suddenly produced by the interposition of a glass screen between a radiating hot body and a thermometer, was led to conclude that glass is absolutely impermeable to radiant caloric; although at length it is heated by the absorption of caloric, and then becomes a radiating body itself. It is now, however, apparently proved that heat may radiate through glass; but that the rays of heat, like those of light, are of different kinds, some possessing the property of passing through glass more readily than others. Thus the radiant heat which flows from the body of a temperature beneath that of boiling water, is very difficultly transmitted through a glass screen, but as the temperature of the body is increased so is the facility of the transmission of its rays increased; the radiation of heat from

a hot body to a colder one increasing in a greater proportion than the temperature of the body is increased. From these facts, were it not for the following one, viz. that a thick screen of glass, although as permeable to light as a thinner one, does not so easily afford a passage to calorific rays as a thin screen, we should be tempted to believe that caloric and light are merely modifications of the same substance; light being that state of caloric which is manifested by its producing the sensation termed vision, an opinion many years ago divulged by one of the first chymists of our country, Dr. G. Pearson.

The same Dr. Delaroche has been also honoured with the prize conferred by the French National Institute, for some very important experiment, by which he has ascertained the specific heat of the different gaseous bodies existing in nature, and from which it would appear that the celebrated theories of Lavoisier on Combustion, and of Crawford on Animal Heat, have been founded upon erroneous data.

An immense Galvanic battery has been lately constructed for Mr. Children, of Tonbridge. It consists of 20 pairs of copper and zinc plates, and each pair is enclosed in a separate wooden cell, each plate being in length about six feet, and in breadth two feet eight inches. It is of course possessed of enormous power, and will no doubt afford us many interesting facts.

Mr. MEADLEY, whose *Memoirs of Dr. Puley* have been so favourably received by the public, has recently been engaged in compiling *Memoirs of Algernon Sydney*, from various scattered sources of information, which, with an appendix of curious and authentic documents, will be speedily presented to the world.

A series of flowers and fruits, engraved by Mr. Busby from the designs of Madame Vincent, of Paris, is announced, in twelve numbers.

That ingenious mechanic Mr. T. SHELDRAKE has been long engaged on the means of impelling vessels on the water by machinery to be set in motion by the human arm, or by the powers of steam, as occasion may require. His design is to produce covered boats which will carry 50 or 60 passengers, and be impelled by two or three men with such velocity as will enable them to make an average passage from Richmond to London in as little time as the stages go in, if not less. This will accommodate the public with a more comfortable conveyance than a stage coach, and at two thirds of the expense. These boats being established, larger ones may be made to be driven by steam, to any extent that may be required. There is a peculiarity in this invention that will be of advantage in every department of inland navigation, even supposing the steam system should not be adopted, by which it is expected that one half the labour that is now expended in every department of inland navigation may be saved, by adding this improvement to the vessels that are at present employed. We learn too, that steam boats are already in use on the river Aire.

In the ensuing month (October) will be published "Some interesting particulars relative to the arrival and seizure of General Miranda, and his *British staff*, in South America; with a brief account of his previous landing from a Falmouth packet, in a *British* colony under an assumed name, and of his conveyance thence to the Spanish Main, in a *British* man of war; disclosing an extraordinary instance of imposture and imbecility, which, from the mischievous consequences that already have ensued, and the incalculable disasters that yet may result, demands the serious investigation of parliament, and the exemplary punishment of the parties."

Speedily will be published, in two handsome octavo volumes, *The Northern Campaigns*, embellished with elegantly engraved portraits of the Emperors Alexander and Bonaparte. Illustrated by maps of Russia and Northern Poland; and plans of each particular route of the Russian and French forces, during the advance and retreat of the latter from Moscow. By John Philippart, Esq. In this work will be given a faithful detail of the military events on the continent of Europe, from the commencement of the war between France and Russia, in 1812, to the period of the armistice in 1813.—It will include various foreign state papers, of great and general interest; every important circumstance, *political and military*, connected with this grand contest; a review of the conduct and principles that influence the members of a society established on the continent under the title of the Tugend Bund, or Tugend Verein; (the United in Virtue;) the proclamations and manifestoes issued by the several chiefs engaged in the struggle; anecdotes relating to Bonaparte and his army during the retreat from Moscow, communicated by officers serving in the allied armies; the treaties of alliance, offensive and defensive, entered into between the different powers: and an appendix, containing all the bulletins of Bonaparte published during these campaigns.



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**ORIGINAL PROSPECTUS.**

VARIOUS considerations have induced the editors of this work to present it to the public, and solicit its patronage. They have observed, not without concern, that almost all the monthly publications calculated to convey religious knowledge and information, have been unfortunately dropt, and that the few which remain, drag on a sickly and precarious existence. From what causes this failure may have arisen it would be immaterial, perhaps invidious to inquire: but it must excite the regret of all the friends to religion, that periodical works of this nature have nearly ceased to circulate through our country: and this fact of course will se-

cure their approbation to any fresh attempt to diffuse religious truth and intelligence in a more promising or permanent shape. By following the track in which their more able predecessors have failed, the conductors of the present work could not presume to look for success: they have therefore entered upon an untried course, by collecting materials for a quarterly instead of a monthly publication. The superior advantages of such a plan are obvious to the editors, and they trust will not be less so to the public. It will afford room for more ample biographical details, theological discussions, and religious intelligence. It will present to the reader a full and entire view of many important subjects, which, in monthly publications, must be frequently interrupted, and of course lose much of their interest and usefulness. In a pamphlet of sixty or seventy pages, calculated to amuse by variety as well as to edify by instruction, discussion for the most part must be very superficial, and biographical or historical narrative so much compressed, as to leave on the mind faint and lifeless traces of those important lessons which general history, and individual example, are intended to inculcate. The conductors, therefore, of this *Quarterly Magazine and Repository*, have preferred the plan of presenting their patrons with a few important selections, and choice original matter, on religious subjects, to that of loading their pages with a multiplicity of unconnected and desultory paragraphs. Judging from their own feelings, they presume, that to a well regulated appetite, respecting the high concerns of religion and morals, a few solid articles, though seldom offered, will be more acceptable than the frequent occurrence of a profusion of dainties less calculated to nourish and invigorate the soul. In this, as in most other cases, variety is wisely sacrificed to substance: and the principal end of the conductors is better answered, which, they can assure their readers, is no other, than to contribute their mite towards the diffusion of evangelical knowledge among their fellow christians of every denomination, and the implantation of genuine piety in their hearts.

At a time, when books are multiplied to facilitate among all classes of our citizens, the elementary knowledge of useful science, elegant arts, and ornamental literature, shall the principles of divine theology, the only science which “ can direct us to real

felicity, as our chief end, and conduct us to it by the way of true religion," be confined almost exclusively to the libraries of the learned, or to its professional teachers and students. True, indeed, it is, that few besides professional men have leisure for that extensive reading and laborious investigation which can enable them to penetrate deeply into the theory of religion, into the attributes of its author, the evidences of its truths, and the sanctions of its laws. Yet surely it is the duty of every professing christian of decent education, to aim at being ready, and in some degree, to be qualified and prepared "to give an answer to every man that asketh him for a reason of the hope that is in him."


A periodical publication, intended to subserve thus far the interests of our common christianity, cannot fail of being useful, and we trust acceptable also to religious readers of every denomination. That it may fully answer this end, nothing acrimonious, nothing illiberal, nothing fanatical, and nothing political, will be admitted into its pages. It will be conducted on the great and leading principles of religion, as taught by the primitive church, and restored at the reformation. Scripture alone shall be the standard and criterion of its orthodoxy and its ethics.

"The Bible only," says Chillingworth, "is the religion of protestants:" but as many learned and pious divines, while agreeing in the fundamental doctrines of religion, have differed in their interpretation of some scriptural passages of considerable importance, the conductors of the present work deem it necessary to adopt a well known system or body of christian doctrine, as well to preserve through their pages a unity of design, as to ground the maxims of practical piety and inward religion, which they wish to inculcate upon one uniform, solid, and infallible foundation:—Such a system they believe is delivered in the articles of their church, and therefore, from what they conceive to be the obvious and literal meaning of these articles, they will never depart. While steering by this polar star, they hope to escape the fate of many who have been wrecked in the ocean of controversy, and to carry with them into the haven of truth, the good wishes and prayers, not only of their own, but of other christian churches, who, with but few exceptions, and those less material, regard these articles with veneration and assent.

The editors will endeavour entirely to discard the sectarian spirit, so long at variance with that *spirit of unity, and that bond of peace*, which ought to constitute the distinguishing marks of all christian societies. On many subordinate subjects, there *must* be a difference of opinion among christians: but so many, and so important are the points of coincidence among them, that whoever lends his aid to support and enforce them, must surely be engaged in a godlike employment: in nothing less, than in promoting the endearing charities of life, in strengthening the bonds of society, and extending the kingdom of love and harmony, which is the kingdom of the Redeemer.

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